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SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

December

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The Typical American C



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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. S.S.7, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Name Address

THE BEST WAY TO LEARN FRENCH IS TO BE BORN IN FRANCE

and that is the

SECRET

of

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ASK a French child about the rules for tenses in contrary to fact statements. Very likely he won't know what you are talking about. But make the question practical and ask the same child to say "What would you do if you were King?" You'll get the answer in perfect French.

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THE French child hears from his commanding position in the cradle a lot of sounds which take on meanings to him. Not a rule does he learn—certainly not until after



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You will never be socially ostracised for not knowing French, but it is a striking fact that most really cultured people know the language. You can get along quite well in business without French, but if you learn it, you will inevitably command more respect from those around you.

The Hugo French-At-Sight Course is yours for a very nominal sum, trivial indeed compared with the cost of university course, or instructions from a private teacher. Send in the coupon today and you will take a step which will bring you pleasure, recreation, and above all, the natural way to learn French.



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Please send me the Hugo "French-At-Sight" Course in 34 lessons, for free examination, and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 6 days I will either return the course and Dictionary or send you \$2 at that time and \$2 each month thereafter until \$12 has been paid.

Name _____
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If you prefer to pay with order, enclose \$12 discount for cash with order.

--- If you prefer to get a course in ---
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OCT 23 1928
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1928

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SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

VOLUME 83,
NUMBER 4

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NEXT
MONTH



Beginning: The Intimate Diary of
PEGGY JOYCE
The Chronicle of a Woman's Search for Happiness

Published by MAGUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
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60 bars of soap your tooth paste pays for

You can buy these 60 bars with the \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount, yet accomplishing no more. The saving is proportionately greater when the family is large—\$21 per year for a family of 7—figuring a tube per person per month. Spend it as you please.



Millions save from \$3 to \$21 yearly using this great 25¢ tooth paste

WOULDN'T a woman trying to make ends meet for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from \$42 to \$21?

Wouldn't a young couple starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from \$12 to \$6?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way. They wanted a dentifrice at 25c—yet with no sacrifice of quality.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c for a large tube. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture alone, permit such a price for such a paste—for we always buy the best materials.

In it are contained ingredients that our fifty years' study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a high grade dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Large Tube
25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Things Are Not Always What They Seem

NEITHER are people. Haven't you ever known a girl, who, at first glance seemed high-hat, but who on closer acquaintance proved to be a regular girl? Haven't you judged people by what they appeared to be on the surface and then found out that actually they were altogether different?

DAVID wasn't the man Sally had blissfully believed him to be when she married him a few weeks before. Then he had had eyes only for her. Now—on their honeymoon—he was constantly leaving the girl he said he adored to dash about doing things for Linda Bell. Of course, Linda was beautiful and fascinating and appealingly helpless but she wasn't David's bride. Sally simply couldn't understand this David at all. She decided to run away from him and started bravely off. You'll see which man David really was in



What are they planning?
See January SMART SET

Vamps Don't Know Everything

By Royal Brown
in January SMART SET

THE Terry Haskins that Shreveport knew was a jaunty, flippant, light-hearted person, adored by all the boys in town. You'd hardly expect a girl like that to announce her engagement to a perfectly strange man and then telegraph that stranger to come to town. That sounds perfectly crazy right on the face of it but it wasn't half as crazy as the series of events that followed the stranger's arrival. You'll laugh until you can't laugh any more when you read

Crossed Wires

By Hagar Wilde
in January SMART SET

You know Peggy Joyce as a somewhat sophisticated modern enchantress. You think of her as a charming creature with heaps of worldly ambitions and an uncanny knowledge of what will interest men. But did you ever think that there might be another Peggy with secret thoughts and dreams and ambitions like those of any other girl? SMART SET has discovered this unknown Peggy between the covers of a diary which she has kept for years. You will meet her in

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

Beginning in January SMART SET

BETS CHESTER, Long Island flapper, thought that Todhunter Withersby of Boston was too darned slow to be interesting. Todhunter thought Bets was perfectly adorable even at her naughtiest and when an irresistible force like Todhunter's adoration meets an immovable body like Bets's twentieth century heart something is liable to happen. And something did as you'll see when you read

Give 'Em What They Want

By Katherine Haviland Taylor
in January SMART SET

JUDGE PHINEAS RAPP was a divorce lawyer and a man of some importance among his fellow men because he knew all about women. Kitty Donovan, the judge's secretary, was likewise a person of importance although the judge didn't find it out until she left her job to get married. The judge tried out half a dozen other secretaries and decided he simply couldn't go on without Kitty. But Kitty had left him. And there was a problem that for a while seemed unsolvable. How it was finally adjusted you'll see when you read

The Man Who Understood Women

By Donald Wilhelm
in January SMART SET

IS THE American woman trying to be two people at once? Is she trying to serve two masters—her brain and her heart? Does the creative work of man suffer for lack of feminine inspiration when women begin to do creative work themselves? Does a woman really build more enduringly when she builds through the work of the man she inspires than she does when she develops her own talent? Will men cease to work creatively if deprived of women's guidance? Be sure to read

Must Women Inspire Men?

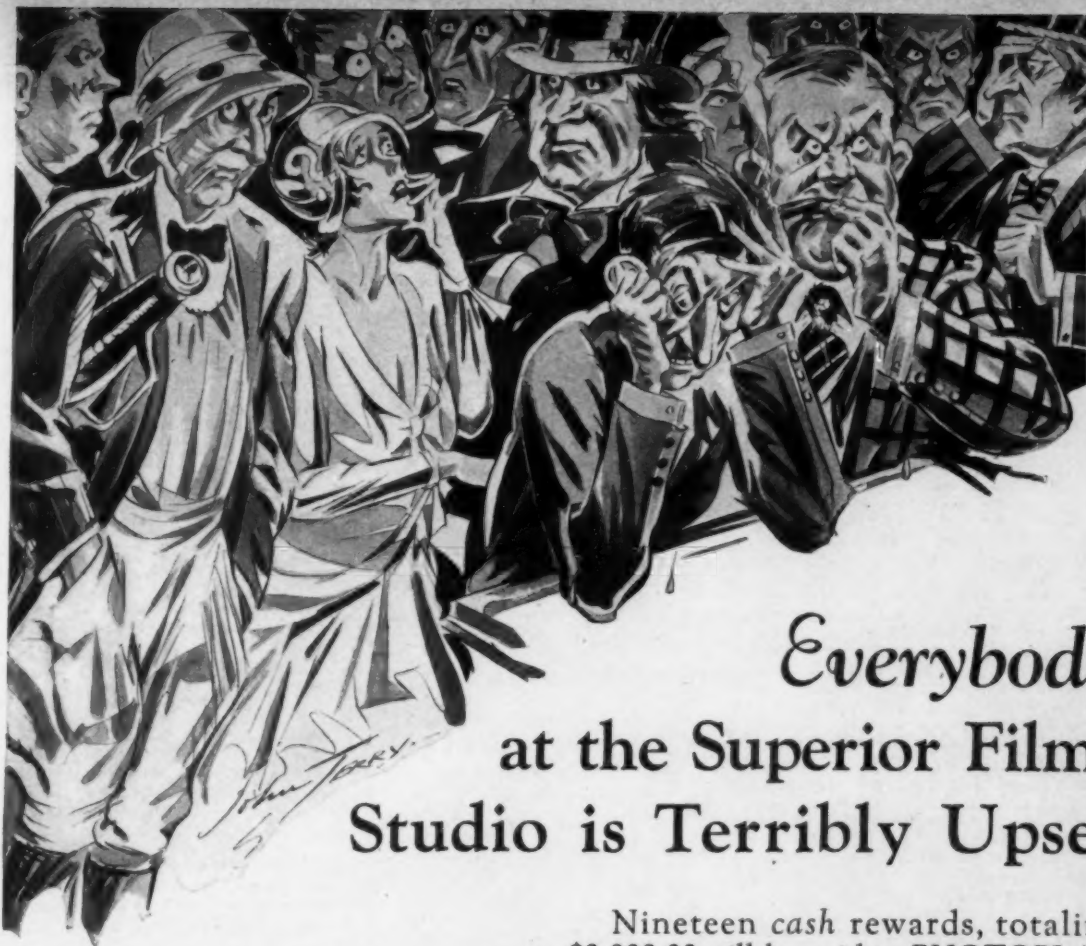
By Gertrude Atherton
in January SMART SET

DOES the wanderlust ever try to persuade you to visit the big city and paint the town all colors of the rainbow? At least once in a lifetime everyone visits New York and unless some one points out the high spots before you make the trip you are altogether likely to miss the things you want to see most. That's why we have asked Mark Hellinger who knows his Broadway as a flapper knows her war paint to tell you as he would his best friend just exactly

How to Have a Good Time in New York

in January SMART SET

ON THE surface SMART SET looks like an interesting magazine. Of course! As you get acquainted you realize that it is the one magazine the modern girl can't do without. Your copy of the January issue will be on the newsstands December first



Everybody at the Superior Films Studio is Terribly Upset

THE mystery of who killed Dwight Hardell, the Superior Films popular leading man, gets more complicated every day. Everybody at the Hollywood studio feels the finger of suspicion pointed at them. The innocent feel that they must find the murderer to avoid arrest for themselves; the guilty are "playing" the innocent.

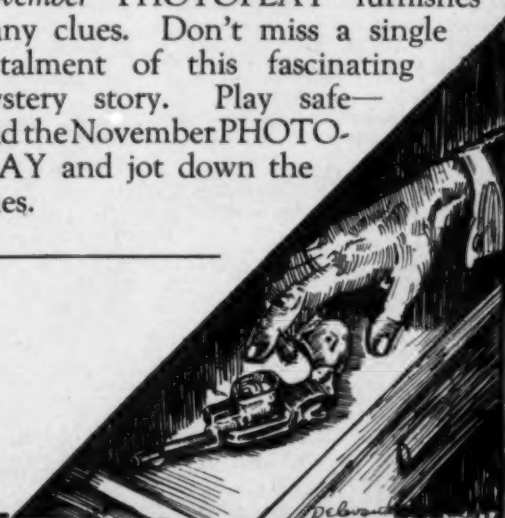
Help these distracted Superior Film folks solve this mystery—and get fame for yourself as a skillful detective.

Nineteen cash rewards, totaling \$3,000.00 will be paid to PHOTOPLAY readers who solve this mystery—\$1,000.00 is the high reward.

The second instalment of "The Studio Murder Mystery," in the November PHOTOPLAY furnishes many clues. Don't miss a single instalment of this fascinating mystery story. Play safe—read the November PHOTOPLAY and jot down the clues.

November PHOTOPLAY

2nd instalment of the \$3,000.00
Prize Mystery Story.



What They Liked Best and Why

Prize Winning Letters in October Contest

THE results of the October contest, "What I Like Best in SMART SET and Why" were like a tour of the modern girls' interests. What letters came in response to that contest—what vivid, eager, analytical letters! They were from all over the country and from all classes of girls.

First, they proved, in spite of what many older people say otherwise that modern girls like to know the secret of power over men. The response to Adela Rogers St. Johns' article spotlighted that fact. Mrs. St. Johns in October told the love secret of Emma Hamilton, the Divine Lady, and her article created greater response than anything else in the magazine. Beatrice Pearl, a prize winner, of Oakland, California, voiced a general sentiment when she wrote, "Adela Rogers St. Johns' 'What Every Woman Wants to Know' revealed to me why I have never been a success with men. I could win them but not hold them. Mrs. St. Johns wrote of me when she set forth that wives who lose their husbands are lazy, selfish, exacting, stupid. I was all this and proud besides. What a mess I made of my life! But I was quickened to new understanding when I finished reading Mrs. St. Johns' article. I have set myself to the task of learning this business of being a woman. The gnawing of my heart ceased with this resolution and peace stole over me like music waking a cathedral. SMART SET did this thing for humble me."

MISS D. N. BALLARD of Cleveland, Ohio, has another viewpoint on the same article. She admitted, "For almost four years I have been anything but what this article has taught me, but this last week I have been practicing the tactfulness articulated there and the man I have wanted is mine, never before having shown such demonstrative devotion and attention in the whole four years as in the last week."

But perhaps the greatest tribute to Mrs. St. Johns' writing comes from Mrs. Maggie Steel of Aberdeen, Miss., who testified, "I have actually gotten more out of life and home and husband since I practiced what Adela Rogers St. Johns preaches. I study my husband's taste now to make him happy where I used merely to study my own. Now he stays home with baby and me instead of going out."

Next in interest to this feature came our four new departments, Fads and Fashions by Georgia Mason, Careers by Helen Woodward, Personality by Elinor Glyn and the first article of the beauty department, "The Secret of a Good Make-up" by Ganna Walska. The first and second prize letters are on the Fads and Fashions department. The first was written by Grace E. Olin, Lawrence, Kansas; the second by Clara Brickner, New York City.

What do I like best in this month's issue of SMART SET? Well, it is hard to decide, but as I try very much to be practical, I shall choose as the department which I like best, that in which you discuss so well Fads and Fashions.

NOW I know that this does sound vain, but as a working girl, I wish to know how to dress smartly, and at the same time as inexpensively as it is possible. For say what you will, I am not to be convinced that brains are the only requisite in getting and holding a good, well paying position. I maintain that the chic girl always has an edge on the dowdy girl.

We who live in the provinces, so to speak, more than welcome a department in a reputable magazine which sensibly and expertly points the way for us in matters of fashion, and in such a way that we can have complete confidence in the good taste of the things recommended. Such a department is not only practical and delightful, but a veritable god-send to us.

SMART SET certainly is out to make a name for itself. How fully and capably it has taken care of the modern girl's wants and needs! The four new departments which started in the October SMART SET prove that the Editors of the New SMART SET made no idle boast when they promised

The third and fourth prize winners—and here we have to break right down and confess that we only intended awarding three capital prizes but were forced into awarding a fourth prize of five dollars because we couldn't decide which of these two was superior—are one for Helen Woodward's department and one for the beauty department.

Miss Esther Green, Cleveland, Ohio, wrote the letter on Careers:

We American girls want to prove our worth, first to ourselves and then to the world. And college diplomas can't do it for us nor unfounded readiness "to do just anything" as Miss Woodward says. We want other things, too, of life—of course, but we've discovered that some worth while way to exercise our abilities brings compensations in self respect that no amount of showered favors can ever give us.

Helen Woodward because of her abilities has our confidence. She tells us just what we want to know—whether to persistently stick at "a something" undertaken. Her article simply makes your blood tingle with renewed courage and determination!

And because she can do that and because it touches the very heart of our best ambitions—to me it is the most worth while of the October articles. And I'll not miss a SMART SET until my career has had more of Helen Woodward's tests applied.

Miss Jean Minnemeyci wrote that on beauty:

Beauty has been Woman's chief concern throughout all the ages; and the wooing and keeping of true facial charm is all the more of a problem today because of the versatile regime of modern life. To know that, with a little sensible and inexpensive care, one may appear as charming after a long day at the office or a strenuous round of sports, is invaluable.

THE absence of specifically named aids or addresses of neighborhood beauty parlors in Madame Walska's article on make-up, as well as the simplicity of the care recommended suffices to allay all doubts as to the genuine truth of the advice given. The less natural beauty one has, the more one treasures hints which, properly carried out, will enhance even an average countenance.

Masses of letters came in for Mrs. Woodward from business girls but Mrs. Ruth McGehee's is arresting because it comes from a homemaker. She writes: "I am afraid I answer the description of Helen Woodward's character who is willing to do anything but can hardly do anything well. Her article made me think and realize I must turn my mind to not only the thing I loved to do best but that which would least interfere with my domestic routine. Mrs. Woodward's articles are going to be a universal help to the perplexed housewife as well as to the young business woman."

The other articles and short stories of the month won general praise with the Rev. Christian F. Reinsner's article "Is It Right to Keep Boys and Girls Apart?" leading.

Alice Lee Beadelson's article "Nice Girls Don't Do Such Things" also won many tributes.

SMART SET thanks all of you who entered the contest. Your letters are a source of encouragement and pride. We would have liked to have printed all of them but space prohibits. To those of you who won prizes we offer our congratulations. To those of you who did not win, we say try again and better luck next time.

First Prize, \$15.00

Miss Grace E. Olin, Lawrence, Kansas

Second Prize, \$10.00

Miss Clara Brickner, New York City

Two Third Prizes, \$5.00 each

Miss Esther Greene, Cleveland, Ohio

Miss Jean Minnemeyci, Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 each to next ten prize winners

Miss Mildred Cooper, Wabasha, Minn.

A. C. Thomas, San Francisco, Calif.

Beatrice Pearl, Oakland, Calif.
Gladys M. Gayed, Winsted, Conn.

Mrs. Thomas W. Braden, Dubuque, Iowa

Mathilde Austin, Newark, New Jersey

Miss D. N. Ballard, Cleveland, Ohio

Miss Eva Lovel Dunbar, Oakland, Calif.

Mary Francis Sherburne, Denison, Texas

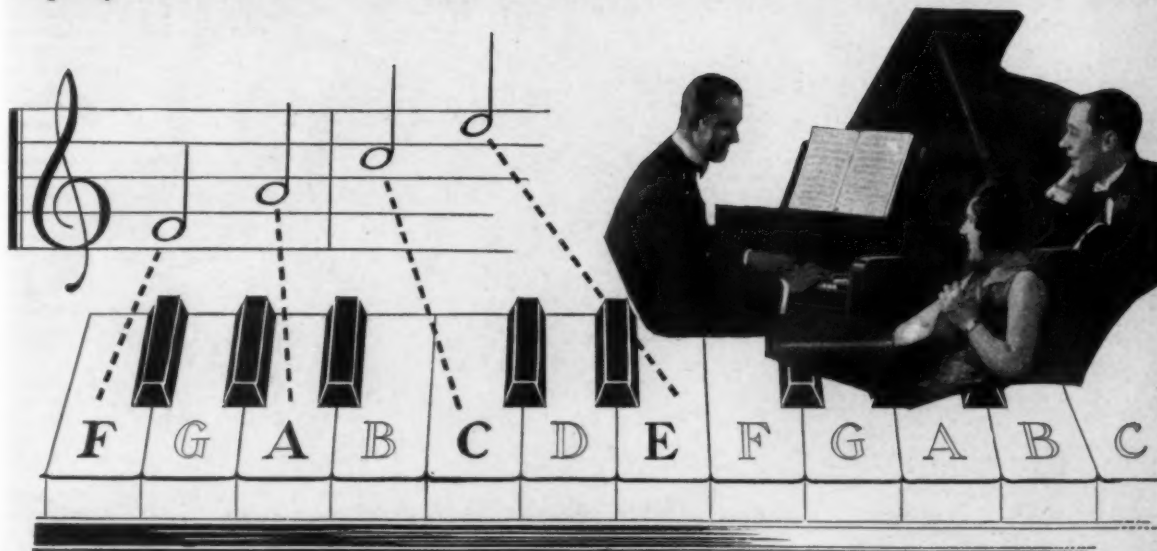
Louise Birge, Boonville, Mo.

the young girl of today a magazine that would be all hers

WHILE I enjoyed all the departments and their helpful hints I think that the one by Georgia Mason on Fads and Fashions takes the blue ribbon in this issue. The girl of today must know something about clothes if she would look neat and presentable and charming at all times. Georgia Mason helps the young girl of today to select a wardrobe that is practical, dainty, and good-looking.

Accept my congratulations—along with the rest of those you are sure to receive from the "most important person on earth," the modern girl, to whom you dedicate this new SMART SET—for giving us one of the finest features in a very fine magazine, and the best department that can be found on Fads and Fashions in any magazine.

What could be easier!



Play any instrument in a few
short months....
learn this delightfully simple way

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to read and play music within just a few months. And the cost is only a fraction of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*!

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn from "Regular" Music

Here's Proof!

"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. short-cut method."
—J. W. H. Teistad, Mont.

"I have found the lessons very interesting and exceedingly easy. They could not be made any clearer in the English language. I will always give the U. S. School of Music my best approval."
—A. F. B. Clinton, N. C.

"I do not understand how you can give so much for the money. The course is a musical education in itself. I wish more people in limited financial circumstances would realize that one can really successfully learn to play from your course, without the aid of a teacher."
—W. H. W., Monticello, Wash.

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and play it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money. (Musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

Whether you like the piano, violin, cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this wonderful newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are

told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up, which is not *entirely plain*, you can write your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention! If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. Course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. With it will be sent a free demonstration lesson which shows better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have You Instrument?.....
Name
Address
CityState.....

Choose Your Course

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Piccolo	Harp
Trombone	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Voice and Speech	
Culture	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger	
Control	
Banjo (Plectrum,	
5-String or Tenor)	

You never expected to see— **FOUR** **COLLEEN MOORE'S** in a single picture—did you? Yet that's exactly what you get **"OH KAY"**

And here's assurance from experts that you'll enjoy "Oh Kay!"—

"Thoroughly mad and enjoyable."—N. Y. Sun
 "Went over with a loud and lusty roar."—N. Y. Telegram
 "You laugh loud and long and heartily."—N. Y. Daily News
 "Amazing."—N. Y. Tribune
 "Bliss and engaging."—N. Y. Evening Post

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Colleen as a parlor maid—
 Colleen as a "tar"—
 Colleen as a burglar—
 Colleen as a substitute bride-to-be!

Even in a single role Colleen can't be beat for comedy. . . . With **FOUR** great comedy roles there's bound to be four times the fun!

Imagine having to pose as the substitute wife of a man you've never seen before—on his wedding night! . . . And then disguising yourself as the parlor maid when the real bride appears. Lucky thing that those adorable trousseau pajamas fit her—otherwise Lady Kay would have

been arrested as Queen of the Bootleggers—and Jimmy would never have found the girl he had been looking for for years!

"Oh Kay!" is presented by John McCormick. And Mervyn LeRoy—how did you like his work on "Harold Teen"?—directed. Carey Wilson, noted for "Ben Hur," wrote the scenario; and famous Elsie Janis adapted it from a brilliant Broadway hit.

With a great supporting cast including Lawrence Gray, Ford Sterling, Alan Hale and Claude Gillingwater, no wonder "Oh Kay!" is already the biggest kind of a hit in the finest kind of theatres.

And of course you're saving up for **"LILAC TIME"**—Colleen Moore's supreme triumph which has set a new record for breaking records. Positively the greatest screen success of the day, because it's the way hit which you can soon see at popular prices.

And then there'll be **"SYNTHETIC SIN"**—

Colleen in a marvelous comedy part just made for her, by the authors of "The Great Lover"—Fred-eric and Fanny Hatton. Underworld and backstage in New York with Colleen as a good girl trying to be bad so she can "sin and suffer"—and become a great actress . . . Can't you just picture it?



Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



MISS MYRNA LOY

Although she is usually cast for exotic roles because of those slanting oriental eyes, this exotic posy in the Hollywood hothouse was born in Helena, Montana. The come-hither eyes, by the way, are green and the perilous hair is red



MISS SUE CAROL

This pretty cinema child was a society girl in Chicago until the lure of Hollywood took her out of the drawing-room. She began as leading lady for Douglas MacLean, the comedian, and is now headed for stardom



Camera study by Underwood

MISS EPPES HAWES

One of the sound reasons why so many young diplomats from overseas bear Washington debutantes home to their native heaths. Miss Hawes, daughter of Senator and Mrs. H. B. Hawes of Missouri, is one of the most popular girls of the capital season



Camera study by Hal Phylfe

MISS LILLIAN BOND

This is the Old Country's glittering contribution to the dance brigade in the new "Vanities." As "Miss England," Lillian was handed across the sea by the motherland. Britain believes in saying it with girls



Camera study by D. Barron

MISS ANNE FORREST

Perhaps you remember her as the noblewoman in the cinema version of "If Winter Comes." This season she is visible and audible as a gunman's girl in Willard Mack's thundering gangland melodrama, "Gang War," in New York



Camera study by White Studio

MISS GEORGIA LERCH

George White, producer of "Scandals," perennially points with pride to the glamorous Georgia. For several seasons she has been his ace show girl, and one of the loveliest sights up and down Broadway, Mecca of the world's beauty



MISS HELEN TWELVETREETS

*N*ot long out of Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, Miss Helen has just put her Jane Hancock to a film contract, after brief experience in stock companies and in the leading role of "An American Tragedy" in Chicago

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



"Heavy Sugar Daddy"

Notes for a Biography of Cupid

By CHARLES G. SHAW

MARRIAGE, the death of romance and the birth of romancing.



BEWARE of him who, in love, expresses himself too perfectly.

PERHAPS the main trouble with jealousy lies in the fact that we are seldom jealous for the right reasons.

TO CARE too much is indeed a terrible thing. Yet not nearly as terrible as being cared for too much.

IN THE matter of things amorous the worst advice is usually that given us by our dearest friends. With the exception, of course, of that which we give ourselves.

HE WHO puzzles her most will usually be of the greatest interest to a woman. Which does not in the least mean that she will love him most.

HE WHO would let romance carry him completely away is doubtless something of an idiot. Yet not nearly the idiot that he is who would completely carry away romance.

OF ALL the wearisome lovers he who continually belittles his rivals is doubtless the worst. Save, of course, he who continually belittles himself.



IN MATTERS amorous we are most sympathetic when ourselves are the objects of sympathy.

HE WHO would taste love's joys without love's sufferings knows not only little of life but little of love, as well.



OF ALL things human there is nothing so live as a new-born love. Nor,

THE wretchedest moments of any romance are most often purely

for that matter, nothing so dead as an ended one.

imaginary. So, also, are the happiest moments.

ONLY he who is sufficiently sure of himself in love is ever sufficiently sure of his loved one.



PERFECTION in love depends very largely upon a sense of what not to do and when to do it.

IN THE graveyard of all dead loves the ghosts are easily distinguishable by their broad grins.

IN CUPID'S laboratory one ounce of privation is worth many pounds of pride.

IN THE gallery of romance there are far fewer masterpieces than frauds.

A KISS has saved many a situation. Likewise it has wrecked many another.

*With Drawings
from Life
By G. D. SKIDMORE*

Peter ~ And

*A Novel of
That
Twinkle Joyously*



Peter

HIS name really was Peter.

They had gotten that part of it right even in the damp program which had been thrust into his hands by the usherette of the dog-town theater. With his surname the local printer had not had so much luck. It appeared in type as Huffy from which you could reconstruct Hughey if you were fairly clever and also acquainted with Broadway gossip. No one in Fairway, New Jersey was.

Peter Hughey telescoped himself into his seat during the rendition of "The Awakening of the Lion" by two violinists and a pianofortist who were noble awakeners. "The Awakening" was by way of an overture.

Peter had no ear for music so he was not particularly disturbed. He had no need to read the program. He knew his name was spelled wrong without looking so he glanced around at the house about three-quarters full of ladies who had decided that the matinee was as good a place to hold a reunion as any-

where. There was less chance of being disturbed than at the tea room where there was jazz but no partners in the afternoon.

The lessee of the orchestra chair one seat in from his own aisle stall came in a minute later than he did or about the time the lion was thoroughly aroused and yelling for raw meat. You will remember which movement is meant if you happen to be familiar with the piece of music which has been designated above as the prelude to the afternoon of foolishness.

Peter was first conscious of her when she begged his pardon for the third time. His long legs effectually blocked the lady off from her rented point of vantage. Peter got up. He was terribly embarrassed at having caused her so much inconvenience. He said so and proved it by sitting down on his straw hat, new and quite noisy when thus destroyed.

His habitual pose of studied indifference came to his rescue and prevented him from leaping to his feet in dismay as an ordinary man would have done. Instead he pretended that

Mrs. Pan

Modern Life

Will

In Your Memory

By
**FRANK R.
ADAMS**

*Who Wrote "The Time,
The Place, and The Girl"*



Corinne

the sound came from the breaking of brittle twigs which the restive orchestral lion was destroying in his wrath at having been disturbed by the Princess Theater Trio.

The girl giggled but he pretended not to notice that either and sat unruffled upon his dignity and a number of sharp straw splinters until the curtain went up.

HE WAS pretty mad though because she had laughed and during the first act he risked a glance her way to see what she was like. His sidewise survey would have been a success if it had not happened that his eyes encountered hers similarly studying him.

She smiled at him unabashed.

Peter had never had a flirtation in his life so he blushed hastily and riveted his attention on the stage.

She had gray eyes, large ones with long tangly lashes. The rest of her face was small but no one would notice the rest of

her face particularly until he had gotten completely tired of her eyes, an event which would not be likely to occur to a male during one incarnation.

Peter was so annoyed by the fact he had been caught in anything so undignified as a surreptitious appraisal of his provoking neighbor that he forgot what he was there for and let ten minutes of dialogue on the stage go by without taking a single note for his daily lecture to the cast and staff at the end of the performance.

Finally he came to with a shock. Miss Heming, as Clara, the maid, in the play, had said, "There isn't any gasoline in the house," instead of, "There ain't no gasoline," as he had written it and as a girl of Clara's training would be sure to say it.

Peter made a memorandum of the error on the sheaf of folded note paper which he carried in his pocket. Other things going wrong on the stage claimed his attention and managed to subdue his consciousness of having been ridiculous.

In scrawly, almost illegible characters, partly so because written in the dark but more because in Peter's distinguished and characteristically cubist handwriting he noted the following:

"Lighting back of door rotten."
 "David cross in back of Sally."
 "Clara, wait for laughs on gags."
 "Can't hear Sanders. Louder."
 "George forgot riding crop."
 "Bad make-up."
 "George, take off your hat in the house. Damn fool."
 "Lights down slower for sunset. Mix reds and ambers on strips and floods."

MOST of those notes he had taken before at the performance the night previous and at the dress rehearsal before that, but the actors were still making the same mistakes. In other parts of the house, scattered, were the other men interested in the success of the play, the producer, the manager, the publicity man, all writing down pencil and paper suggestions and corrections which would be amalgamated after the performance and dished up to the crew backstage as part of the ceaseless hammer welding of a production before it reaches Broadway.

The author's notes were perhaps the least important of the lot but no one let Peter know that and he made them conscientiously, almost pompously, as if disaster to the entire amusement public depended upon a misplaced emphasis.

Peter was a serious playwright, a very young one. For many reasons precocious success in writing is more often attained in the field of the drama than in that of the novel. One cause is that a play seldom represents the work of a single brain. The manager who produces it, if he is a real manager, an artist as well as a business accountant, moulds his play by the way he casts it. Then the producer or director stamps his personality on it and, if he be a mature man, he supplies poise and balance to the card house of the youngest playwright. And lastly good actors are alchemists. If you don't believe it read in printed form the play you laughed and cried over the last time you were so pleasurably entertained at the theater.

Not that Peter Hughey wasn't clever. He was, inordinately so. But probably not so clever as might be supposed by anyone who knew only what the public knew—only what Peter himself knew.

THE house lights were up for the intermission; the trio in the orchestra pit were tuning for another musical riot. Peter was about to get up and go backstage for the few minutes between spasms when he recollected the hat. If he got up while the lights were on his horrible secret would be out and he would be an object of amusement to everyone near by—most especially of the young woman next to him. No, it would be better to wait until the curtain was raised once more. Then, with the auditorium in darkness, he could leave without being observed. Perhaps he could even take most of his straw bonnet with him and thus cheat his neighbor of a good laugh.

So Peter settled down more firmly into his nest and pretended to be very busy going over the notes he had made. This got to be a difficult task after a couple of minutes. He grew increasingly conscious of the amused scrutiny of his neighbor. Why the devil didn't the girl read the jokes in his program or find out what the well-dressed goop will wear?

"Will you be so kind as to do me a slight favor?"

The question could have only one source. Peter turned to face those disconcerting tangle-lashed eyes. They were not

laughing now. On the contrary they were pleading with him.

He yielded at once. "Why certainly, Miss—"

"Miss Renshaw, but I'd appreciate it if you would call me Corinne. That's the favor I wish to ask, that you would pretend to know me, to be a friend of mine."

"Why, I—"

"I can explain why later," she urged, "but, now, while everyone is looking it is essential that I appear to be here with a man whom I know, a friend. Will you help?"

"Certainly, Miss—"

"Corinne," she prompted.

"Certainly, Corinne, I'd be glad to do most anything for an old friend like yourself. I remember very well that time you told the kindergarten teacher you were the one who swallowed the little red beads we used for counting and you took the punishment when I had them safely in my tummy all the time. In return for that I'd be a cad if I wouldn't do anything you asked."

She accepted this without batting one of the marvelous eyelashes. Peter knew because he looked to find dismay in her eyes and found only childish interest and girlish adoration. He blushed. She was a better actress than any of the women who had been speaking his lines on the stage.

"Thank you," she was saying animatedly. "I'm awfully glad you brought me to this play. I haven't had a good cry for a long time."

"But," Peter protested, "this is a comedy."

"IS IT? I got in too late to read the program or I certainly shouldn't have wasted my only handkerchief. It's terribly confusing. In this town we get so many plays that are being tried out and sometimes even the actors don't know whether they are supposed to be funny or sad. It's much more comfortable to do one's play-going in New York when everything is all set." She consulted her program. "Of course it's a comedy. And by that new man Hughey, isn't it? He is supposed to be rather clever, isn't he?"

"Supposed is right," Peter said modestly. He wasn't so conceited as he would have been if this new play were booked to

be a sure fire success. He had his doubts.

"Aren't you being rather a cat?" the girl demanded. "I thought men were generous about admitting one another's qualifications. Now how do you know but that this man Hughey who wrote this play isn't a better man than you are?" Peter thoughtfully considered this. "I know he isn't."

"Oh, you do?" she sniffed. "And I suppose you could write a better play than this one yourself?"

"Well, no better perhaps, but certainly every bit as good."

Her only reaction to that statement was a bit of a gasp. Anything further that she might have said was headed off by the fact that just at the moment the curtain went up on the second act.

This was Peter's chance to pick up the remnants of his hat and, like an Arab, silently steal away while no one could notice the poor crippled kelly in his hands. Outside the summer sun was shining with a glare that nearly blinded Peter, accustomed to the dim light of the theater.

Peter felt naked without a hat—not so much so as he would in a few years when his already thinning hair became something to strew flowers around for on Memorial Day—but still distinctly unclad. So after feeding the straw fragments to one of the last few cab horses on earth, he stopped in at a furnishing store next door to the theater and purchased a trick fedora with a shining blue ribbon on it. Peter's taste in haberdashery, pajamas and personal adornment in general was

The
 PEGGY JOYCE
 of a Thousand Romances
 Is The One You Know
 But There Is Another
 PEGGY JOYCE
 a Girl with Dreams Like Your Own
 SMART SET
 has discovered the real Peggy
 hidden away in her own diary,
 a treasure chest of secrets
 which will be opened for you
 in January SMART SET



Please let me come," Peter urged. "I want to know you better." Corinne's eyes glowed. "Then come," she conceded. The car had stopped. Her foot was on the step. "But never say I didn't warn you to stay away"

the despair as well as the never ending delight of his circle of personal acquaintances.

He went back into the gloomy cavern of the theater where the second act was pursuing its relentless way to the banal climax at the curtain. The word "banal" in this instance is a quotation from Peter's own thoughts. It wasn't really so terrible as that but he had seen it so often and it was so far from the picture he had had when he wrote it that it seemed to him by that time to be the conception of an infant still in the drooling stage.

Peter hovered around the rear of the auditorium for a few minutes before taking a seat. There were a good many empty stalls, especially in the last ten rows, and he could sit almost anywhere he liked. The ushers knew he was connected with the show and would let him occupy any vacant seat. But choosing a location seemed to be more of a problem than he would have supposed. There appeared to be insurmountable objections to practically all of the available chairs.

So, finally, Peter took his new hat and sauntered carelessly back toward the aisle seat he had left only a few minutes before. Perhaps he wanted to prove to her that he had not sat on his bonnet as she had gigglingly supposed; perhaps he wanted to show her that he hadn't been wearing a brittle hat at all; it is even possible that he told himself that the particular vacancy alongside of her was the very best location from which to see and criticize the work of his pen and typewriter.

ANYWAY he started back like a moth to a candle, or, more modernly, like a June bug to an arc-light. It has been intimated before that Peter had never been party to a flirtation in all his life. Although this was his second piece of writing for the theater and he had been thrown a good deal with the easy-going people of the stage he did not react quickly to the sex-complex or hadn't up to now.

It was a novel sensation to Peter to wonder if the girl he was going back to sit beside would speak to him again.

She did.

As he slipped into his seat she leaned over and whispered, "I'm awfully glad that you came back, Mr. Hughey."

At the conclusion of the matinee Peter discovered that he had not taken any notes that were of sufficient importance to warrant his waiting for the rehearsal after the performance. This discovery was almost simultaneous with the dawning upon his untrained intelligence of the fact that there was in the middle of the next block, a rather good-looking little café, called "The Tea Shoppe" and that sometimes one took a lady to a place of that sort for refreshment after the play.

There were several questions that he felt ought to be asked and answered, questions that it had not seemed discreet to put in the semi-publicity of the theater, questions such as how she came to know who he was, why she had asked him to talk to her in the first place, whether she liked chocolates or bon-bons best and a dozen important things like that.

He mentioned the tea idea to her as she was putting on her summer furs. She demurred a moment and then agreed. Once in the street she explained, "I couldn't say, 'No', with everyone listening because I'm supposed to know you. But if anyone in this town thought that I would go out to tea with a strange man, good night!"

"IN THAT case," Peter began apologetically, "of course I understand and you can drop me as soon as we are a few steps away from the theater. I wouldn't for worlds—"

"Oh, it's all right," she interrupted. "I said I'd go to tea with you and I will. I wouldn't go back on my word for anything. Besides this will be a lark, all the more so because I have never done anything of the sort before and probably never will again."

Peter was proportionately flattered. This doing a thing for the first time with a girl was tremendously interesting. To open her eyes to life, even if only in a small city tea shop, would give him a new kick, would perhaps add an air of verisimilitude to the he and she dialogue in his next play. That was something the critics were agreed in saying that he lacked. He resolved that he would keep an entirely detached mind for the experiment, would flirt deliberately and take notes, mentally at least, on the psychology of it. A writer can make capital out of anything.

The Tea Shoppe proved to be a one-time mere candy store

with a little gloom added by way of art, dim lighting and too heavy decorations on the walls and booths. Still it takes a lot to dampen the spirits of young Americans and Peter and Corinne were not noticeably depressed as they sat opposite to one another in the semi-privacy of one of the three sided stalls equipped with a stationary table and uncomfortable wall benches—the American idea of the banc of the French cafés.

Sitting opposite to her Peter got his first opportunity for a real inspection of the fish that had come into his net.

The lighting was kind to her perhaps. Maybe Peter threw a glamour around her because he felt a captor's pride in the first triumph of his bow and spear.

ANYWAY Corinne gave Peter a very prideful stimulus. She was an interesting-looking girl. Peter considered that a much more favorable diagnosis than if he had labelled her beautiful or pretty. The latter, to his literarily educated mind, connoted insipidity.

As a matter of fact Peter did her an injustice. Corinne was rather more than ordinarily high-g geared as regards looks. That she appeared interesting besides is what the theatrical magnates call an added attraction. In a good many ways her cleverness was probably a drawback to Corinne. It would make her the

Corinne had to stifle an impulse to shriek as Peter jumped to his feet



object of the fear and malice of other women while placid beauty is really all that is needed to anaesthetize the male sex until a promising specimen of it can be selected and installed in a private cage.

Her chestnut hair was dressed very simply and her features and skin were nice, the mouth and nose small and finely modelled. Her hands, which she used a good deal in conversation, were small too.

All of her clothing was unobtrusive. Peter could not know it but her suit was

over a year old and had been purchased with two seasons in view. That's why it was so modest and good. The neck-fur was something or other, dyed to look like something else again, but Peter did not know that either. No one would expect a cruel and catty woman, which included practically every skirted inhabitant of Fairway if the truth must be told.

Without being really so very small she gave an impression of petite, dainty charm. Peter remembered that, in the street,

the secret of my mind-reading act. But I will because you have been so kind and considerate. That is I will unless you would prefer not to know the truth but to consider me extraordinarily clever instead."

"I'll think you're that anyway."

She reflected. "Well, perhaps you would. Here's the secret then. I figured out the kind of a man you are and then I realized that you would not be apt to be adversely critical of anyone but yourself. I-remembered also that I had seen in the papers that this was a try-out performance of 'Mrs. Tarbell's Confession' and that the author and producer were still working on the play. It's awfully simple, isn't it?"

"NOT at all. It's much cleverer than I expected of a—" he floundered.

"Of a small town girl," she supplied. "I imagine so. You don't hurt my feelings any by slamming the feminine brain-power of our fair city. I quite agree with you. I'm one of our intellectual snobs. It's the only line in which I have a chance to be superior and I work it to death. Is there any other of my tricks you would like to have explained?"

"Yes. I'd like to know why you came to speak to me in the first place?"

"I suppose it is useless for me to say that your fascinating personality overpowered me and forced me into

the unmaidenly course which I took rather than run the risk of losing you forever." She stopped. "Would you believe that?"

"No."

"I feared not. I'll have to fly nearer to the truth even if it melts the wax in my wings. This, then, is the strange story of 'The Adventure of the Visiting Playwright' all rights reserved including translation into foreign languages including the Scandinavian."

This was the first girl Peter had met whose brain worked a little faster than his own. There were many who talked more but after a few minutes' conversation he felt that he had solved them. With Peter the fact that he had not often sought feminine society was not entirely a pose or even shyness. In general the lady line of talk bored him slightly. He could not get up much enthusiasm over a conversation about dancing even as practised by the naughty lady in the almost-altogether at the Montmartre; neither did he thrill much to stories that might be taken two ways. Doubtless his interests in such things would revive as he grew older but just now he was what Corinne had called herself, "an intellectual snob," and he objected to filling his mind with the garbage of conventional conversation.

IT'S safer to be conceited about your mind than about your appearance. There is no danger of meeting mirrors and photographs that will laugh at you.

Corinne seemed to belong to Peter's mental fraternity. She was saying:

"Yesterday several of the girls that I know were over at the house for tea and Rose Pommery, my best chum, brought up a problem which is a pretty serious one [Continued on page 88]



she had been tall enough to come a little above his shoulders and he was quite a bean pole, six feet, half an inch with his tortoise rimmed spectacles on. So she must be of moderate height even though she seemed small.

"You're rather nice looking yourself," the girl said, interrupting his appraisal.

TACTICS like that swept Peter off his feet. It wasn't fair to knock him down just as he stepped into the ring.

She continued ruthlessly. "You've got nice eyes and a crinkly mouth even if you do take yourself seriously. An ice-cream shortcake with lots of chocolate sauce and a cup of coffee." This to the

waitress, who stood stolidly by.

Peter covered his confusion by ordering, "The same," although he hadn't heard her selection and wouldn't have known what it was if he had. Corinne's mouth was provocative. She was smiling amusedly because of his dismay at having been set back on the defensive. He knew she was well aware that she had usurped the masculine privilege of beginning the kidding.

To assume the reins and direct the course of the conversation a little himself he guided her back to the safe grounds of their first exchange of dialogue. "You were going to tell me how you came to know my name when I came back to my seat during the second act."

"Was I?" she asked. "I can't remember promising to divulge

Do American Business Men Realize the



RUTH WATERBURY, reporter and investigator, in this article presents facts known to every young woman who works, but which will surprise her employers



TIME off for shopping is the great need of the business girl of today. Giving the business girl a chance to shop would produce for her more general efficiency than any other industrial innovation.

This is not said carelessly. These are flat statements but I am prepared to substantiate them. I have been crusading on this matter for a month. I have interviewed a hundred girls, selected from all classes of workers, wage and age groups. I have talked to big business heads and personnel managers. I have seen doctors and health directors.

The more I have investigated, the more I have observed the economic loss sustained, the physical burdens endured, the amount of health endangered by the neurotic pressure the need for shopping time puts on the girl who works.

This is the situation as it now stands.

The business girl is held up to a cruelly high standard of capability and chic. It is the well-dressed applicant who gets the job and granted the obvious ability for the work it is the well-dressed girl who keeps it. As a clever young person, this girl studies fashions. Her eye is sensitive and her intelligence alert. She understands the value of being well-dressed. She knows the styles she wants and what she should pay for them. She earns the prices demanded.

BUT she has no time to shop. As her working day now stands she must shop during lunch hours or on Saturday half holiday at both which times stores are overcrowded and clerks overworked. Either this, or resort to shops in the business district or neighborhood stores, open evenings, where prices are exorbitant and styles in dubious taste.

It is this combination against her that is causing in the American business girl an economic and psychological impasse. She knows what she wants. She can afford what she wants. But she can't get it because of lack of time.

And here SMART SET, as champion of the young American girl of today, steps in. SMART SET believes that if the business girl were given an hour a week by her employer in which to shop—to do all the things which that verb means to women—to price, to compare, to buy, this whole pressure would be

Large groups of business girls eat barely anything at noon in order to have time for shopping. Given an hour between nine and ten they could have the advantages of uncrowded stores

Give a Girl

By RUTH

ARE you one of the 8,500,000 working women in America? Do you find the clothes standard demanded of you for business life almost impossible to maintain because you have no time to shop save lunch hours and Saturday half holidays? Does this lack of shopping time interfere with your efficiency and economy? Do you wish your employer would give you a regular hour off for shopping weekly? Read this, the first of a series of articles of interest to every girl who work

Conditions Revealed in This Article?



Time to Shop

WATERBURY

THE average business man of to-day is serenely unconscious of the style demands on his girl workers. Because he needs only eight standardized articles yearly to be well dressed—three suits, two hats and three pairs of shoes—he is unaware of the working woman's shopping problem. He does not know that the average business girl requires twenty-four individualized, constantly changing items per year; twelve dresses, one coat, four hats and seven pairs of shoes

immediately removed. SMART SET is convinced the girl's efficiency would be heightened, since she would keep her mind on her work during business hours, and that her economic condition would be immeasurably improved since she would be securing the full one hundred cents' worth of her every expended dollar.

Now for a cut-back.

When we first discussed this crusading idea in the SMART SET office, we none of us knew whether we could put a basis of fact under our theory. It was a new departure, a radical, humanitarian idea we were advocating. We wanted to make it practical.

We started out to get other people's opinions on it.

I began with the Young Women's Christian Association which has an enrollment of 600,000 members. But the Y. W. is fairly conservative. SMART SET's idea was new. I scarcely hoped that the Y. W. would whole-

heartedly endorse us.

What the Y. W. C. A. did was to agree completely. In fact I found that the organization thought so well of SMART SET's innovation they had already beaten us to it. To every one of their workers throughout the country they now give two days in the spring and one day at Christmas for personal shopping. While this is not quite SMART SET's idea it is agreeably close to it. They also close their working day at four forty-five P. M., leaving their employees a forty-five minute margin on the department store closings. This earlier closing hour was made possible by a shortened lunch period, a forty-five minute period, agreed upon by popular vote.

THEY had no arguments about any financial loss sustained by giving their workers this time off. Their experience had proved its worth by the good will created and the employee response originated by this generous foresight.

I went to Miss Edith M. Gates, their national health director, to get the medical side of it.

"One of the hardest problems we have today is the problem of nourishment or nutrition of girls," Miss Gates said. "Girls come to us at every one of our [Continued on page 131]

By
ROBERT S.
CARR

Any Place



RONNIE, Who Might Be Your Son

THE Burkharths were a modern family. They lived at The Darlington where the elevator boys wear purple and a chilled expression. For some time after his mother and father moved there, Ronnie Burkhardt marveled at those regal elevator boys and at the glittering lobby, but later they irritated him unaccountably.

About the time he reached the "I-want-a-dog" age, quite pathetically in the dogless Darlington, he became involved in a whirlwind altercation with the haughtiest of the elevator boys. It had something to do with a long hatpin. When questioned about the affair, all that could be gotten out of him was, "Aw, I wanted to see if he could look diffrent, just once."

But as Ronnie grew older and infinitely blasé and progressed to the third year of high school, he accepted elevator boys quite casually, as he had already learned to accept all the other oppressively efficient and elaborate details of the superficial, artificial world in which his parents lived.

At seventeen he was as handsomely aloof as the gilt and marble lobby, as boldly secretive in his comings and goings as that bell-hop who was the bootlegger.

A SLENDER, trim boy was Ronnie, his eager young eyes belying his studiously cynical lips and making them forget themselves quite often in a kiddish grin. He was always dressed neatly in quiet light suits which emphasized his fresh, clean darkness. Like most boys whose parents live too fastidiously Ronnie was foreign to the loose loud sweaters and crazy corduroys affected by so many of his schoolmates.

His mother, a flirtatious young-looking matron with a sleek mannish bob and cigarette-stained fingers, had a monomania for cent-a-point bridge; his father played golf. He dropped in at the apartment quite often. Really, it would have been inconvenient for him to carry the shaker and the ice and the oranges around with him all the time.

He was a brisk, cheery little fellow. Ronnie called him by his first name and was usually polite. They scarcely knew each other. The son was so much the older of the two.

In fact, the life of the Burkharths might have been the ultimate example of how far people can get from reality and still live, had it not been for the last feeble twitchings of Mrs. Burkhardt's maternal instincts.

For you must know that she was concerned about Ronnie. At irregular intervals, usually just after she had lost heavily at bridge, she would remember that this noncommittal young stranger who slept in the apartment was her son, her baby, and she would thereupon become sentimental and a little worried. The last not without reason, for his life was as remote from hers, as mysterious and fraught with unknown dangers, as the life of a Congo savage.

SHE had a glimpse of him at breakfast, then he was gone all day to high school. His lunch he ate in the school cafeteria; the food there he rated infinitely superior to that with which his parents provided him. His schedule of classes let him out every day at the end of the eighth period, two-fifteen, but she seldom saw anything of him till dinner time.

And often he would telephone, glib and evasive in some far-off pay-station that he wouldn't be in till late. He would hang up quickly, cutting short his mother's remonstrances, and the next morning at breakfast would have such a bland air of bored innocence that the pa-

But Home

*A Story of Youth
Which All Parents
Must Read*

rental inquisition couldn't possibly get going very well.

In the evening, the instant that dinner was over, Ronnie fled out into the night. While leaping for his hat he might oblige with such fragments of information as date, picture show, or frat hop. If his parents were able to corner him long enough for close questioning, they obtained only such vague and unsatisfying data as he might go around to the drug store, and then maybe to a picture show somewhere, or over to Claude's, and . . . His voice trailed off. "Well, and what?" they prompted. "Oh," he sighed, "nothing." And stood looking at the carpet with the defiant silence of a criminal.

YET Ronnie wasn't a bad boy, as far as they could tell. There were no definite charges to be placed against him. If he had ever been arrested, they had never learned of it. He had never come in distinctly intoxicated, although in this connection it should be remarked that he was usually in bed asleep before his parents got in.

The only thing his parents had specific against him was that he seemed too much interested in that little snip of a Jean Morris, the spoiled only daughter of the Burkharths' dearest bridge enemies.

Ronnie's parents had no more doubt but that Jean Morris was a bad girl than Jean's parents had doubt that Ronnie Burkhardt was no fit associate for their innocent daughter. You would never have guessed from the cordiality with which the adults met over a card table that dark currents of parental hostility and suspicion flowed lavalike beneath.

Maybe you'd have thought it horrid of them to think that way if you'd seen Ronnie and Jean together. They were a fast-walking, hard-muscled pair of modern young folks. Both declared that they smoked whenever they felt like it but you rarely saw them smoking and never inhaling.

They knew what work-out, sweat-shirt and rub-down meant, and when they ordered a lunch they got the right, healthful kind of food if they had to fight with the waiter to do it. And they'd fight, too, either of them, if it was at all necessary. They were as self-confident and belligerent as traffic officers.

THEN Mrs. Burkhardt would insist that wasn't the whole story. What about this dark secretiveness of theirs, these unexplained evenings? And the missing bottle of gin—but wait, that's right, we did find out it was the maid who took it, not Ronnie.

But the awful book he had hidden in his dresser drawer that time! Why, that alone was enough to prove that something was distinctly wrong between him and Jean. "Been reading it together, in noon periods at school," he'd said, cool as you please. What if it was a solid work on psychoanalysis? That didn't make it any the less outspoken. Why, the ideas it must have put in their heads!

She'd call an interfamilial conference and stop the affair? Oh! But a thing like that simply couldn't be mentioned to the Morrisises. They'd say it was all Ronnie's fault when it wasn't; it was all Jean's fault.

When Ronnie arrived from school on a bridge evening his mother sent him down to the ready-to-eat shop to get supper. "Something we can eat in a hurry and that won't dirty any dishes," she said. There wasn't time to clear up after a regular meal, and besides, she didn't like Mrs. Morris to see her hands red from the dishwater.



JEAN, Who Could Be Your Daughter

Ronnie came back with potato salad, boiled ham tissue-paper thin, pickles and French pastries, all on picnic plates. He had also a wax-paper envelope of the newest chocolate-milk drink.

"The old kosher 'gimme' this for a sample," he said. "I'm going to make some for supper."

"Oh, no, no!" cried his mother. "You'll have to dirty a pan and a cup and saucer and the kitchenette stove always makes the place smell of gas."

Ronnie shrugged disgustedly. He sat down on the davenport with his sagging plate. A knock sounded on the door.

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Mrs. Burkhardt, "here they are! I knew our clock was wrong!"

"It can't be the Morrisses already," protested Mr. Burkhardt as he went to open the door.

An old couple stood framed there like a picture from some plush-bound album. There was a pink, starchy old gentleman with twinkling eyes and a small, fierce, white beard. And there was a little old lady with a face like fine old lace. She was dressed in black silk, which rustled. He wore his stern suit as though it were a uniform and carried his gold-headed cane the way old soldiers always carry canes.

"WELL, father!" shouted Mr. Burkhardt. "And mother! When did you get in town?" He drew them in and seated them on the davenport with Ronnie, who looked at them as if they had been orang-outangs.

"How long are you going to stay?" continued Mr. Burkhardt. He was just tight enough to be happy at seeing his aged parents.

"We're going to stay quite a spell, I hope," said the old gentleman. "We've bought."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Burkhardt.

"Where?" asked Mr. Burkhardt. He was a dabbler in real estate.

"About a block from here." It was the little old lady who spoke. "We found the nicest old house just around the corner."

Through the minds of the modern generation there began to race dismaying anticipations of evenings to be spent listening to cake recipes and how Roosevelt charged up San Juan hill. There was a ghastly silence. Mrs. Burkhardt seized upon Ronnie to ward it off.

"It's been a long time since you saw your grandson, hasn't it?" she said. She gestured at Ronnie with an unconscious display of genuine pride.

The old couple looked at Ronnie, who squirmed slightly. "It has that!" declared the old gentleman. "Why, I mind when he was a little bit of a tike, shooting at my hens with his sling-shot. Still shoot a sling-shot, son?"

RONNIE grinned sheepishly, shook his head, and blushed for the first time in history.

Mrs. Burkhardt began to break out with gooseflesh for fear her husband's parents would not be gone by the time the Morrisses arrived.

Her fears were immediately confirmed. The Morrisses came, another casual, well-groomed, hollow, modern couple. And with them, quite unusually, came their daughter Jean.

She was indeed a snip of a girl, as Ronnie's jealous mother had characterized her. Everything about her was naughty and rebellious, even her close-clipped auburn hair. Her skirts were too short; her dress was too tight but about her rounded little face, in spite of the bright brazenness of its cosmetic-mask, was a simple, almost old-fashioned prettiness. Something was there that she had not been able to kill.

And this evening Jean presented an especially rebellious picture. She had been crying. Which explained her mother's set pale lips and her father's dark frown. Obviously there had been a heated family tiff which had resulted in Jean's being held prisoner for the evening. She marched into the apartment with her little round head tilted and with her pointed chin held high.

Her entrance did not evoke a ripple in Ronnie. After a moment, however, he got quietly up from the davenport, passed in front of his grandmother and grandfather without excusing himself and with his eyes drew Jean into the alcove kitchenette. There he slouched on the edge of the sink, and

she slouched on the edge of the table, and they looked at each other.

"Hello, stuff," he yawned.

"Hi, stew-bum," said Jean.

They were in love with each other.

An enervated sort of ultra-sophisticated modern love, you would have said, unless you looked closely at what lay back of their eyes as they looked at each other at that moment.

As the old folks were introduced to the delicately disdainful Morrisses, Ronnie and Jean unobserved, exchanged quick words. The girl nodded her head once, shook her head twice, to the boy's questioning. Talk fled rapidly between them.

Then the adults called them and they lapsed into a stony



Jean was wondering how much longer she could bear her mother's tirade when all at once she heard the little old lady say, "Don't mind her, dear. She doesn't mean it"

indifference to each other that would have done credit to a pair of love-murderers in a crowded court-room.

"I've had trouble with Jean this evening," Mrs. Morris announced. She was a big blackish woman, one of the sort who feels it her duty to chloroform stray cats and report errant newsboys. "I had her bring her book along so she could study," she went on. "Where's your book, dear?" She surveyed her daughter anxiously.

Jean posed before her mother, slim hand on saucy hip, lips budded, an imperious little figure. "I threw that damn' book on somebody's front lawn as we were walking over here," she answered. "Now sky-write that!"

"OH!" GASPED her mother and for a little while nobody said anything. Ronnie's parents exchanged glances which shouted, "Just listen to that, would you? If that were our child—!"

Mrs. Morris decided to have a fit, a mannerly fit of course, the variety one's company feels obliged to have when confronted by a social impasse. It was not the insolence she minded; it was being defied and humiliated before Mrs. Burkhardt for whose child-rearing methods she had nothing but

critical contempt. She realized she must quickly create the impression that she wasn't used to being addressed in such a fashion by her daughter. So she took a deep breath and pitched in.

She didn't do a good job of it. She talked too loudly with a vigorous forward-scooping chin motion that distracted attention from her words and she alluded to too many family matters the audience didn't understand. Then, too, the presence of the old folks bothered her; she kept restraining herself for their benefit. All in all she was not as effective as usual.

With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING



But she did succeed in hurting her daughter. Jean's independent little face winced and lumped up into sob-clouds.

If you had looked at Ronnie just then, you would have seen him slouched carelessly in the kitchenette doorway, his fists clenched deep in his pockets and blind red rage in his heart.

Jean, standing at the end of the davenport close to the little old lady, was wondering how much longer she could bear her mother's tirade without screaming or fainting. She was quivering all over.

All at once she felt her knotted little fist enclosed in something smooth and warm. It was a soft old hand. It belonged to Ronnie's grandmother. Jean looked down at the sweet face as one looks at strangers in a dream.

"Don't mind her, dear," said the little old lady, "She doesn't

mean it. She'll be sorry afterwards." Her voice had a croon like a lullaby, and in her bright old eyes, looking up at Jean, was all the warm kindness of mellow age.

SOMETHING burst deep in Jean's soul. "But she won't be sorry afterwards!" she cried. "She doesn't care enough. She's never sorry about me. She only gets mad." And before the eyes of everyone the girl of 1928 sought the lavender-scented bosom of the one who was a girl in 1878, and sobbed out her starving heart, her orange rouge tinting the ivory-old lace.

Mrs. Morris stared; her eyes narrowed. Then gradually, feature by feature, like a chemical mixture crystallizing, her face hardened. She stepped forward and yanked her daughter to her feet. She shook her, bid her stand aside, but her anger was directed almost entirely against the little old lady in whose cheeks two faded roses had appeared.

"You wouldn't think she was such a dear if you had her to raise," snapped Mrs. Morris. "She's so boy-struck no one can do a thing with her."

Unexpectedly the old gentleman broke in with the saltiest of tones and manners. "She'd be a poor stick if she wasn't saucy as she is. And 'twon't hurt her, either, not even if they tie the reins to the whip-socket when they're out driving. The thing that's going to hurt her is trying to keep her in and shaming her before folks."

"And the very idea of having liquor around before the children like this!" took up his wife tartly. "My lands, what a bringing-up they must be getting!"

"THAT'S enough now," said little Mr. Burkhart. "It's no affair of yours, anyway."

The old gentleman arose. "We'll be going," he said. He gave his wife a hand. They stood for a moment near Ronnie and Jean.

Ronnie's father was struck with an idea both brilliant and timely.

"Ronnie," he commanded, "you take your grandmother and grandfather to the picture show. I'm sure they'd enjoy it."

He ostentatiously counted out some silver.

"And it'll be all right if Jean goes, too, won't it?" asked Mr. Morris of his wife. He dreaded the prospect of his volcanic daughter playing the death's head at the feast for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Morris had to choose between vengeful discipline and bridge. "Yes, she can go," she said and salved herself with the belief that one drear evening with the fustiness of the little old lady would cure Jean of any misplaced affection she might have conceived for her.

Ronnie flashed his parents a hard black look which meant, "Maybe I won't get even for this!" It was such an exceptionally insolent look that Mrs. Burkhart would have challenged it had they been alone. But with Mrs. Morris standing there before her all so nicely humiliated by her Jean, Mrs. Burkhart would have countenanced anything short of assault and battery rather than admit that she, too, had a rebel to cope with.

SHE smiled at him. "Yes, Ronnie, do take them," she urged. And the two couples, the very young and the very old, started down the hall toward the elevator, Ronnie and Jean lolling along in front with an exaggerated slowness, so that the stiff old legs behind could keep up with them.

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Burkhart remarked, "I hope the old folks enjoyed the show last night. How do you like your grandfather now?"

"He's a funny old gopher," said Ronnie.

His mother was surprised. She had expected bitterness. She looked at her son, who was nibbling toast with a totally angelic demeanor.

"What picture did you see," she flung out suddenly—that universal catch question of suspicious [Continued on page 98]



Drawing by Guy Hoff

NO GIRL today could possibly start with less advantages than Ninon de Lenclos. She lacked money, beauty and social position but she became the most famous of French enchantresses. She ruled the reign of Louis the Fourteenth and, even at the age of eighty, the hearts of a hundred men. Her secret was that she understood that rarest and most beautiful of human relationships, the art of friendship between men and women



What Every Woman Wants to Know

The Secret of
NINON DE LENCLOS
Who Retained the Friendship
Of Every Man Who
Loved Her

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

The Greatest Living Analyst
Of Women's Emotions

IF you want to know how to interest men, Ninon de Lenclos is your model. The roll of Ninon's adorers will practically write the history of France during the illustrious reign of Louis XIV.

If you want to understand the art of real friendship between man and woman, one of the rarest and most beautiful of human relations, again Ninon will provide a perfect example.

If you want to know how to make an advantage of growing old, how to replace the luster of youth with a glow of age equally or even more charming, how to be adored at fifty and sixty and even eighty, study Mademoiselle de Lenclos of France.

SINCE every woman wants to know how to get men or a particular man, we are fortunate to find that this woman had a clear mind that never missed a point in the dazzling game of love and she has left us invaluable observations and directions in her own handwriting of all her methods.

It is possible to make an unusually minute and helpful analysis of her priceless understanding of and charm for men, which has come down to us immortalized in her very name—Ninon, synonym for charm.

Ninon, unlike Emma Hamilton, "the Divine Lady," or the great Catherine, who acted a great deal on instinct, thought the thing out. She had it down to a fine science.

But don't for one moment get the idea that this infallible charm has any magic symbol, offers any love draught. It isn't a case of "Open, Sesame," or "Abacadabra." No gift from heaven made Ninon de Lenclos alluring or beloved. No hypnotic beauty was hers.

The girl or woman who wants to know Ninon's secret will

find that Ninon meant it when she said, "It requires infinitely more genius to make love than to command armies."

A great man once defined genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains.

Ninon's science of fascination requires thought, care, concentration, self-control, self-analysis, study, generosity, all the qualities required to master any other science and, like any other science, it is exact and can be learned.

SURELY the results as shown in Ninon's case were worth it. Saint-Evremond, once her lover and then her friend for fifty years, wrote to her, "You have been loved by the best fellows in the world and you have loved them just long enough to avoid any of the lassitudes of a waning love. None of your sex ever before has been so fortunate; there are few princesses

in the world who would not envy you."

It is necessary first of all to remember that Ninon de Lenclos was no mere courtesan, occupying her life with a series of lovers.

The great Queen Christina of Sweden, most virtuous and intellectual monarch of the age, called her the most interesting woman in France and begged her to return with her to Sweden that she might further enjoy such entrancing society.

Molière read his plays to her before they ever saw the footlights and declared her suggestions and criticisms invaluable.

The most haughty and strait-laced mothers in Paris sought the entrance of their sons to her salon, since to be one of the select circle that surrounded Ninon added distinction to

Ninon's charm did not diminish with age, nor even when her health failed. That charm was her personality, more radiant than beauty, more powerful and sure than sex, the personality composed of the things which she carried in her dowry chest and which had ripened with the years—her broad interests, her love of life, her gaiety, her generosity, her character



Voltaire, the poet and dramatist, found Ninon's mind that of an ascetic philosopher

any name no matter how exalted in the aristocracy.

Voltaire said, "Her mind is that of an ascetic philosopher." And Cardinal Richelieu, master of France, sought her society and greatly admired her wit and conversation, though it is still a disputed question whether he was her first lover, or for that matter whether he was her lover at all.

There is much about Ninon's life in relation to the age in which she lived that does not concern us here. What every woman wants to know about her and from her is how she won love, how she got men, how she filled her life with stimulating contacts and devoted friendships, how she gained eighty years of happiness in living.

IT IS interesting in the first place to know that Ninon was brought up by a man. Her father had "stamped himself indelibly upon her by the time she was eleven." All her early thoughts were molded by a man's hand. She was always a thinker, a doubter, a devotee of life. In her father she found a companion exactly to her taste.

He was an odd soul, this Henri de Lenclos. One might almost call him a gentleman adventurer. There was some noble blood in his veins but he was without fortune or profession. A good bit of a philosopher, a skilled swordsman, a remarkable musician, an accomplished linguist, he knew a great deal about life.

What he knew he shared with his daughter. This gave her an early opportunity to get a man's slant on life, a man's angle on women, to understand what men like and wanted. It also convinced her that nothing could be as satisfying to her



Prince de Condé, a royalist, loved Ninon for her sincerity, kindness and courage

mentally as companionship with intelligent men of her time.

She was clever enough to take advantage of this chance to educate herself. When she was twelve, at which time her father had to flee France because of a duel in which he killed his antagonist, she spoke Italian and Spanish as well as French, had read the philosophers, danced exquisitely and played the lute with real genius. Even more important, she had acquired some knowledge of the art of conversation. Yet her opportunities in this direction were below those of most girls today.

ALL this constituted her sole dowry in life for the de Lenclos family had little money and her father's flight left them without friends and cast a stigma upon their position in life.

Nor was beauty one of her assets.

"She was never a beauty," says Tallemant. And another contemporary, Somaize, author of the "Dictionnaire de Précieuses" says, "Her mind was more attractive than her face." A well-known biographer of her own time puts it like this, "The truth is that she had fascination, that self-made beauty which lives forever and goes beyond mere facial loveliness."

In other words, Ninon's dowry consisted entirely of her own charms and accomplishments. No girl today could possibly have started with fewer advantages from outside herself than did Mademoiselle de Lenclos. No girl today without money, beauty, or social position has one whit less in the battle of women and men than did the girl who became the most charming of French enchantresses.

It is the history of the world from time immemorial that women must bring a dowry of some sort to marriage.

The custom of the "dot," which existed in most countries for centuries, has disappeared to a large extent and is unknown in America. A girl is no longer expected to have a fortune, a farm, or even a cow, as her marriage portion.

But that custom had in it a strain of fundamental truth. A woman should bring much to marriage.

SINCE marriage always means more to women than to men, since it is so much more necessary to them if they are to have a complete life, since marriage gives them a protection which men do not need, since it enables them to fulfill the mother instinct which nature has implanted in most women lest the race perish, since it entitles them to financial support under the law both for themselves and their children, it is but fair that they bring to marriage something besides that commodity of sex which a man can buy much cheaper, or that capacity for housekeeping which he can hire at less cost and often to a higher degree of efficiency.

Newspapers tell us that June weddings for the year 1928 dropped from twenty to fifty per cent in different states. Why?

Not because the girls are less anxious to marry than they were a few years ago. It will take more than a generation or



Cardinal Richelieu, master of France, admired Ninon for her wit and conversation

A woman reaches her peak when she is about thirty. During only one third of life is her physical charm at its best. It isn't the use of cosmetics and face liftings and clothes that keep charm alive. It is the woman who replaces youth with the depth and richness of wit and gaiety, sympathy and understanding, generosity and wisdom, who is beloved of man at fifty



Molière read his famous plays to Ninon before they ever saw the footlights

two of super-imposed masculinity to change that deep, fundamental, instinctive desire of every girl for wedlock.

A careful check on a cross section of girls under twenty-five proves that the percentage who really do not wish to marry, because of ambition for a career or because of a definite love of independence, is exceptionally small. A wrong sense of values, a secret fear of their own inability to make a success of love, a shell of pride which makes them try to live up to a code that in their innermost souls they know isn't bringing happiness, makes them pretend to ignore marriage. But man and woman were made to join in a complete whole and some constantly vibrating chord tells this to most women.

Marriage is always to the woman's advantage. Her greatest happiness is in a safe and protected love.

The reason, then, is that young men today are marriage-shy. They are even love-shy. Why?

CAN IT be because the modern girl brings so little to love, because her dowry is so meagre? Is it because cheap and easy kisses, dimpled knees, freedom of speech and association, thrills and excitement, are not adequate substitutes for the sort of thing that Ninon de Lenclos, who could have married forty men had she so desired, used to give to the men who loved her?

Is it because men have lost confidence in the modern girl's ability to make happiness, lost confidence in her as a helpmate?

There is no possibility of advocating a return to the days of woman's slavery through a study of Ninon. There is no suggestion that woman should give up her identity and return to the position of drudge. Far from it. No woman in the world ever developed her own personality more completely than Ninon.

But she used that personality to gain her own ends through the love and friendship men felt for her, not through domination.

With what did this portionless, positionless young French girl, who possessed no magic lure of beauty, fill her dower chest?

It is all apparent. It is all available. And it is all, in the last analysis, very, very simple.

First of all, broad and varied interests. Knowledge on all subjects. No topic of conversation could come up in which she could not show an intelligent interest. Her eagerness, her love for a variety of opinions, led her to want to know about everything. Her knowledge, her constant reading, led her to form opinions, but these opinions were never arbitrary, they were pliable and inspiring.

When she first met Monsieur de Villarceaux, who was to be the great love of her life, she seemed to make no impression upon him. He was a handsome man of wealth and position and had been much sought by the beauties of Paris. He hadn't come particularly to see Ninon but had just dropped in with some men friends who belonged to Ninon's circle.

Ninon's wit gained no smiles from him. Her appearance could not compare with that of other charmers. Her remarkable ability as a musician left him cold since he did not care for music.

But he had one great enthusiasm, painting. The topic came up in Ninon's drawing-room late in the evening of their meeting. Soon Ninon displayed such a vast knowledge of the art of the world, such a rare critical faculty that Villarceaux found himself deep in intimate conversation with her. He was fascinated by her responsive interest in his hobby. She drew him out, knew enough about it to make it worth while for him to talk his best, could give him applause of a quality that made him feel he had really distinguished himself.

THAT began their interest in each other and it wasn't long until he was madly in love with her.

In other words, one of her many interests had proved the entering wedge to his attention and given her a chance to show him how much she had to offer.

This entering wedge is always necessary to make a man select a girl, from the many girls, as some one he wants to know better.

Almost every man has some subject or subjects in which he is deeply interested. He likes to talk about them, but he likes to talk to some one who knows what he is talking about, who can respond to his thoughts, show the knowledge and enthusiasm that makes a really valuable audience. The subject may be baseball or real estate, politics or Odd McIntyre's column; it may be contract bridge [Continued on page 106]



And This Too

By O. O.
MCINTYRE

BEING somewhat of a sappy sentimentalist, Hollywood, where this is written, is to me a heartache, a haven of frozen dreams. In many ways it is the saddest place in the world. I know of no place where youthful hopes ride so high and drop to such abysmal depths.

Fresh and vibrant girls come here from all over the land, to hope, to dream and to linger and tarnish. All along the Hollywood Boulevard are those looking for the Big Chance that never comes.

With them are the eternal mothers, faded and work-worn creatures, who have sold the boarding house or mortgaged the home after their pride and joy has won the local beauty contest prize.

SUN up finds them at the studio gates waiting to hear the familiar stenciled reply, "Sorry, nothing today!" And so they go the weary rounds until sundown and then gather in the little cafeterias for a frugal meal and wait for another day.

Hollywood sends out its ceaseless warnings but to no avail. They come and stay on and on, spurred now and then by some exaggerated tale of an extra girl who has scaled the heights.

Hollywood is surfeited with beauty. There are hundreds of every type for each pitiful little job. I stopped in the midst of this to telephone a casting director the following query:

"If you needed tomorrow a definite type of beauty, say for example, a perfect blonde, with hazel eyes, perfect profile and figure, artistic hands and legs, weighing one hundred and twenty-three pounds, how many could you find among the jobless to fill the bill and how soon could you find them?"

"Almost instantly," he replied. "Roughly speaking I can produce three hundred in two hours. Many other directors could do the same thing and all would not be the same."

Multiply, then, every type of beauty for some inconsequential extra job that may last a few days at seven dollars a day and you have a picture of the utter hopelessness of Hollywood. And with the talking movie just around the bend, the so called "beautiful but dumb" type has no chance.



is Hollywood

*A Message to the Girl
Back Home
Whose Dream of Heaven
Is a Career in Pictures*

With Drawings
By
RUSSELL PATTERSON

I can pilot you to a score of restaurants where there are beautiful waitresses, more beautiful indeed than those gracing the average Follies. I ought to know for I was once a confidential employee of Ziegfeld and watched him select his beauty material.

AND these pulchritudinous maidens are absolutely happy in their rather menial tasks for they are thrilled by the notion they are potential Greta Garbos. Of such stuff are Hollywood dreams.

They haven't a chance. A handful may go to stardom from obscurity in the next ten years, but the great army of hopefuls will get nowhere. This is not speculation but the verdict

of the most astute and honest producers of motion picture films.

For six years now I have made annual pilgrimages to Hollywood. I have seen its gloss and glitter and its wrecked hopes and despairing dreamers. I have dined with ten thousand dollar a week movie stars in their Spanish castles with flaming awnings and a patio and I have sat at stool counter luncheons and tried to cheer and comfort those who are even outcasts along the cheaper film colony called Poverty Row.

THE beautiful girl who leaves her pleasant home town for Hollywood is only courting grief. I am conscious that all this has been said before in song, story, play, movie and in countless warnings sent out by Hollywood welfare societies. Yet it is rarely heeded.

Just a year ago I was here and I saw girls who had just arrived and I see the same girls now. Just a year and natural rosy cheeks are hideous vermilion blotches. Golden locks of hair are lifeless from peroxide. Eyes once bright and dancing are grotesquely kohled. And still they wander about like lost lambs hugging their silly dreams.

Show me the girl who has won her quest of the golden fleece and I can literally show you thousands in Hollywood today who have failed. There is no other calling like it. It is the modern Lorelei calling the [Continued on page 102]

Dictated

By FREDERICK

Who Shows You
Plays a Big Part



Fiske, Sr. only glanced at his son's letter and laid it aside. Even the photograph of Mrs. Fiske was disappointed. "Shall I acknowledge the reply from Junior?" ventured Miss Davis

SOMEHOW Miss Constance Davis had a notion that Fiske, Jr. was fundamentally sound, but being only twenty herself this opinion was perhaps not worth much. It ran counter to the evidence offered by the correspondence between father and son which she had typed during the few months she had served as private secretary to Graydon Fiske.

As nearly as she could judge the boy in this his last year in college was going the pace. The young man's picture on his father's desk was the likeness of a rather nice chap with good features. He was decidedly swanky in his dress—he ought to be on an allowance of three thousand dollars—and a bit cocky in his pose but she noticed that he always met her eyes from whatever angle she looked at him.

The fact that he resembled his father also gave her confidence, for she had seen enough of the older man to know that whatever mistakes he made were honest mistakes. Arbitrary, strong-willed, impatient, he was governed by one main purpose, to make the Fiske Manufacturing Co. a leader in its field.

The death of his wife two years before had complicated this ambition for most of the joy of effort lay in seeing her

tender brown eyes smile approval. Her picture stood beside the boy's—a gentle, cultured, smiling woman who held her head rather proudly. Yet as Miss Davis came to know her—she was the sort of woman it was possible to know just by looking long enough at her—she realized that the source of that queenly pride had been these two men. Something of that feeling the older woman managed to convey to the younger, even through the medium of silent lips. And other things, besides—particularly when Fiske was dictating a letter to his son as he was this morning.

"MY DEAR Graydon," he began, "I have decided, after due consideration, not to comply with your request for five hundred dollars. The regular allowance I have provided for you should take care, not only of your legitimate expenses, but of those not so legitimate. Recent reports from the Dean's office indicate that the latter are increasing. Not only have you slumped in your marks but in your conduct. I am advised that unless you show an improvement in both you will be requested to sever your connection with the college. I have warned you what that involves.

Sincerely yours,"

"You may sign and mail," Fiske ordered as he turned back to his desk. As Miss Davis rose her eyes met those of Mrs. Graydon Fiske. It was one of those moments when the dumb lips seemed trying to speak. For a second they held Miss Davis where she stood.

"ANY question?" inquired Fiske.

"No, sir," answered Miss Davis, and hurried off.

She finished all the other letters he had dictated in turn and it was an hour later before her nimble fingers clicked off the salutation to the boy. Here she made her first mistake. It was trivial enough but she was not accustomed to making even trivial errors.

Instead of beginning, "My dear Graydon," she had written, "Dear Graydon." The difference was slight but distinct. Referring back to copy she made sure and her ink eraser

But Not Read

ORIN BARTLETT

That Sentiment In Business Life

poised above the paper. She must insert the stiff little pronoun. Yet it seemed rather a pity. It was doubtful if Fiske himself realized how the personal note had been fading from his letters to his son. They were today scarcely more than business communications. Had Mrs. Fiske been alive—Miss Davis lowered her eraser and for a moment followed a new line of thought. Then, automatically, as though receiving dictation, her fingers began to play on the keys.

"Dear Graydon," she wrote, "I'd like to send you the money you ask for but after thinking it over I've decided not to do so. Your allowance ought to take care of your regular expenses and still leave you a balance. If it doesn't that's probably because you've grown a bit careless as we are all apt to do. Perhaps this explains the last report I received from the Dean. He's worried for fear you won't pull through. But I have enough faith in you to know you will. If you are in real difficulty, write me more in detail. With love, Your father."

SOMEWHAT excited Miss Davis drew the letter from the machine and read it again. She had said little more than Fiske himself but of course that little was absolutely unwarranted. She would have torn it up on the spot had she not just then been called into the president's office to take down memoranda of a conversation he had just finished with the general manager. While she was doing this Mrs. Fiske looked her approval. There was no mistaking it.

When Miss Davis returned again to her desk, she was so pressed for time that she signed the dozen letters as a group, slipped them into envelopes and sent them on their way.

It was a half hour later before she realized the mistake she had made. Her lips grew pale in fear, for she was not naturally bold. In dress, in conduct, in habit of thought, she leaned the other way. Young Wilson who had tried to be friendly when she first came had discovered this. He had something of a local reputation for his way with the ladies but when he tried his line on her, he saw the pretty oval face stiffen. Actually he had felt obliged to apologize.

"GEE!" he exploded to Gordon, "think of saying excuse me to a girl for that sort of thing."

"If you hadn't, I'd have handed you one myself," Gordon came back.

"What's your interest in her?" asked Wilson.



"You shone through those letters like a star through the dark," said Junior, "and if you keep your eyes shut any longer I'll kiss you." Constance opened them wide

"To see that she isn't pestered around here at any rate."

It was not easy to define the quality which inspired such old-fashioned gallantry, for it was nothing Miss Davis courted. If she did not bob her hair that was only because it was long and silky and, in private, she rather enjoyed fussing with it. In public she tried to make it look as much like a bob as possible. She did not use rouge nor lipstick because to have done so would have been gilding refined gold. Her cheeks were a natural English pink and her lips quite as red as they should have been.

MISS DAVIS hurried from the office to her apartment on this particular April day, and as usual took her tub, combed out her hair, dressed anew from head to foot, and put on a gown of blue silk. She was neither expecting guests nor planning to go out. She went to all this trouble just for fun.

Ordinarily she did this with a song on her lips but tonight she was distinctly disturbed. The more she had a chance to think about what she had done with that letter—half by design and half by accident—the more she realized what an intrusion it was, not so much into the life of Fiske, Sr. as into

that of Fiske, Jr. Why should she pry into the affair?

She paid for this first venture outside her own sphere by a restless night.

When two days later Miss Davis found on her office desk in the morning a letter from Fiske, Jr. to his father she handled it as nervously as though it had been addressed to her. She was authorized to open personal correspondence and she found that this was a brief note scrawled on a sheet of paper which bore the monogram of a college fraternity.

"Dear Dad," it read. "Sorry I troubled you about the extra five hundred. I'll manage somehow. And don't worry about the Dean. Maybe I'll fool him next month. Drop me a line when you have time. Yours, G."

Now the thing which was noticeable about this short epistle as distinguished from those that Fiske had been receiving was its lack of aggressiveness. Miss Davis caught the difference at once. This was friendly and frank. In the last line there was a hint worth following up, the suggestion of a desire for a real letter from his father.

PERHAPS Miss Davis read into the words more than she was justified in doing but at any rate her fear vanished and she took the letter in to Fiske, Sr. placing it on top of the pile. He only glanced at it and laid it aside. Even the photograph of Mrs. Fiske was disappointed. Miss Davis saw her steady eyes cloud for a second. Then Fiske began dictating. He finished without referring in any way to the boy's note. No one else in the world but Miss Davis would have ventured what she did.

"Shall I acknowledge the reply from Junior?"

Fiske met her eyes. He might have been looking into two crystal pools. He smiled faintly.

"Oh, if you think we ought, do so."

With that he turned back to his work and forgot the episode. But here was an opening if she cared to take it.

It was Mrs. Fiske who dictated the second letter. Undoubtedly, to many persons such an explanation will not sound reasonable. The fact remains that Miss Davis's fingers rattled over the keys without any conscious thinking on her part. Fiske, Sr. would never have wasted so much time as that on mere writing. And certainly Miss Davis herself had no reason for spending her hour in such fashion.

The only other person who might conceivably have been interested was Mrs. Fiske. Even Junior's father, hard-headed business man that he was, would have been the last to claim that her influence had died with her. Day in and day out there was no one who so encouraged him or who gave him such sound advice. Often enough when deeply puzzled he locked his office door and went into consultation with that lovely picture upon his desk. If such a procedure seemed a rational course for him to follow in practical, every day affairs, he was in no position to sniff at Miss Davis's belief.

THE letter was finished and mailed. A week later there came a long scrawl which certainly Graydon Fiske, Jr. would have cut off his right hand before writing his father two weeks before. Miss Davis read it with scared eyes.

"Dear Dad," it began. "Your last letter gave me a new slant on you. It was more like the old days when ma and you and I used to talk over whatever was bothering us. For the last year or so I have had a notion you wouldn't understand. I see now that was only a fool idea of mine so here goes."

"I've never told you about a little girl friend of mine that I met last summer, Georgette Duval. She's one peach, Dad! She is on the stage but don't let that prejudice you against her. She's doing small parts now but she's a real artist. A lot of managers have their eye on her and the movie people, too, but I've persuaded her not to sign with any of them. You see—well, of course I can't expect to get married for a while yet, but I don't want her to tie herself up."

"Now that's off my chest I feel better. Perhaps this accounts for the bit of a financial hole I got into and perhaps, too, for my studies. But I'm going to settle down to hard pan now and be a greasy grind the rest of this college year."

"That's the only way, isn't it? Then when I'm out and have made my pile—believe me, this is something to look forward to. With love,

Your son, Graydon."

On the advice of Mrs. Graydon Fiske, she did not show it to Fiske, Sr. She went into his office with it in her hand along with the rest of the mail, but Mrs. Fiske seemed to shake her head, so she kept it out of sight. Late that afternoon when everyone else had gone she sat down at her machine, closed her eyes, and, with Mrs. Fiske's aid, wrote her reply.

DEAR Graydon, I appreciate your confidence. Of course I am in no position to offer any opinion whatever upon Miss Duval herself. Until I have the pleasure of meeting the young lady I must trust to your judgment entirely. You've made it easier to do this by the level-headed attitude you have

*With Drawings
from Life
By ADDISON
BURBANK*



taken toward finishing your college work and getting established in business before assuming any new responsibilities.

"I suppose there is no step in a fellow's life quite so important and quite so risky as that of choosing a wife. I took the same risk myself and all I can say is that I was very fortunate. How fortunate I have realized more and more during the two years that your mother has been away. It is that which leads me to offer the hope that the girl you choose will be as much like her as possible."

IT IS so difficult, Graydon, to form an honest judgment of a woman. Most of them are mysteries and it is easy enough to read into them whatever we will.

"I am going to make just one suggestion. Consult your mother in this affair. Women have a way of knowing each other. Satisfy her and you will satisfy yourself and me. Confide in your mother, as I do. Sit in front of her picture and tell her about Miss Duval. You'll find her fair and unprejudiced and very wise."

"That's the only advice I give you. And in the meanwhile I

wish you the best of luck. Let's hear from you soon. Dad."

Without even reading the letter over Miss Davis placed it in an envelope and mailed it.

If Miss Davis had not already realized what a mistake she had made when she let that first letter go, she discovered it in the course of the next few weeks. For Graydon came back with a series of letters in which he poured out all the pent up emotions of his eager young soul. He had been waiting for this chance and now in his impetuous way took full advantage of it. It was clear enough that what he was saying now was only a repetition of what he had said earlier to Miss Duval. She had offered herself at an opportune moment as a medium through whom he could express all the

But this was dangerous, as dangerous as wine! It made her breath come faster and set her thoughts to swirling. It gave a new meaning to love. In the end it always came to that. Every night she crawled into bed panic stricken at the thought of what was coming out of this. Even Mrs. Fiske could not help her much any more.

In the daytime she felt better and it was always in the daytime that she carried through her part of the program which was growing more and more impossible.

Only the mother saved her from making one final mad confession to the boy and seeking refuge in sudden flight.

"PATIENCE," Mrs. Fiske seemed to say to her. "We must see this thing through."

And so after the close of business, Connie Davis sat down at her machine and received her dictation from this other woman. Connie was very, very careful not to allow any of her own thoughts to creep in. By closing her eyes tightly and thinking only of the picture of Mrs. Fiske on the desk in the next room she was able to do this. Often enough she marveled herself at the quietly sweet understanding and sympathy of some of those sentences.

"After all," she wrote once, "keeping the dream true is more than half of it, isn't it, Graydon? So long as we ourselves can keep our dreams true then those dreams are true forever and forever. But each one of us must do his share. We must know that what we believe today, we can believe tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. We must get below the surface."

AND one day the boy came back with this:

"I think you must have been looking at mother's picture when you last wrote, for it was almost as though she was talking to me. We used to have a lot of get-togethers when I was home on vacations and believe me I miss them. I know something of the ache you must feel, Dad."

It was lines like those that took all the strength out of Connie Davis's knees and sent her into Fiske, Sr. with her legs all wobbly. Fiske himself noticed it one day and queried,

"Tired, Miss Davis?"

"No, sir," she answered.


"If I'm working you too hard, let me know."

"Yes, sir," she said.

But when was this thing going to break?

The answer came suddenly and unexpectedly, after an ominous week of silence. It was just a jerky paragraph, unsigned.

"Dear Dad: It's all off. There's no use going into details but I found out things. I'll admit I was an ass. I couldn't make the dream stay true. And yet there were some things about it—Oh, Hell, Dad, it hurts. [Continued on page 122]



Fiske, Sr. placed a hand on her quivering shoulder. "Yes," he said, "I know. His mother told me. And—" there was a catch in his voice—"we're very glad"

romance of his sensitive nature. Whether she deserved it or not did not matter. Probably she did not. Miss Davis was certain that no woman she had ever met could live up to any such extravagant ideal. This beautiful creature was all Graydon's own.

BUT of course this meant something. In fact it meant a great deal. For one thing it justified Miss Davis's original impression that the boy was fundamentally sound. No one could create such a glorious dream figure and not be. It was inspiring to know that any man could still believe that a woman could boast such divine attributes. It made Constance proud of her sex. She held her head higher and found herself when alone at night repeating whole sentences of his aloud with a sense of reflected glory.



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*Do You Agree That She Is
The Most Beautiful Girl in America?*

Read What GERTRUDE ATHERTON Says About Her

Is The Distinguished Author of "Black Oxen" Right
When She Declares That the Modern Girl
is Striving for Effect to

The Sacrifice of Beauty

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

IF OUR elders take a brief respite from worrying over the dress, behavior and manners of our young, it is but to lament the fact that the girls are not as beautiful as they were twenty or thirty years ago. Is this true or is it merely a change of standard?

The ideal up to the end of the nineteenth century involved complexion, combined if possible with profile, gentle curves, and complete femininity. Beauty parlors had not become a thriving industry, mainly because girls were taught to protect their skin with veil or parasol, and went to bed at night plastered with cold cream. They wore broad hats when they played tennis, and veiled themselves carefully on horseback or in the infrequent automobile. Every novelist of that day made a point of the heroine's complexion.

MOREOVER, they consumed three square meals a day, and although fat girls were abhorred then as now, their ambition was to have a "figure." If a reasonable amount of flesh did not respond to a healthy diet they padded discreetly; "swelling hips" and "rounded bust" were indispensable adjuncts of the pulchritudinous heroine of fiction. Of course the ideal of all women was to be tall and slender, but all bones had to be covered, curves had to be feminine. Slenderness was by no means synonymous with thinness.

And if a girl acquired, through reprehensible carelessness, a picnic sunburn, she had her remedies and applied them speedily, not only to her face but to her equally cherished neck. Nor was there ever a bright red patch on her chest. Frocks and shirtwaists rose to the chin.

Today a girl cannot be thin enough. The word slender is obsolete. Curves are anathema, suitable only to the middle age, and even middle age diets frantically. Not long since a girl whose complexion is Nile green and who is thin to emaciation, told me that she delighted in looking tubercular. Oddly enough she is as strong as the proverbial horse and rarely sees her bed before two in the morning. After a party, of course, six is the hour for retirement. But—and nature was not niggardly—she has not a vestige of looks.

As for the old-time complexion, it is rarely seen today save on the face of a schoolgirl, and often not then. The present



Courtesy Horace Livwright

**"Take them as a whole
the girls of today are
indisputably inferior in
beauty to the girls of the
past, but it is their fault"**

ideal is to wear the hue of an Indian cross breed. Some, indeed, achieve Indian pure. These girls in spite of their emancipation have a look of health, often spurious, for rigid dieting means malnutrition, and they tire more quickly than their flouted predecessors; also they will look old far sooner. Doctors tell us they are headed for tuberculosis. This may be or may not—personally I believe girls, even now, to be the strongest things on earth—but certainly when they are frightened into putting on a few pounds their good looks are immeasurably enhanced. Hollow cheeks and protruding bones are no aids to beauty.

One wonders at the inconsistency of these boyish or back-to-nature maidens in applying rouge and even powder to their sunburn or beloved coat of tan. If they despise the old standards, laugh at the antiquated veil and sunshade, and have consigned complexion to the limbo of long skirts and the elaborate coiffure, why the artificial similitude? The unconquerable feminine? Atavism? I fancy some one merely started the fashion and the rest followed blindly.

Some years ago every woman with any pretense to style wanted a dead white face with violent red lips. That fashion ran its course and sunburn is a decided improvement. But fashion may change again, and it is easier to darken than to bleach the skin.

ANOTHER thing that has gone out of date is individuality in personal appearance. A "magnificent head of hair" is a phrase never seen in the modern novel. When woman possessed this adornment even in a minor degree, it was quite true that she was prone to dress it in the style of the moment, and one head looked much like another to an observer, standing, say, in the back of a theater. But a few had their own way of arranging their hair, and it enhanced their individuality, natural or cultivated. This is impossible with the shingled or bobbed head. Nevertheless it is to be hoped the new style will remain, for there has never been one more charming nor more universally becoming.

The decrease in individuality really lies in the universal adoption of the sport hat which makes all girls and young women look practically alike. [Continued on page 119]

IN the afternoon the servants went to the beach. The fashionable summer residents gathered in the morning. Beatrice felt the sting of humiliation in this scheduling by social groups

With Drawings from Life

By
HUBERT JEAN
MATHIEU



Service

By MARGARET

"IT'S a free country," said Beatrice. "I'm just as good as anybody else!"

No one took up the argument. There was, in fact, no audience except herself and that shrinking, half-ashamed feeling in her which had to be recharged with the spirit of democracy many times a day. She had not dreamed that it would be so hard, so almost insulting to share all this luxury and yet be subject to it.

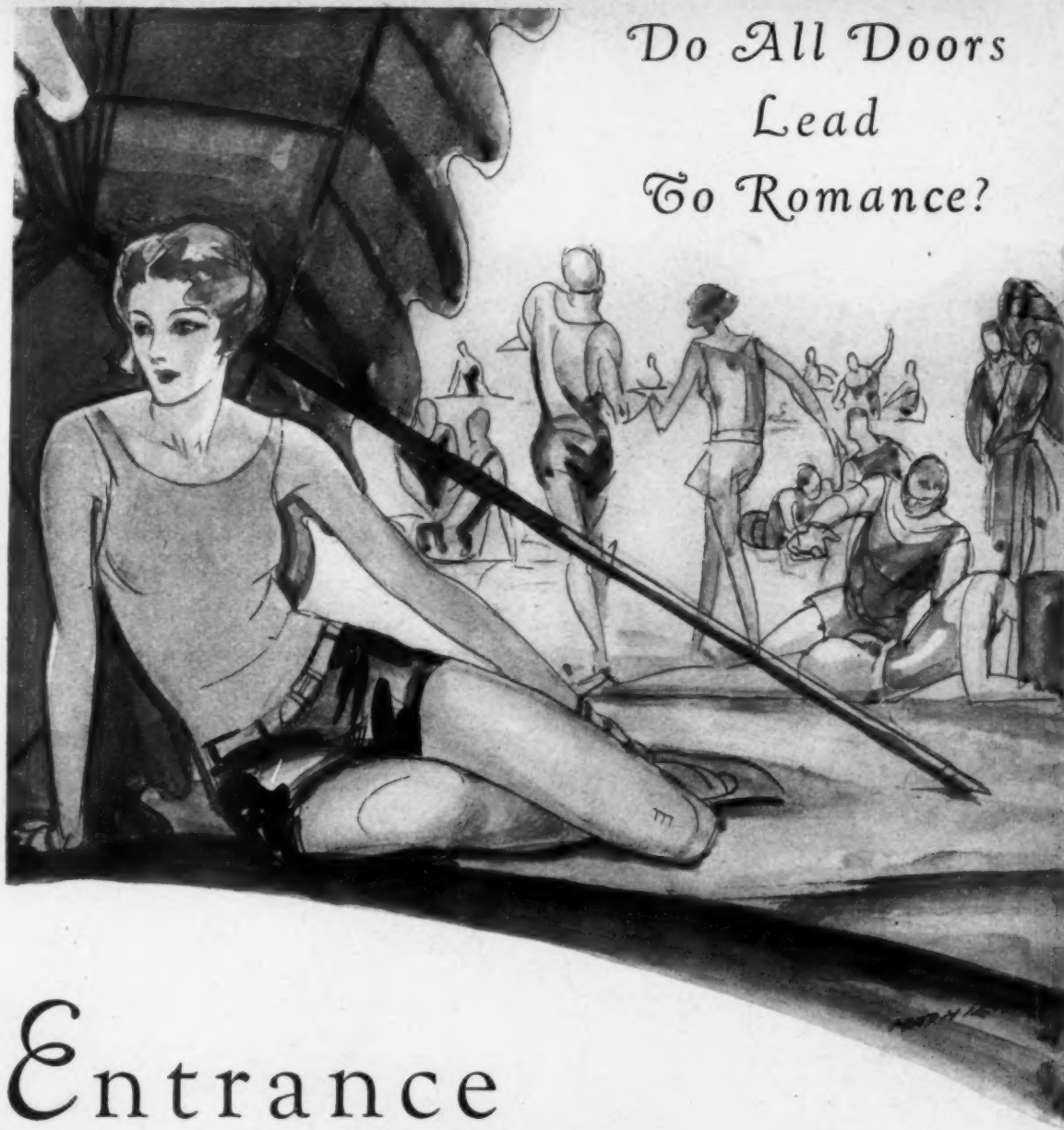
Only a month ago she had declared to her somewhat dubious aunt, "Just to be in a place like that will be an education. There's the travel in the first place. There'll be bathing and wonderful sea air and a chance to see all kinds of interesting people. The work won't be hard. And I can't see that it's less dignified to take charge of two children than to work in a nursery school with forty of them. Anyway I don't care whether it's dignified or not. Think of the advantages!"

So here she was, surrounded by advantages that seemed

more irritant than soothing. The salt air had invigorated her and already her skin had toned to a golden tan, only a shade lighter than her hair. The roaring careless ocean with its deep drifted beaches made her mind stir with half forgotten poetry. The children were tractable and easy to manage and Mrs. Livermore, profoundly grateful for having found a trustworthy nurse, was kindness itself.

NOR was there any lack of distinguished and interesting people for Beatrice to see. Plenty of them came to the Inn, where the Livermores were staying. They played golf and tennis at the near-by club; they rode spirited horses along the

Do All Doors Lead To Romance?



Entrance

CULKIN BANNING

hard edges of the beach when the tide was out; they swung up and down the village streets in the shapely automobiles of the rich.

Beatrice caught plenty of glimpses of celebrities. It was, as it had promised to be, an education. She had never guessed what it was like to live in the midst of unlimited money. No, there was nothing tangible to complain about. It was only that wherever she turned she saw the boundaries of her own position. They were definitely marked by long usage. In such a highly organized and physically dependent society the nurses, the valets, the cooks and the chauffeurs were not unappreciated. They were sincerely valued and well paid. But

they were the service part of life for all that. They had their own entrances.

There was, for example, the incident which had just stung Beatrice into asserting her political equality. She had known that the man who had passed her as she turned into the private grounds of the Inn had slowed his car to admire her. For a moment she was in imagination whatever he thought her, sophisticated, rich.

BEATRICE wanted to go through the guests' door, just to complete the moment's adventure, to keep the taste of admiration sweet. But of course she could not. The entrance for maids was around the corner. As she turned it, she looked back involuntarily. The man's eyes were still upon her.

It wasn't that she cared who he was, thought Beatrice furiously. She'd never see him again. But after all she was just as good as these rich people and she'd like to tell them so

While they were at lunch, Anne, Mrs. Livermore's maid, asked, "Are you going to swim this afternoon?"

That was another sore point though Anne did not know it.

"I guess not," said Beatrice.

"I'll take care of the children after their naps until you get back from the beach," Anne offered.

Anne was thoughtful like that. She did not swim herself. Nor did she apparently suspect the flaw in the afternoon bathing for Beatrice.

IT was not that the sun was less bright than in the morning, nor the beach less white and beautiful. But in the afternoon the servants who were free from duty went to the beach. The fashionable summer residents gathered from eleven until one o'clock. Before that Beatrice took the children down to dig in the sand and swim, as did the other nurses of the colony. It was all very orderly and well-scheduled but to Beatrice there was a sting of humiliation in the fact of schedule by social groups.

After lunch Mrs. Livermore came upstairs pleasantly intent on her next engagement.

"Mrs. Rhodes wants me to drive back to Quogue with her and bring the children," she told Beatrice, "and I think they'd adore it for they haven't seen their cousins lately and there's a new swimming pool which would thrill Dorothy. The only trouble is that my sister has a houseful of guests already and I don't think there'll be rooms for both you and Anne. Mrs. Rhodes's nurse can take care of the children, so I think if you'll just get their clothes ready I'll take them along after they wake up. See that they have plenty of clean things for two days. We'll be back Sunday night. That will be a nice little rest for you, won't it?" Mrs. Livermore smiled, and went to arrange with Anne what clothes she would take to Quogue.

IT was queer to be alone in the rooms two hours later. All the doors were locked and bolted except the one to which Beatrice had the key and which gave her entrance to the entire suite. There were no valuables to guard for Mrs. Livermore had sent those to the safe downstairs. There was nothing for Beatrice to do except enjoy herself for two days and be luxuriously housed and fed.

There was no reason why she should wear a uniform. She put on a dress of pale green flannel and a broad brimmed hat that matched it and tied a gay scarf around her shoulders at exactly the angle at which Mrs. Livermore wore hers. Beatrice had not watched that perfectly dressed lady for nothing. She gave the rooms a last look to be sure everything was as it should be and went out. She decided that she would go to the beach after all.

THE people there this afternoon were undistinguished. No photographer hung around with his eager, informed glance searching out those who were meat for Sunday supplements and rotogravure sheets. Yet there was no lack of interesting faces.

Beatrice put on her bathing suit and lay on the sand at



A girl Beatrice had seen on the beach—always between eleven and one—gave her a curious glance and her companion a contemptuous one

the outskirts of the crowd watching a thick set young man swim. She herself could not manage more than a dozen strokes without exhaustion and she wondered how he did it. He was easy in the water and not too picturesque, for his hair was plastered down over his forehead and it was very straight hair. His broad, browned, freckled shoulders mounted the waves and went down again.

She ventured out herself, dived through a wave, was struck by another and found herself clutching for the rope. The young man saw her difficulty and took a few quick strokes toward her.

"Take it like this," he suggested and showed her what he meant.

She tried and it went better. She nodded breathlessly at him, smiling.



St. Clair did not let it disturb him. "You can't always explain yourself," he said, "and after all why should you? Why is your life anybody else's business?"

"Sure," he said, "you can't fight the ocean. Not this ocean. That's what you were trying to do. Let it carry you sort of easy."

HE stayed by her and once his arm lifted hers and directed her stroke. She felt herself lifted for the moment by his strength.

"Thanks a lot," she said as they waded in.

He looked at her admiringly and she remembered that she was pretty and that water always left her hair in little curls where it escaped from her cap.

"Going in again?" he asked.

"Maybe after I get my breath," she said, and settled herself on the sand with a bath towel around her shoulders. He sat

down promptly beside her and she looked at him more closely. He was certainly not handsome. Too heavy, too freckled, with an off-hand, unsophisticated manner. She reckoned his age as a possible twenty-six or seven and wondered if she guessed wrong.

"**H**ERE for the summer?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"Like it?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"I've liked it all my life," he said. "I live in the village. It's kind of slow maybe but it's a good town—growing, too."

"With all the summer people—"

"I don't mean them. I mean the people that stick to it all the year around. You wouldn't know this place if you saw it in the winter."

She quite believed that. No gay umbrellas, no beach chairs.

"Where are you staying?"

He seemed to feel no embarrassment about asking questions. But they were not impudent or even very personal. She felt he would have asked any one, man, woman or child the same things in friendly curiosity.

"At the Inn."

"It's quite a place, isn't it?"

"It's very well run," she said.

"It ought to be for what they charge."

Beatrice switched the subject.

"What do you do here in the winter?"

"**W**ELL, of course, it isn't very gay," he told her. "All the big places are closed up. You couldn't get through this road last January because of the snow. Not much work for the garages. Oh, we tinker up some old cars and do some overhauling for the people who leave their cars with us. But there's something about the town that's kind of pleasant in winter. You haven't got any roses or honeysuckle, and the ocean sounds pretty vicious on a bad winter night. You hear it all through the village. These big houses along the dunes look like barracks, gray and black and bare. But when you get down into the village—well, I suppose

it's kind of the way it used to be when people came here first and got snowed in for the winter. Kind of hardy. I like it."

He paused and grinned at her engagingly. She shivered without knowing why. She didn't feel cold.

"You'd better go in the water again if you're getting cold," he advised. "Want me to go out with you?"

"Yes, do."

"All right, come along."

It was as casual as that. He took her out beyond the breakers and taught her more. He managed himself in the water like an ungraceful fish and Beatrice somehow felt that no one had ever taught him to swim. He must have learned by experimenting with the ocean. [Continued on page 123]

Announcing the Quest

Smart Set Is Searching

For the One Girl Who Best Represents Her

Where Is She? Who Is She?

WITH a cheer, a prayer, and with \$5,000.00 and international fame as the reward, SMART SET Magazine plunges headlong into the greatest and most engrossing Girl Hunt in the history of the United States.

This magazine is dedicated to the American girl.

It is the aim of the editors to furnish full play and a fair field to her ambitions, her aspirations, her dreams, her ideals.

SMART SET'S chief desire is to help her, to develop her, to entertain her.

Four hundred thousand of her buy it monthly.

Now, in this nation-wide Girl Hunt, SMART SET is searching for a girl it doesn't even know and has never seen!

Somewhere in the broad republic exists that lovely, almost legendary figure, The Typical American Girl.

SMART SET is going to find her.

It is going to discover the personification of all those glamorous qualities that, in combination, make the American girl beloved and admired of all.

When it does, this magazine is going to give her \$5,000 and three rousing cheers, and make her the most talked of and sought after young woman in the country.

But first we've got to find her.

THE conventional needle in a haystack looks like a ten ton truck compared to this now unknown girl who will stand, in the eyes of the world, as the arch-type of American girlhood.

This phrase, "The Typical American Girl," is one that rolls easily, too easily, off the tongue.

Citizens of every other nation in the world use it a hundred times a day to describe some beautiful daughter



IS SHE A
BUSINESS GIRL?

\$100.00

For the Best Letters

On Your Idea of

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL

You can help SMART SET in its quest for The Typical American Girl.

That fortunate girl will receive \$5,000.00 from this magazine.

Your ideas on the subject will help distinguished judges find her.

Just what constitutes The Typical American Girl?

For the best 500 word letter on the subject SMART SET will pay \$50.

For the next best, \$30—for the third, \$20.

Five dollars will be paid for each additional letter published.

Help SMART SET find her.

This contest will close November 30. The editors will act as judges and no letters will be returned

of America as she goes laughing by in the sunshine.

They use it but they never define it. Each one, if questioned, would no doubt give a different reason for calling the young lady a typical American girl. It may be her carriage, her smile, her unapproachable blending of the various beauties of the world.

And that's just the hub and nubbin of the trouble—this more or less glittering generality.

So far The Typical American Girl is only a phrase.

Nobody has ever given her plans and specifica-

IS SHE
A
SOCIETY
GIRL?



tions. Nobody, so far, knows who she is. We aim to find out.

We only know that somewhere between the hot sands of Long Island and the seal

rocks at the Golden Gate this paragon exists.

With the ardor of a Columbus and the devotion of a Crusader, SMART SET has vowed to isolate her.

This isn't just another pretty-girl contest; those things are comparatively simple. It is much more, a clearing

for the Typical American Girl

house of discussion and a quest to find the Golden Girl who epitomizes, as nearly as one person can, in intellect, in looks, in temperament and in station of life, the most talked of individual in the world today.

Now for the problem.

If we are to pin down this far from Impossible She, we must know just what qualities of body, mind and spirit combine to make this typical and splendid whole.

IS SHE what Viewers-With-Alarm are pleased to call "Modern"?

Is she what romantic folk dub "Old-Fashioned"?

Does she puff a cigarette with the dinner coffee? Or does she frown on nicotine? Or does she drink coffee?

Is she an expert at tinkering with a two-inch steak, or concocting The Great American Flapjack? Will she walk right up and pat a gas range familiarly on the nose, or wouldn't she know a cook stove from a whippet tank?

Will she shake and sip a cocktail? Or will lips that touch liquor never touch hers?

We know that good looks alone will not tap her for bones, nor gray matter for itself alone, nor the ability to smack a golf ball two hundred yards down the middle of the fairway.

What is her chief characteristic?

Is it beauty? Brains? Brawn?

These are only a few of the things to be considered as we ardently head out on the great quest.

WE WILL take the stand and state definitely that she isn't a Clara Bow or a Mary Pickford, laudable though they are, and she isn't any other little girl of the stage or screen.

She's hardly a bathing beauty winner girl, or a famous athlete, and we'll wager she won't be found in the ranks of the little



Is SHE
AN
ATHLETIC GIRL?

space-grabbers who fill the pages of our newspapers these days with legs and legends.

Our dream girl isn't the exceptional girl.

We want the typical girl!

We only know now that somewhere in the United States is a girl we can hold up to the world as an example of our best.

But before our Typical American Girl is finally chosen by a board of distinguished judges, some definite



Is SHE
A
HOME
GIRL

Sketches By CORINNE DILLON



Is SHE
A COLLEGE GIRL?

standards must be set up.

To this end SMART SET offers substantial awards for the best 500 word letters on the subject. We offer \$50 for the best letter received before November 30, \$30 for the second and \$20 for the third. In addition, each letter deemed worthy of publication will bring its author a five dollar note.

From your thoughts, the judges' and our own we shall be able to erect a model ideal figure by means of which we can track, capture and hold up to admiration the girl who will have the esteem of the world.

Write us a lot of good letters about her!

Denise began to see the Major in a new light, his reserve and hesitation gone, the squadron leader all present and correct. He looked her over as if she were an unknown mount



The Romance
Of a Girl
Who Couldn't Help Being

With Drawings
from Life
By LESLIE L. BENSON

The Life of the Party

"I AM undoubtedly a black sheep," Denise informed herself. "Just a poor little wayward lamb that's lost its way. Remarkable how men leave the ninety and nine just sheep and go chasing after the lost lamb wherever she may lead them; but it does her no good with the ninety and nine, nor their mothers nor their aunts nor their chaperones. Alas, I have caused much baa-ing in the fold."

She leaned her slim figure still more luxuriously against the upholstery, pressed a small right foot in a buckskin shoe a little more firmly on the accelerator, and the little sports car, bumbling like an angry bee, hurtled through the air more adventurously. The green hedges flew by and the summer sun shone down on Denise, her cream skirt, her rose silk jumper and rose ribbon hat and her distractingly pretty face, lit by blue eyes and crowned with a golden brown shingle permanently waved by Providence.

"The season," pursued Denise, "has been too disastrously successful and consequently a failure. Too many eligible young men have laid their careers at my feet and crept away with singed wings. Too many debutantes have seen their chosen prey go off alone with the girl they hated and feared. Therefore, they have drowned my honor in a shallow cup and sold my reputation for a song."

She snicked into third, streaked up a hill at forty-five, snicked back again into top, touched sixty on a piece of

straight going and came at last to Long Hinton and its manor. The lodge gates received her; the winding avenue enfolded her and the best butler in Buckinghamshire welcomed her.

"The entire house party is out on the tennis courts, madam," he said, and conducted her through the cool hall to the terraced gardens outside a drawing-room running the length of the east wing. A vision of white figures leaping to and fro on a carpet of green presented itself. Denise crossed the lawn and under an immense cedar tree, Lois Hamilton received her rapturously.

"Too divine of you to come, darling!"

"Too devastatingly kind of you to have me!"

"You must be exhausted motoring down in this heat. Eric shall make you a cocktail instantly. Major Lanyon—Miss Callander."

A TALL man in silk shirt, white trousers and a regimental blazer murmured politely: six feet two weighing eleven stone six, one of those cavalry figures all legs and line, lean, grave face with clipped mustache, late thirties, most intriguing. He turned obediently to a table, juggled with bottles and a shaker. There followed the soothing crash of crushed ice agitated in a shining vessel, and the pouring out of a wicked little amber drink. Denise sipped reflectively.

"Marvelous! Where did you pick up the knack, Major?"

By
F. E. BAILY
 Whose Magic Pen
 Is Dipped
 In
 Champagne



visible or invisible. Lending tone to all this frivolity followed certain men of riper years: Bertie Hamilton, a stocky ex-captain of Gunners and Bruce Heron, whose wise hands, supple as steel, excised all the best appendices of the day. Many of this company, but not all, Denise met for the first time.

After a few brief introductions Lois led her in person to her bedroom.

"You're next to me, darling. I like the top floor of the east wing because of the view over the gardens. Come in and gossip when you've had your bath. There's oceans of hot water, usually very rare in these ancient piles. We had central heating and electric light put in. Ashenden will have unpacked for you."

"In India," said the Major in a slow, distant voice, "where all the good drinks come from. Shall I mix a few more, Lois? They'll have finished in half a mo' by the look of it."

The last ball banged; they came drifting toward the cedar tree: the Shale twins, Bobbie and Betty, like musical comedy sisters in their little tennis frocks, till one saw Muriel Paulet, a real actress, the pink of sophistication, with a back-hand drive like a steam hammer. The brilliantined scalps of Ronald Harker and Walter Fleming, stately undergraduates, dangled at the belts of Bobbie and Betty save that these wore no belts

SLOWLY Denise changed into the last word from Paris as regards pajamas, wandered across to a bathroom and lingered among warm, scented waves. Returning to her bedroom she combed her hair, powdered her face, lipsticked her mouth, and prepared to call on Lois.

Even as she raised a hand to knock at Lois's door, the door next to it opened and Major Lanyon came out, still in white flannels and the blazer of the dear old regiment. He closed the door and stood gazing down at Denise. He saw two blue eyes, a mop of brownish hair, and a slender figure in dainty

pajamas, two small feet in little pink mules. For the space of one heart beat he remained motionless.

Then the expression on his face froze. Without a word he turned and stalked away down the corridor.

Lois lay on a headless and tail-less bed, cigarette in mouth and Denise sprawled in an armchair.

"This house is quite an abode of love," said Lois. "Bertie still adores me; Betty and Bobbie have those two boys trained to a hair. I merely asked Muriel and Bruce because some one really ought to keep an eye on them and Eric Lanyon is yours."

"No, he's not."

"Why isn't he?"

"Because he canned me with a look outside your door just now. He was coming out of the next room. Whose is it, by the way?"

"Bertie's dressing room. This is tragic, Denise. Are you quite sure?"

"**P**OSITIVE. Looked at me, through me, and turned his back. It never happened to me before. I feel bemused."

"You downhearted, my dear? Impossible!"

"Not at all. I'm very sensitive to misunderstanding since that party at Violet Streatham's when I danced the black bottom on a table and the beautiful young duchess said I'd drunk too much champagne. Really it was because she hadn't thought of it first and my legs are better than hers. After all we were in fancy dress and I was a Folly. You know perfectly well, I never drink very much."

"The dirty cat! 'Course I do. Still I'm perfectly sure you're mistaken about Eric Lanyon. He was just thinking of something else. He's rather exceptional. In the Guides, you know."

"The Girl Guides?"

"No, darling, the Guides Cavalry. Spent years up on the Indian Frontier and his recreation is climbing the Himalayas. Now he's back home on leave and rather out of things. I thought of you at once because you do understand so amazingly. He's a great pal of Bertie's and frightfully well off."

"He makes me feel a little intrigued," Denise admitted. "The average man today is so absurdly typical; they all say the same things and behave in the same idiotic way. But Lois, tell me, do you, as girl to girl, honestly believe in modern marriage? Is there, frankly, any appeal in it for the intelligent woman?"

"Well, I've been married a whole year and look at me!"

"Dressed by Molyneux and lit up by the inner radiance of a divine spark, you appear positively too sweet. I must run and dress, and it all sounds very difficult but I'll do what I can. Shall you put him next to me at dinner?"

"Of course!"

"Angel!" exclaimed Denise and fled.

The dining room at Hinton Manor is one of those oak-paneled apartments with a musicians' gallery and a colossal fireplace, which go with the type of butler who seems perpetually about to announce that the body will be found upstairs. Denise leaned her elbows on the glossy polish of the table and gazed fitfully at her caviar. She raised her eyes and saw Bruce Heron leaning very slightly yet significantly towards Muriel Paulet. Then her left ear went back. Major Lanyon was speaking in that slow distinct voice like a machine gun getting the range.

"**T**OPPIN' weather for the time of year."

"Perfectly heavenly, Major."

Pause.

"Been playin' a lot of tennis down here. I expect you're pretty hot at it?"

"Not too bad. I find it such good exercise."

"Quite."

A long, long pause. Denise turned her beautiful head half left.

"Lois tells me you've seen a great deal of service on the Frontier. Tell me something about it. Must be exciting."

"Filthy neighborhood," replied Major Lanyon. Exit the Frontier.

"And that your hobby is climbing the Himalayas. It must be very wonderful."

"Pretty difficult to get a decent wash there."

"The mountains are extremely high, aren't they?"

"Some of them are higher than others. I suppose you might call the high ones quite high, as mountains go," answered her companion. "You hunt, of course?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Ah!" said the Major with polite horror. "Awkward to fill in the winter if one doesn't hunt, what?"

Infinite pause. Denise, with tears in her heart, turned her beautiful head half right to Mr. Harker.

"What do we do with our evenings here, Ronald?"

"We commence by drinking our coffee and brandy or port. Some one then turns on the wireless and if it happens to be delivering a chat on 'The Comparative Thermal Efficiency of Coke versus Coal' he turns it off again and turns on the gramophone. Then we dance in the raftered hall. Later if the inhibitions are sufficiently removed by this pastime some of us may wander away in twos. We all come back at bedtime with our hair, if female, suspiciously neat and tidy, have a glass of milk or what-not and a sandwich or something and retire for the night. That is what we do except for your gallant friend on your left."

"What does he do?"

"**H**E generally evaporates at the blatant sound of the saxophone. He is believed to read *The Field* in the library and count the notches on his guns, each of which means that a Pathan has been wafted to Paradise."

"He's going to dance tonight," Denise declared between her teeth.

"Dance with him at your own peril. He'll walk all over your shoes and then say that there's no dancing left since the good old waltz and Lancers went out."

"But, Ronnie, he isn't old!"

"Old?" repeated Mr. Harker, aged twenty-one. "He probably fought in the Crimea. Why he must be thirty-nine if he's a day. At thirty senile decay commences and at thirty-five knock in the bearings and back-lash in the differential set in. At thirty-nine total degeneration of the entire chassis is an ac-



"**D**amn it, girl," shouted the Major, "do as I tell you before I chuck you down and chance if some one catches you"



"I am undoubtedly a black sheep," Denise informed herself. "Just a poor little wayward lamb that's lost its way. Remarkable how men leave the ninety and nine just sheep and go chasing after the lost lamb wherever she may lead them; but it does her no good with the ninety and nine, nor their mothers nor their aunts nor their chaperones. Alas, I have caused much baa-ing in the fold"

complished fact. Ask Heron, if you don't believe me."

Denise turned half left again and began the breaking-in process.

"Major," she implored, "do be an angel and peel me a peach."

Taking an example of this fruit on a fork in his left hand, the Major peeled it with neatness and dispatch. Not a wrinkle of care furrowed his brow. He seemed indeed to be handy with tools, as the saying is.

"When I joined the regiment," he volunteered, "we used to have apple peeling races for subalterns in the mess after dinner. You had to get all the peel off in one strip. The winner was excused his turn as orderly officer and the last to finish had to take his apple out on the mat and eat it with his hands tied behind his back. It's all a question of knack."

LOIS collected eyes and the ladies left. The gentlemen lingered over their port and cigars. Conversation drifted to the topic of females. Bruce Heron psychologized, as doctors do; Bertie, Walter and Ronald became frivolous; the Major sat in thought. At last he said:

"I think I shall cancel my leave and go back to the Frontier. Don't understand these post-war girls. Never shall. Make me feel like a grandfather. Out there a fella knows where he is."

"My dear chap," Bruce Heron told him, "you've developed into an introvert. You want to plunge into the giddy whirl and take yourself out of yourself. Make up your mind to become an extravert. A man's a mere lad at your age nowadays."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," replied the Major. "Where d'you get these cigars, Bertie? Better than those my man sells me."

OUT in the raftered hall they found a gramophone playing, while Betty and Bobbie circulated effortlessly and noiselessly, in each other's arms. They appeared to be about sixteen, though really twenty. The Major had never seen anything like them in or about any Frontier or Himalaya familiar to his sight. Denise stood up and beckoned him.

"Come along and let's teach one another to fox trot."

"Dreadfully sorry, but I don't fox trot."

"Then I will instruct you and you shall do it by numbers."

It is comparatively simple to teach a drilled man to do things with his feet. He has balance and control. Apart from that Denise could have wept. The Major had no heart for the job. He held her stiffly and decorously, got out one of his clipped sentences every five minutes and reduced her to despair. Once she turned away for a brief dance with Walter Fleming and by the time it was over the Major had escaped.

After an hour Bobbie and Walter, Betty and Ronald, Muriel and Bruce had disap- [Continued on page 112]



Drawn By
R. U. CULTER

Those Were the Good

The heavy date in the Gay Nineties proceeded with Ma and Pa vigilantly within ear shot; while the lovers pretended a thrilling interest in the new stereopticon. They kept this up (at arm's length) until ten when Ma presented them with a cup of cocoa and a plate of sugar cookies, immediately after which Egbert was supposed to blow—time 10:30 P. M. Landing a beau in those days was a triumph of nature over environment



Old Days ~ Yes They Were

Enter the age of youth. Even the living room expresses the pep and gaiety. Pa and Ma are out on their own at the corner movie watching Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo. The kids have rolled up the rugs, turned on the radio and the evening's fine. As for arm's length, don't be unconscious. There's safety in numbers and the rule is to dodge a permanent date until the only boy or girl in the world comes along

The Way to

SMART SET'S Own Charm

ONCE just the mere tip of a nondescript toe was necessarily exposed to public gaze from under ruffled skirts and petticoats. Then, with the interest in croquet and bicycling, came the appearance of the feminine ankle, always modestly clad in a heavy lisle or silk encasement. Next, a brazen calf was admitted into society. And today, a woman must take stock of her legs from the knees down, for short skirts, gossamer stockings and dainty shoes are merciless in their demands for perfection of both limb and ankle.

To the woman who cares anything for either beauty or chic, badly-shaped legs form twin disasters of the very first magnitude, and they are unnecessary unless the trouble lies in the toes themselves. True tragedies only lie in ankle bones that are too large or ill-formed, and legs that are much too short for grace or badly bowed. But even bow legs can be made less bandy if the bowing does not exist in too exaggerated a form.

What to Do for Bow Legs

THE victim of bow legs should fiercely and determinedly take and keep on taking any exercises that pull the other way. Bend-



Legs too fat? Try the one legged kick!



Would you like to make your legs as beautiful as this perfect pair? Follow these hints

ing and squatting exercises where one tries to make the muscles rigid in the right direction are especially helpful. But don't expect miracles. The bowing was a long

because of weakness and the fact that one turns them over frequently should constitute a word of warning to their owner in the matter of shoes. Not for her is the very high and much cut-out heel. Fortunately, the mode is against this for daytime wear, except with formal afternoon clothes in which one does not expect to move about strenuously. Even at night, the French heel is returning, and this gives more support than the exaggerated spike.

process, and its cure will be an equally long time in arriving.

What to Do for Fat Legs

LEGS that are too fat are a much easier matter to deal with, unless what seems fat is really bulging muscle which it generally isn't. All one needs is brisk exercise, fast walking, rope skipping, running in place, bicycling with a real bicycle, an electric machine or a stance on one's back on the floor, ready to go through the motions lying down. Squatting exercises, too, are good for fat legs, and so is the exercise where one kicks like a pendulum first forward, then backward. Dancing helps, if one keeps it up with sufficient vigor.

FOR an overdeveloped calf, the Russian dance step in which one squats and kicks out with each leg alternately, is an excellent choice in cures. The one-legged kick, in which the other leg is held rigid, is especially good, but this, of course, is anything but easy to do. All these things are equally good for legs that are too thin from lack of exercise.



Muscular calf? Try the Russian Dance step!

If Your Ankles are Fat

MANY legs are all right where they first appear under the skirt, but a fat, ungraceful ankle spoils everything. This, fortunately, is the very easiest thing to cure because it demands less of the grim resolution necessary to keep on exercising all over. Here the exercises are local and may be taken sitting or lying down; they consist merely of twisting the foot around,

always from inward, outward. Bending up and down at the ankle joint is also excellent. Massaging the ankle vigorously, especially with the motion in which the fingers of each hand become twin bracelets moved briskly in opposite directions around the ankle.

Other exercises for the fat ankle are more vigorous. Rising and falling on the toes. Standing, firmly placed, and twisting the whole body with the ankles as a pivot. Dancing. Kicking with the toes pointed.

Ankles that are fat merely

Legs too thin? Try the pendulum kick!



For Feathered Legs

BUT perhaps your trouble isn't structure at all, merely that Nature gave you too much hair on your legs, or that you were unwise enough to shave them when you were in boarding school. With many women bleaching this growth is all that is necessary. Others, especially those who have already the problem of the shaved leg, will find it much better to use a cake of pumice-stone in the bath. Soap the leg well and keep the hair down with the stone every time you see it appearing. Use a little witch-hazel and dusting powder after drying the skin. Before starting this treatment, it is best to shave the legs once. You will probably have to repeat the shaving once or twice a year. Then it is necessary to keep up the pumice-stone rubbing daily.

Beautiful Legs

Photographs by
Culver Service

Service By MARY LEE

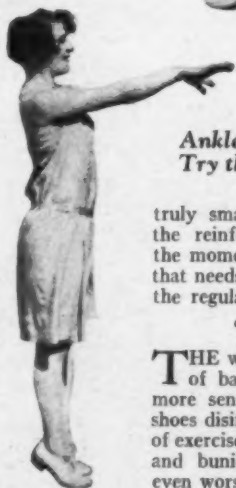
Advice About Stockings

PERHAPS your legs are not so bad that you feel the need of dealing with them in any of these drastic fashions. For you, it will be sufficient if you're careful in your choice of shoes and stockings.

FORTUNATELY, for the less than perfectly beautiful leg, the tone of beige used for autumn and winter stockings these past several years, is always darker than the beiges that are correct with summer clothes. Two tones good at the moment are pastel brown, a very brownish beige with a little pink in it that will go gloriously with the new wine tones, and a dusty tone that is perhaps the most utilitarian of all colors. The lighter tones of beige, quite correct with certain more formal frocks, are wisely avoided by the woman whose legs are better unadvertised. The same is true of light gray, which color is again smart for stockings and gloves.

IN choosing a stocking the owner of the less than perfect leg, in addition to avoiding light tones of beige, should also remember that the thinner the stocking the less the reflection of light, and, therefore, the smaller the leg will appear. Very heavy silk should be avoided. A third point to be guarded against is anything freaky in the construction of the stocking itself. A plain open-work clock is permissible in a stocking for formal wear, and a heel square or pointed in the same color as the stocking is always correct. This is all that a stocking can achieve in the way of decoration, if it is to be

**Weak ankles?
Dance with toes
pointed outward**



**Ankles fat?
Try the pivot**



truly smart. The stocking that leaves off the reinforced heel altogether is good at the moment but this is not so kind to a leg that needs a bit of assistance as the one with the regulation or the slimly pointed heel.

What About Shoes?

THE wrong shoes are often at the bottom of badly shaped legs, at the bottom in more senses than one. For uncomfortable shoes disincite their wearer towards the idea of exercise and so her legs grow fat. If corns and bunions result, then the condition is even worse, for exercise is apt to be reduced

Today a woman must take stock of her legs from the knees down, for short skirts, gossamer stockings and dainty shoes are merciless in their demands for perfection. To the woman who cares anything for either beauty or chic, badly shaped legs are twin disasters and they are usually unnecessary



**Wobbly ankles?
Bend at the joint**



**Bow legged? Squatting
works miracles**

to the absolute minimum. The first thing to do is to get the right shoe, whether this has to be an out-and-out health shoe, an ordinary walking shoe with a sensible heel, a last in any model less pointed than one is wearing, a size larger, or a size wider. The right shoe will remove the pressure that has caused the uncomfortableness or the corn, after which any woman can pick a good corn cure from among the many on the market. If the condition is very bad, of course, she will be wiser to go to a chiropodist.

AS TO the lines of shoes at the moment, the best shoes are still simple, except in the formal afternoon mode and that worn at night. Even here, the elaborate shoe is a bad choice unless one can afford to pay a lot for exquisite materials and workmanship. Fancy shoes on the street, of course, are absolutely all wrong, those with much cut-out work, or too weird a combination of leathers.

As to colors, one consults one's costume. Black and the various shades of brown are mainly what one sees on the streets, with beiges and blues and greens appearing occasionally in the afternoon at home. Dark blue has invaded the street as well. Materials include dyed lizard and alligator for the street, suede and kid and more lizard indoors. Patent appears less than it usually does in the winter.

At night, brocades, the ground color of which echoes something in the dress, crêpe de Chine dyed a shade lighter or a shade darker than the dress, or newer still, a brilliant color in direct contrast with the costume, and the very utilitarian, but no longer so smart blond satin: these are what one sees most frequently.

Your First Job Is Your Hardest and One of the First

THREE hard problems face a girl when she sets out to work for a living: first, she has to find out what she is best fitted to do; then she has to get a chance to do it; and after that, she has to hold on to that chance.

In other words, she has to choose a trade or more likely be pushed into the first one that comes along. She has to get her first job and she has to hold it after she gets it.

Mary Kincaid could have told you how hard it is to get that first job and how hard to hold it. When she was making twenty-five thousand dollars a year she sometimes sat in her office and looked at a little oak desk outside the door, at which, ten years before, she had started to work. Ten years for the same company. She began at fifteen dollars a week and wound up at five hundred, and then she stopped all of it and went traveling about the world.

BUT the beginning might have been the ending of it for her if a man of more candor than culture had not hurt her feelings on the tenth day after she started working at her very first job.

When she began she had everything most girls desire except money, and if she had had that, she probably never would have looked for a job at all. She had good looks, good manners and a good education. I am describing her in this quiet way because these words are written to be printed. People talking about her were not so mild; they said, "How stunning!" "What fun she is!" "Smart in any old rag!" "Everybody else looks pale when she comes into the room!"

YOU get the picture? Well, you can draw in for yourself, red brown hair, a tall slim figure, and an adoring group of male creatures. That ought to be enough for any woman, but fate was generous with her. She had graduated with honors at one of the leading universities, having a keen swift mind which she liked to use. So when she got that first job, which was the selling of advertising space for a group of magazines, she thought she had all the endowment needed. She did have, but not in the way she thought.

She started off briskly with a list of manufacturers whom she was to ask for advertising. All her enormous energy she poured into ten days of hard work. And not one single dollar's worth of advertising did she get. The dozens of men she saw all chatted amiably, but none gave her a line of business. She felt more and more ashamed each day as she went into the office to report her failures, and at her desk she began to feel small and unwanted.

In a low mood she set out on the



Helen Woodward who fought her own way to success and is now helping the readers of Smart Set to find the right careers

tenth day. The first man on her list was a manufacturer of silks, and on him she decided to make the effort of her life. On the way to his office she stopped at the Vanderbilt Hotel, where there are excellent mirrors in the women's dressing room. There she took off her hat and rearranged the curves of hair around her ears, carefully made up her face again, straightened her dress and patted this and that until she was satisfied that she looked her best. Then, ready for battle, she called on her proposed customer.

THE silk manufacturer turned out to be a great big man with a cold manner. He sat silently at his desk listening to her story, while she exerted every bit of her Southern charm, and the more she talked the more forbidding he looked. The sensation of talking to a fish-like silence was beginning to demoralize her when he startled her by saying abruptly, "Look here, young woman! Just exactly what did you come here for today?" "Why," she stammered, "oh—to—why, to see if you wouldn't give me some advertising for—in this magazine."

"How long have you been at it?" He tapped sharply on the magazine with a little red pencil. Years later she told me that she could not take her eyes off that pencil. "It looked so little in his big hand; I kept thinking that little red thing was as helpless as I was."

ABOUT a week," she told him in a voice filled with the defiance that she pieced together out of fear and bewilderment.

"Well, you're wasting your time. You're no good for this job. You're not going to get any advertising out of me by making eyes at me. That vamp stuff won't go with me."

Her lips stayed apart but no word came and her hand, lifted slightly and tremblingly from her lap, dropped again weakly. "I don't—what?"

"I mean," he said curtly, "that you've evidently got a job on your looks. And you come around here wasting my time, thinking the way to sell advertising space is to look at me sweetly and let loose all your best tricks. Well, you can save all that for some fellow in the parlor. I don't give our advertising that way. It's too important for that."

She had come from a small Southern town, where it was not polite to contradict a lady, so all she could think of doing was to burst into tears. Alas, the tears had just exactly the wrong effect. In a furious voice the man commanded, "For heaven's sake, stop crying! That's another doll-baby trick."

In a sort of abyss of fear she groped around for her bag, and, rising, turned

Is the modern girl a frivolous creature thinking only of having a good time? Turn to page 86 and learn the truth in the letters written to Helen Woodward by girls who are anxious to get ahead in the world of business

Things to Learn Is That Sex Has No Place in Business

HELEN WOODWARD

Tells This Month the Experience of

A Girl who Learned from Failure

in the wrong direction for the door leading out of the office.

"Here, wait a minute," he said, his voice less gruff as he saw her blindly looking around for the way out, "here, wait a minute. Sit down again; I won't eat you." She sat down again almost humbly and he went on in a kindly voice. "Say, what is it you're in this thing for? Do you want to make a success of this job?" She looked at him dumbly and nodded her head. "You need the money?"

A FLASH of indignation answered him. With her room rent unpaid for a month, with other debts that had gathered in her six months' search for work, her anger at his question overcame her fear. He liked the anger and respected it.

"Well, then, you are serious at wanting to make a go of this job. But you're tackling it the wrong way. Look here! You're representing a good paper, one I need in my business because it goes to department stores that buy silk. But I can see you don't know a thing about your own magazine. You know your circulation and you know the price of a line of advertising. But who buys your magazine? Is it the owner of the department store? Is it the buyer of each department? Is it the general manager?"

He pointed his finger at her fiercely and poured out questions. "Are your subscribers in New England? In the Middle West? All over the country? What do those buyers want to hear in my advertising? Do they want to know if I have new designs this year? Or do they want to know if my price is lower than my competitors? You don't know. You can't answer a single one of those questions. Can you? No, you can't. And so you try to sell me your feminine charm instead."

The angry flush had burnt up her tears and she started to speak, but he did not give her time.

"Next, you're asking me to spend my money and you don't know a thing about this business of mine. You don't know what I make. Oh, yes, of course, you'll say I

make silks but where does that get you? What kind of silks do I make? Silks for underwear or for ball gowns? Do I make fine goods or cheap? Do I sell Altman's or Hearn's? Do I sell more to department stores or to the wholesale clothing manufacturers? Who are my competitors? You don't know. You can't answer. You don't know a thing except I've got some money you'd like me to spend in your paper, and so you try to flatter me with goo-goo eyes. You think maybe I'll forget about myself and give you some charity advertising."

By this time she was listening intently and he was enjoying his own talk, so his voice became cordial and kind.

"WELL, it won't work, young lady. Forget about your charm. Forget you're a woman. Get busy and learn something about what you're trying to sell. Take this tip. Learn so much about your paper that you won't have time to make eyes at anybody; you'll be too busy telling your story. And then come and see me again. And for heaven's sake, don't cry!"

In confusion she escaped and years afterwards, when she had become a famous saleswoman, she told me the story. Nothing, she said, had ever been so useful to her as this

humiliation. That rough manufacturer became one of her good customers and friends but it was several years before she was able to laugh over the incident.

She took the lesson to heart. She couldn't help being a handsome woman, and while she dressed well, the shock had been so great that she always clung rigidly to plain suits. Still they were beautifully made suits, and she allowed herself a good fur scarf and a charming hat. On the subject of shoes she was severe. She wore substantial high shoes for years after everyone else had succumbed to pumps. On her sallow cheeks she used a good deal of rouge. That was all. But in her hours of play she wore the gayest and most foolish of clothes. I don't believe in being so tailored, but then I never had so painful an interview. [Continued on page 110]



Drawing
By
HUBERT JEAN
MATHIEU

The successful girl soon finds out that the vamp stuff just doesn't go in business



Now That Winter's

*Fads and
for
Gayest*



Carnelian, gold and
crystal make a hand-
some choker for slender
throats

This party
frook of taffeta,
tiered and
draped into a
bustle, is de-
lightful for the
slender girl

Courtesy Bedell



The brim of this soliel
model is long at the back
and sides. Universally
becoming full face



For the pi-
quant girl no
hat could be
more flatter-
ing than this
French beret

Courtesy
Bonwit
Teller

SMART SET aims to aid the busy young woman in her shopping problems, to offer through its columns helpful suggestions on matters of dress and the judicious expenditure of her dress allowance, be it large or small.

The styles illustrated and described this month are all New York models. Merchants the country over supply their stocks from the same fashion marts as do the New York shops and will show you similar styles.

A Fashion Resumé

AT THIS period of the season styles are so thoroughly established that one may shop with an assurance not possible during the first hectic weeks. The Paris openings and style launchings are all far in the background, it's true, but it requires a little more than these to make a style. After the Paris couturiers have all had their say we must wait for the style discerning women of both continents to have theirs before we have had the last word.

By
GEORGIA MASON

Come

Fashions
the
Season

Photographs
By
VANDAMM



Very chic choker of
jade and amethysts
with gold rondels
Courtesy Stern Brothers



An "off-the-face" hat of
brown soliel. For girls
with saucy noses and bobs
Courtesy Bonwit Teller



Agnes's
youthful little
skull cap
of metallic
tricot and
velvet is
duddy for
perfect faces
Courtesy
Stern Brothers



Goupy uses
black chenille-
dotted lace to
fashion a typi-
cal frock, for
dinner or for
dancing
Courtesy Bon-
wit Teller

Most of the important early predictions, excepting a few against which you were cautioned in SMART SET, came true so you who have shopped early will probably not find your favorite frock demodé before the season is over. It's simply dreadful to meet one's double at every turn, as sometimes happens if we find ourselves with one of those over-night successes which seem to suddenly jump into such instant favor that they are everywhere, all at once.

This winter season of 1928 has had its moments though, almost its thrills, it seems to me. Long before the Paris designers had thrown open their doors there was no end of exciting rumors about the new silhouette, the return of the bustle and the styles of the 80's. But just as we were trying to visualize ourselves looking like all those Victorian ladies, these rumors revealed themselves as mere style tendencies and new lines of greater becomingness.

There will be many ruffles and flounces, even on street frocks, and if your clothes allowance is not too limited I advise you to get at least one gown along these lines.

Girls Have Really Gone Feminine

NEXT came the passing of the boyish type girl, set forth in last month's SMART SET, and since then the subject of so much blah-blah that one wearies. The new feminine girl is really here and too well established, let us hope, to evoke further comment.

The girl of every type and period may retain all the mysterious complexes that make her attractive and dress every one of them, if she so desires, this winter. For the new mode is flexible and there is no longer any need for selecting some commonplace fashion and sticking to it when there is such great variety.



Brown suede with brown lizard inserts is smart for street wear

Courtesy I. Miller



Good news for the slightly heavy girl is this black transparent velvet gown with bloused waist and pleated skirt. Its lace collar and cuffs and crystal buttons emphasize youth



For the sophisticated young business woman who goes on to tea dates after five o'clock, this three piece broadtail cloth ensemble, trimmed with fox, is an ideal purchase

Courtesy Stern Brothers



Wine red suede pumps with picot kid trimming and tiny strap buckles for small feet

Courtesy I. Miller

What About Party Frocks?

WITH the social season full upon us, parties and dances galore in the offing, your interest centers on party frocks, I am sure, so I am going to tell you about those first. And how alluringly beautiful they all are! It is going to be your own faults, girls, if you don't look your loveliest when your partner leads you on to the shining dance floor this winter. Surely you have never had a greater variety of pretty frocks from which to choose, the range of materials quite as great as the styles, so which shall it be?

Party frocks should register variety of appearance. Our social contacts are usually limited to a small circle of friends and we must therefore have several changes so supplement your period frock with a jazzy little dancing model.



No girl is well dressed without one or more simple two-piece gowns. Of brown flat crepe with an interlaced velvet sash this is one of those useful gowns that wear for several seasons

Courtesy Bonwit Teller



Chic and service combined. Black patent leather street shoes with a tongue and buckle

Courtesy I. Miller



Green shoes are the mode of the moment for wear with green or beige frocks

Courtesy I. Miller



Here is a dashing "in-between" coat, neither too dressy nor too plain, suitable for practically all winter needs and for all figures. Of velvet, richly furred with fox

Flatter Your Personality In Your Dress

THERE are endless creations of tulle, net and chiffon, airily transparent, beaded and spangled and so suggestive of the hours of electric light and gaiety that you may have been picturing yourself in one of them. They are lovely, but I must warn you extremely perishable, an item to consider unless your wardrobe is to be well stocked.

Next in filminess comes the great variety of laces including the new ciré, and chenille or velvet lace as it is sometimes called. These are all having tremendous vogue for both evening and daytime frocks, for they are not

only serviceable, but will come out of a week-end bag as fresh as when packed. In color they run the gamut of all the fashionable shades.

I am sure with a limited allowance I should turn to a black lace party frock with a view to varying it with different colored underslips later on.

If you wish to be still more practical as to material and your taste runs to the new princess bodice and bustle back, by all means decide on a taffeta frock such as we have illustrated this month and you will be undeniably chic.

Many of the exclusive shops are showing dinner frocks of satin and transparent velvet in the most fascinating of gay colors, but don't let their brilliancy dazzle your better judgment. The average girl will do better by selecting some of the softer variations of these shades which are many of them newer, more generally becoming and kindly inconspicuous when worn again and again. It [Continued on page 120]

Some Suggestions

A Little
On
Annual

A lamp called
"Rhythm" for
dark corners
and those
friends of
either sex who
appreciate
modern art



If he insists upon his morning paper at
the breakfast table present him with
this Roystering Roosters paper holder



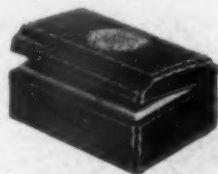
Be subtle. Give her a
mirror, comb and brush
in ultra-modern design.
Admiring herself, she'll
appreciate you. In all
metals and colors



A Florentine
leather box,
gold embos-
sed, adds
charm to any
desk

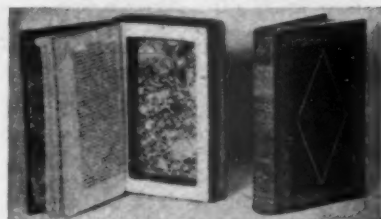


Smart new model
watch for the favorite
girl's wrist \$35



For the boy or girl who hates
tidying dresser drawers, boxes
divided into compartments for
hose and other articles are a
thoughtful and inexpensive gift

The leading man of the
family will enjoy a set
of shaving soap, tal-
cum, astringent and
facial soap assembled
in a blue velvet-lined
box. About \$6.00

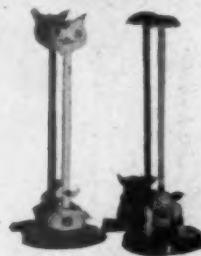


An antique French book, ex-
quisitely bound, cut into a very
dashing container for his cuff
buttons or his cigarettes

The safest rule in gift buy-
ing is to be personal. Let
your presents reflect both
your own spirit and that of
the receiver. Be guided in
your selections by the re-
cipient's interests and your
own good taste



A merger of
convenience
—a desk
lamp plus a
fountain
pen. For the
business
man



To preserve head-
what could be
than these gay

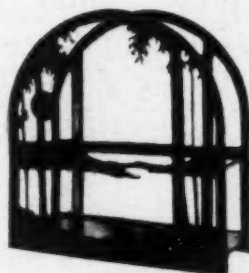
for Christmas

Helpfulness

Your
Problem



A humidifier gone doggy becomes a Rumidor, in other words, a holder for his smokes, kept moist and very scented with pre-Volstead fluid



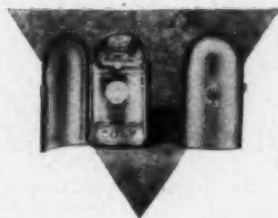
He won't throw the magazines all over the floor if you send him this sturdy black wrought iron rack for them



Another smart watch in ruby, black or jade enamel



This peaked box makes a swagger receptacle for letter heads



Perfume in a swank metal case, just purse size and refillable. Very desirable for small gifts. \$1.50 with refills at \$1



For the smart girl who knows her ensembles, buy these colorful little glass cigarette jars with matching saucers for ashes



Everyone from the student to the social butterfly needs a portable typewriter these busy days

gear and humor more amusing little hat stands?



If she's a modern homemaker, she'll cherish this triple vessel flower holder of pottery with mirror insets in which blossoms are so chic



A slice of lemon, a cup of tea and thou. Perfect setting furnished by this chaste group in pewter or silver

A little thought can produce great originality in gift giving. Remember, smokes are no Christmas thrill to men nor ordinary silk stockings to girls since they buy those things for themselves the year round. Use your imagination

Proper Environment Is of Supreme Importance

Choosing Your Companions



**Bestow
your
smiles only
on the
best who
surround
you**

ONE of the most important matters in life for the girls who wish to obtain personality is the choice of their companions. It is indeed true that you are known by your friends! Relatives you often have to put up with, and even old acquaintances of the family perhaps, but the set you mix with habitually stamps the grade of your mentality, your tastes and aspirations.

Mary may be a clever, well-educated girl, but if she is seen about constantly with petting party favorites, and ordinary boys, she is cheapening her value and hampering her chance to rise.

Unless the people are old friends who have been kind to you in youth, gradually drop them if they are really disadvantageous to you, and use every bit of your perspicacity before becoming acquainted with new ones, for it is easier to refrain than to discard. The rising girl must be in a measure snobbish!

That sounds dreadful, but listen carefully while I explain what I mean. If she is clever she will have mapped out the road to her goal, she will have made a concrete picture of what she wishes to attain to, so it should be easy, before rushing into friendships, to decide whether the individuals concerned will or will not fit into her scheme of things. For, as in a picture puzzle, there is no use in trying to force the pieces into the spaces which are not intended for them; you would only break up the game.

I do not mean that Mary should be a sycophant, fawning upon rich or fashionable

persons, regardless of her own feelings for them or their personal characters—certainly not!—fawning never yet expressed personality—but what I do mean is to avoid knowing—where the choice is yours—obvious detrimental, and cultivate those whom your common sense tells you are nice people, rising too, or already risen, and from whom you can learn something.

DO NOT run after rich vulgarians whose only merit is wealth, or attractive eccentricities who are kept up personally by something which amuses people in them, but who only lower the prestige of their followers in the eyes of those who really matter.

I must clearly state I do not mean that you are to give up some chum because she is not important; far from it, loyalty is one of the strongest ingredients in the making of character. Be faithful to all those you really love, no matter what may be their station, but what I mean is, do not go into society in third class sets, and do not make disadvantageous new acquaintances, and above all, be careful in your choice of male friends.

It may be a feather in a girl's cap to be run after by all sorts and conditions of men, but she cheapens herself if she encourages the wrong ones! Be sure that you are bestowing your smiles upon the best only who surround you, and by the best I do not mean the richest, but the ones who are respected by the others, and amount to something.

IN ALL this I am presuming that the girls who read what I am writing really want to rise and become personalities which count. I am not speaking to the idle drifters, taking up a new idea for half an hour. And to succeed in anything you must have a distinct plan. Now we have reached the point where Mary (let us have a definite name for our perfect modern girl) realizes, first, that she must attend to her personal appearance and please the eye, and second, that she must cultivate her mind enough to be able to be the companion of whatever grade of man she desires to have for a mate.

A graduate college girl naturally would not want for a sweetheart or husband, an illiterate workman, and an illiterate grade-school maiden might long for a rich society millionaire, but ought not to expect to secure one until she has made herself fitted for the position he could offer her. Get this point clearly into your heads, girls. Your business is to make yourselves worthy of what you desire, and then go for it with all your might, but do not



**Be careful
in your
choice of
men friends**

To the Girl Who Would Acquire Personality

ELINOR GLYN

Reveals That Snobbishness Can Be a Virtue

shout for it, or expect it, with no qualifications which could possibly draw it to you naturally.

Some quite fascinating lightheads think they are gaining magnetism by attracting married men. They seem older and of more importance in the eyes of the other girls, but the truth about these characters is that they are made up of vanity, and have no real principle, and so of course the moment their fresh youth begins to change, they are left high and dry. For no married man pays a girl attention with a good motive. His attention proves his want of respect, for he knows that she knows it is illicit, unless he deliberately announces that he intends to divorce.

BY USING discrimination about your friendships, your habitual companions and acquaintances, you acquire a sense of values; people observe that you know what you are about, and you gain prestige; your friendship and approval is then sought after. But if you are just a "good fellow" within the reach of everyone, your presence gives no cachet to a party; you are not what the French call "considered."

There are some fortunate ones born into position and wealth, so a very little sense enables them to be important socially; they have merely to keep what they were endowed with by fate. But if you have neither position nor wealth as an inheritance, then you must use your intelligence to inspire respect by your personal attainments and magnetism.

All the wonderful women of history who rose from humble origin fitted themselves for the niches they afterwards occupied, so if Mary should be a shop girl, or a stenographer, or in any position earning her bread, she must study the ways, manners and bearing of the women safely in the position she wishes eventually to occupy, and rise to it step by step. She cannot jump to it, remember! For if she even attracts a rich man of the world by her sex charm, and marries him, she will drag him down, or be snubbed herself, unless she learns to be up to the standard of his associates.

THIS is the tragedy so often seen in public life, clever, brilliant men who have advanced to high position from the poorest beginning, hampered by wives they married in poverty row for their youthful attractions, and who had not brain enough to learn to rise also.

Remember girls, America is a democracy, and there is no bar of birth or even tradition to keep you from occupying any position you aspire to, if you only make yourselves fit for it, so do go ahead and try to learn values, learn manners, learn graciousness, learn how to hold cultivated conversations. Learn to have an opinion upon matters from study of those matters,



"By using discrimination about friendships," says Madame Glyn, "you acquire a sense of values; people observe that you know what you are about and your friendship is sought after"

not from silly prejudice or light fancy. In short, learn discrimination, and when you begin to acquire it you will have gained both personality and prestige.

I wrote a book once called "The Career of Katherine Bush." It is out of print now, so you cannot get it but I am almost tempted to have it reissued as it is the most practical illustration of what I mean about rising to a real place in life. Katherine's grandfather was a butcher and the scene was laid in England where class prejudice is still immense, and yet she rose by her own supreme intelligence and honesty to the position of one of England's greatest duchesses, accepted and honored by everyone.

WE HAVE one peeress in England now who was a chorus girl; she is loved and honored by all. But we also, have a few of the same origin, married to silly young lords who have just dragged the old names they secured into the gutter, not because they were chorus girls, but because they had not the grit and character to learn to be ladies and fulfill the duties of

the position they had aspired to. Use practical common sense, and here is a concrete illustration of what I mean.

Supposing at your pet beauty parlor, there came to demand a post, an assistant who could not wash hair, had no idea of the right way to manicure, had never heard of complexion treatment, and yet expected to be engaged and receive the highest salary. You would not blame the manager for refusing her services, would you? And you would think her simply ridiculous for being indignant and protesting about it, would you not?

AND yet this is what the vanity of numbers of girls makes them do in life. They are so vain they think they are worthy of the best prizes without effort. And this is what I want to help them to see straightly about, because birth and riches are nothing really, or even opportunity.

The only thing which counts in the long run is character, and to develop character is in the power of every girl. Personality and prestige, and so charm and magnetism, can only be achieved by using the keenest observation and learning every point necessary to make yourselves into your ideal.

And never refuse to learn if you do not happen to like the teacher; that is cutting off your nose to spite your face!



Because Madame Glyn understands the modern girl **SMART SET** readers have adopted her as their chaperone. If you have any difficult personal problem write to her today.

Next month SMART SET will print answers to some of the young women who have asked Madame Glyn's advice on their problems



Murray

By
PEGGY JOYCE

This
Most Talked About
Woman in America
Tells You
How She Has Paid
In Tears
For All She Has
Won In

Fame

WHAT are the famous nowadays? Toys of the tabloids! Every page of a modern newspaper contains a heart-ache for some one.

Because I have been hoisted by newspapermen to the position of a front-page celebrity, a barrier has been erected between my real self and my public self, between the life I live and the life I would like to live.

Fame is an X-ray which unveils you to the public gaze through distorted mirrors. Your every action is catalogued and magnified. You can never be really alone. Privacy and intimacy are denied you.

I might meet a real man one day, a fine man, a modest man, a man who hated publicity. I might appeal to him as myself, not as I have appealed to some men, as the "famous Peggy Joyce." Suppose I fell in love with him? What do you suppose would happen?

On his side, could he drag his name and his family into the inevitable glare of nation-wide publicity which would follow, not only were he to marry me, but were he merely to dine with me alone? Could he risk his business, his friends, for me?

And I, if I loved him, could I allow him to do so?

There are men I admire and would like to know. But I may not know them because for their names to be linked with mine might be fatal to their interests. Because of the artificial Peggy Hopkins Joyce who has been built up by countless columns of world-wide publicity I may not meet these men whom I would like to meet and count it an honor to do so.

Why, I have only to be seen talking to a man for the news-

papers to say next morning that I am engaged to marry him. Once a friend and I counted these reported engagements. There were six hundred of them! Not ten had a basis in fact. To tell the truth I have never in my life been engaged to marry a man I did not afterward marry and I have been married exactly four times.

In my case fame did not come unasked. I wanted it. I went out after it. As a Virginia country girl I dreamed of a day when my name would be in big type. I started out in life with that idea in mind; I would be famous at any cost. I could not then dream what that cost would be.

IF TENS of thousands of newspaper-clippings mean fame, I have it. I'm not being fatuous. I'm not kidding myself. I know I'm not so wonderful. I've just got two legs, two arms, a fairish body and a passable face, like hundreds of other girls in America. There is no reason why I should have been singled out from among them, but so it is.

Some people might differ here and call it notoriety. Perhaps you can draw that thin line between notoriety and fame. I confess I cannot. Some of the famous men I have met and idolized before I met them, have crumbled into pretty sordid clay once I have known them. And a few of the notorious men, when I have really come to understand them, have seemed noble by contrast.

I suppose every public character at some time or other has said to himself or herself, "Oh, if I could only meet the whole world personally and show them the [Continued on page 111]"

This

Well Known Author

And Analyst

Tells You

Why You Need Not

Be Ashamed

Of That

Annoying Emotion



Jealousy

By
LUCIAN CARY

JEALOUSY is a baleful and ridiculous emotion. Love usually increases the powers of a man or a woman. Hate may do the same. Even fear may drive a man to surpass himself. But the peculiar combination of love, hate, and fear we call jealousy almost always makes the victim meaner and weaker.

When you are jealous you often love too much to hate and hate too much to love; you are afraid to act, and afraid not to. The result is that you appear in the worst possible light.

Why be jealous?

The answer is that you can't help yourself.

In the days when life was simple and that means any day before our own, jealousy was more respectable than it is now. The jealous person knew what to do about it, especially if he were a man. Custom prescribed the conduct of a jealous person. The prescription varied from age to age. But at any given moment at any given place it was simple and explicit. Not so long ago, as history goes, the rules were these:

IF YOU were a woman and your husband betrayed an interest in another woman, you stifled your resentment as best you could and got even indirectly and secretly.

If you were a man and you caught your wife exchanging glances with another man you ran him through with a rapier and beat her black and blue or threw her out or both.

But times have changed, especially for men. There are no longer any rules as to what constitutes cause for jealousy and still less any prescription for conduct when jealous. Nobody

knows what he or she ought to do when occasion arises.

Men have far less liberty than they once had since they are no longer permitted to beat their wives and a fatal duel is called murder by the Grand Jury. Women, on the other hand, have far more liberty since marriage is less permanent and there are endurable alternatives to marriage. The sexes approach equality. Two men can no longer settle the destiny of a woman between themselves. She has something to say about it herself.

WHAT is more, there is a growing tendency to regard jealousy as a joke or a nuisance. Serious novelists, H. G. Wells in particular, assure us that jealousy is a disgraceful emotion which we are in the process of outgrowing. Jealousy is no longer quite respectable. Like revenge, it has lost caste. Most jealous persons get more snickers than sympathy.

Meanwhile, the circumstances that formerly aroused jealousy have multiplied. Time was when marriage meant that a woman gave up all but the most remote friendships with men. A grandmother of my acquaintance, who was married in the early eighties, tells me that one of the disappointments of her life has been that never since her marriage has she known any man besides her husband well enough to call him by his first name!

That sounds funny or tragic, according to your point of view. It is impossible to imagine it happening in the case of a woman marrying in this day. But, by and large, it is only very recently that respectable married women have had men friends. I am referring to America and not to the [Continued on page 115]

When Wealth and Romance Clash

The "No" Girl

By MAY
EDGINTON

The Story So Far:

MET the three leading actors in Miss Edginton's story, which is concluded in this issue.

Ralph Carey, a wealthy, self-indulged business man, who has never married but who fancies himself attractive to women.

David Hammond, his handsome, luxury-loving secretary, a typical "yes man" of big business.

"Lila Golden, a lovely little working girl, at the opening of the story, David's fiancée.

At Redwood, Carey's English country home, the financier has just been thrown over by Cleo Martine, a beautiful French woman who has begun to find him dull.

Lila and David are spending a holiday at the seaside. The privileges of his poorly-paid but luxury surrounded position have softened Hammond. He will not fight, to bring nearer their marriage.

ONE day Ralph Carey sees Lila, and, not knowing of her acquaintance with David, demands that Hammond meet her and bring her to him. David, ever the sycophant, brings about their meeting, and Carey assails her with promises of pretty things and better positions. Hammond, in agony, and yet not daring to speak, sees her entertained for weeks by his employer.

At last Carey arranges a yachting party, and Lila, certain



Lila came haltingly down the
he came to meet her. "Oh,
voice answered, "And

that her fiancé will be aboard, accepts the invitation.

Dressed in a gown she made for herself, and wearing the pearls Carey has given her for a birthday gift, Lila comes down to dinner as the yacht slips out to sea—only to find that Hammond is not on shipboard. Carey's importunities grow more urgent.

Back in London, lonely and miserable, David consoles himself with the lying truth, "I am testing her."

On the yacht, Lila, weary and desperate, says, "Yes!"

THE following day, revolted, she begs to be taken home. At last, Carey submits to the inevitable. The yacht puts in at Deauville, and Lila Golden becomes Mrs. Ralph Carey.

To Which Should Youth Be Loyal?



Will This
Concluding
Chapter
Lead
David
And
Lila
to
Happiness
or
Despair?

Now Finish The Story:

BEHIND her was a great lattice window through which the rays of a red sunset shone. The rays fell on her, dyeing her pale dress. The diamonds on her arms were like lights. And there she paused, looking at David, and there on the hearth he paused, transfixed, looking up at her. He had never before today seen her except in simple cheap clothes at her office, or her lodgings, or out with him upon some quiet seashore for an outing.

He could see her, running on the sands with him, swimming in the sea, sitting on a cliff at sunset, stroking his hair.

FROM the back of the hall behind the staircase a heavy door swung open and the butler, Bertrand, came in with a tray of cocktails. He advanced and placed the tray upon the table. And then, following the secretary's gaze, he looked up too and saw her standing there; his hands, which were busy with his bottles, fumbled and paused. What poignant chord of love and memory did she stir?

And the two men stood transfixed for a brief space of seconds, looking up at the lovely woman poised on the stairs.

stairs to meet David, and even more haltingly Lila, you said 'Yes'." Her cold, yet pulsing you! You said 'Yes' too"

Ten days later an astonished David is presented to the new mistress. Afire with jewels, she stands at the head of the grand staircase at Redwood ready to preside at her first dinner. Below she sees David Hammond—pale, heartbroken, but still servile, still the perfect "yes man."

In a few moments she will be seated near him at her own dinner table, talking trifles. She the mistress, he the servant.

At this moment of triumph that is pregnant with pain and fear, she feels something ominous in the air.

But without a hint of trouble in her eyes, she goes bravely down to meet the unknown future and the reproach in her lover's eyes.

If to David this Lila was new, the servant had never seen her at all before today, unless— Had he ever dreamed that dream of a fair frightened girl in an ancient slave market, of bloated rich buyers of beauty, of a handsome young flatterer who had brought about the sale of the girl, of himself with chains upon him and suffering in his heart?

No, surely he had never dreamed such things.

He went on mixing the cocktails.

Lila came down the stairs, and as she walked she fingered the pearls which reached her knees.

She came haltingly to meet David and even more haltingly he came to meet her. The butler very slowly looked up to see their meeting. He could not have kept his eyes away.

HE COULD not hear their words across the space of the great hall, as they stood at the very foot of the stairs. David muttered words first.

"Oh, God, Lila, you said 'Yes'."

Her cold, yet pulsing voice, "And you! And you said 'Yes' too."

Gone were his paltry flamboyant lies about love tests.

Carey came down the stairs heavily; his eyes sought his wife.

The man servant Bertrand fumbled again with his bottles. He stood still. He was the suffering captive father of the old slave market, not that he knew it, not that he had ever dreamed such a dream.

And he said, "I am making your favorite cream beauty, sir, but I do not know if the mistress would care to try a slight flavor."

"Bertrand," said Carey, close to Lila, "is a dab at cocktails."

Bertrand brought his tray of drinks and handed them round. He looked at David stealthily, in derision, in amusement, in contempt.

Although he had no relevant memories of this scene, it might have been that he felt vaguely its savage humiliations, its ferocious gesture, as clever servants do.

And presently the trio sat at dinner; two footmen under Bertrand's direction waited upon them.

There were the long summer days in that heavenly place; there was the swimming in the pool, so eagerly anticipated by Lila, all three of them.

There was the talk at meals and David wished hopelessly that he need not be there; there were the many errands of business that the absorbed Carey invented for the secretary so that he could absent himself; and then there was the painful anxiety, jealous longing, to be there.

THERE were the week-end parties, just one or two of them to please Lila, when he saw her surrounded and admired, saw her a queen of fortune and himself still serving. There was the necessity of hiding everything from Carey and yet the longing to reveal everything, to fling into that complacent face the whole story.

Not that Carey was with him much.

He seldom left his young bride in those first weeks of ardor. From the library window David could see long stretches of garden. He would idle there over the inadequate work of the correspondence and watch Ralph and Lila.

In the supposed shelter of rose arches Ralph would kiss her.

Once or twice, unable to strangle her wild young loathing of what she had done, she would resist him.

David saw.

And yet the old thrall of his weakness was so strong that he did not dare to rush out, take her from Ralph, go out penniless to face the world with her. He epitomized himself in those days. "I am a 'Yes' man." He knew despairingly that the slow slothful poison was in his very veins.

David hated the nights. More than once as he lay wakeful and straining to the lash of thought, he got out of bed and

walked out into the corridor, there to stand with the old hesitations and inhibitions upon him, not exactly purposing what to do but longing to kill.

There came an evening when Lila slipped out late, almost midnight, to swim in the pool. It was a hot heavy August night and she had gone to her rooms early and locked herself there. "My head aches; it aches and aches," she had said to Carey. "Leave me alone. Will you leave me alone?" He agreed but watchfully. And he thought that he would take her away; they would go to the Riviera early in the autumn; he would show her the world. He would show her still more lavishly what it meant to be the wife of so rich a man.

Her youth baffled him, the very simplicity and craving and discontent of her youth. Youth was so soon satiated with the champagne and caviar of life; youth wanted to live in the sun and the winds and could take hard fare if love and laughter went with it. You could give so young a woman a hundred Paris gowns, and after the first flash of her delight, they would be no more than toys to her. As a satiated child discards toys, so did so young a woman, he saw, discard from her mind and her heart the costly things that money could buy.

The Cleo Martines of life, who had savored the bitterness in full, set the proper value upon security, soft living, ease, clothes, jewels and comfort.

"All right, love," he said when Lila cried, "Will you leave me alone?" "Take a couple of aspirins and sleep it all off." She endured his long kiss.

SHE slipped out alone and unseen to swim in the pool. She wanted fiercely to wash herself; to plunge herself into some sea of healing. Her scented baths in her marble-and-silver bathroom didn't cleanse her, didn't save her soul.

She ached to feel something more like the salt fresh waves of a sea that once she swam in joyously with a young lover.

It seemed too glorious an impossibility that she should reach the end of the gardens unseen. Certainly Bertrand had been in the hall as she flashed through it, her white bathing wrap, more reminiscent of Paris plage than an English country house, drawn close about her over her bathing suit of black silk. But servants were like furniture. They did not speak. He would not volunteer the information to his master that she had come downstairs, was out-of-doors, was alone and free under such a full silver moon.

She did not even think of David. All she thought was, "I'm alone. The blessedness! The peace! How clean it is!"

BUT David was standing in the bowed library window open to the hot night as she skimmed over the stretch of lawn and dipped under the rose arches and the trees until she was just a faint pale streak appearing and vanishing again and glimmering out again.

And he was seeing the pool, feeling the silence out there, imagining love out there.

Carey was standing at the table in the center of the room, looking through letters. "As my lady has dispensed with me tonight, I'll just attend to that New York proposition, boy," he had said. He was looking over a typed letter, his head sunk forward on his thick neck, his feet planted well apart, the black-pearl studs in his shirt-front gleaming with their grayish gleam as they caught the light. The rich man. The powerful buyer.

"This is all right," his voice was saying. "You have put it very well. This is just about what I want. We will play them a bit. I may, I've a mind to go over to New York in October, take my lady and we can go to Cannes later. If I went over I could clinch it, personally, then—"

So his voice went on.

David stood looking at him. And then, turning his head,

Do You Know
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See Page 46 of This
Issue of SMART SET

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Then David slipped in and some one closed the door behind him. "Oh, David, David," Lila murmured. Fear for him filled her. Weak, weak, weak! What weapon had he learned to use against life? And yet she loved him all the more terribly for his weakness

"I thought you had a headache, were too tired to stay with me," said Carey in an angry hoarse voice. Fiercely Lila longed for David to rush at Carey but she knew that he would not

he looked into the garden and saw the white bathing wrap disappear at the ultimate point of vision.

"That's all you'll want me to do for tonight, sir?"

"That's all. It's nearly twelve, isn't it?"

Lifting his heavy eyes, that had always been so observant until the last few weeks, he surveyed the young man.

"You look stewed."

"I'm not stewed, sir." He heard himself laugh.

"I don't mean drink. You look as if you wanted fresh air. Oughtn't to look like that down here. What's the matter with you?"

"The heat, sir, perhaps."

"Heat oughtn't to matter down here."

"I couldn't be in a jollier place, I know, sir."

"Bored, perhaps," said Carey. "I've kept you hanging about doing too little. But then, damn it, boy, I'm on my honeymoon still." He laughed. "Like to go up and see how the office is getting on without us, eh?"

"No, sir. Wouldn't any one rather be at Redwood this weather?"

"You're looking pasty. You needn't trouble to mope about in here, keeping out of our way so much." He laughed again. "I assure you we don't notice you. Get more exercise."

THE flash of temptation!

"All right, sir. I'll go out and swin now before I go to bed."

"Get along then."

Carey took a cigar from the box on the table, slowly ripped off the band, slowly lighted it, slowly sank into a leather chair.

"Good night, sir."

But as he looked back from the door to utter this "good night" he saw Carey sunk into thought as he had sunk into the chair. Any man would have known instantly of what he was thinking. He was thinking of his bride.

Rage filled the young man, but helpless rage. He couldn't, wouldn't do anything, couldn't, wouldn't say anything, even now, to disturb that look on Carey's face. Thrill shot through him, lighting the darkness of rage. Never mind Carey; let him sit and think, sit and gloat. Get down to the pool!

He closed the door of the library silently and saw Bertrand in the hall.

He paused. Their eyes met. In the eyes of Bertrand were strange, indefinable searchings and findings, and David might have thought to himself, "His eyes look queer," only that he knew there must be strange searchings and findings in his own eyes. Some extraordinary message passed from him to the servant and from the servant to him and was accepted by each without acknowledgment.

INSTEAD of thinking deliberately of Bertrand, David thought of the open windows of the library and of the corpulent man sitting near them, puffing his cigar and dreaming if anything so gross could be called a dream.

"Oh, Bertrand." He was at once the competent secretary, "There you are. The library curtains had better be drawn; Mr. Carey's there but I don't think he wants to keep the

windows open. Thanks very much for leaving them so long."

"You looked as if you wanted air, sir."

David was out upon the top terrace as Bertrand went into the library. Wings were on his feet. A quotation floated in his brain:

"Never the time and the place,
And the loved one all together."

But tonight?

Bertrand went to close the windows and draw the curtains. "I may shut up, sir?"

"No," said Carey, awakened from his dream, or whatever





With Drawings from Life

By
Vera Clere

sweeps of lawn white in moonlight except for the density of the shadows flung upon them, the winding paths and walks looking fluid as rivers. How beautiful! And the servant as he stood just outside the great front door was like a sentinel guarding dearly the gateway to heaven.

BEHIND him in the hall he heard with his attuned ears the opening of the library door. The butler turned and went in. He saw his master, still with that look upon his face, go, unaware of anything but his thoughts, through the hall and up the staircase.

The servant smiled.

Carey ascended to the door of Lila's room and tapped. "Darling, it's Ralph. How are you, pet?" No answer. She couldn't be asleep yet, though. The door was locked. He had heard her lock it when she dismissed her maid and himself. So of course it was locked. He would rattle the handle. He only wanted to make sure of her comfort. He rattled the handle and turned it in the process. The door yielded and he went in; she was not there. No. She had not gone to bed.

He went through to the boudoir, but no, she was not there.

"I'm no fool," he was wont to say of himself, but, could he not be a fool?

And he went downstairs again.

Silhouetted against the moonlight night Bertrand stood in the aperture of the open front door. He was so curiously like a sentinel guarding a gate.

"What the deuce are you doing there?"

The butler turned again with a perfect face.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was looking at the night, waiting to shut up, sir."

CCAREY advanced towards the open door.

"By the way, have you seen Mrs. Carey going out for a swim?"

"No, sir."

The faint surprise in the man's voice and his perfect face! But what else was there in his voice besides surprise?

Why didn't he stand aside when his master advanced to the open door?

"Get out of my way."

And then he was straddling his legs outside on the top terrace, looking into the gulfs, the thickets, the fluidities, the densities, the mysteries, the witches' kingdom of the moon-bathed garden.

They had said but little, just, "Lila," and just, "David."

He could see her floating on the smooth sheet of the water; she had switched on the lights and the surface of the pool was one golden glow. He had slipped into the men's cabin without her noticing him, had come out in his bathing suit and had gone to sit on the end of the diving board. Then she swam near and saw him. He just slipped into the water and came beside her.

"Lila?"

[Continued on page 117]

so monstrous a figment of his imagination could be called. "It's hot. Who told you to come in?"

"Mr. Hammond said, sir."

A gesture of Carey's hand.

Bertrand went out again, looked through the open front door into the enchantment beyond, went out and stood looking down the garden.

She was there. And he was there, the young coward. But she loved him.

The distances of the gardens had engulfed them both. The shapes of trees, the fairy figures of tall massed flowers, the

Just a Shy Little

Kitty's Cousin Will

Drawings

By

ROBERT ORR

TED PARSONS was the first person to whom Kitty confided a matter that had her all hot and bothered. "You remember that time mother sent me *packing* hence to the bucolic environs or something because she'd conceived the *quaint idea* I was on the *verge of collapse* on account of all the coming-out *brawls* and things, my dear?" she began.

Ted nodded an assent. "You bet I do," he said. "You never gave me your address for weeks and I couldn't get it out of your mother. I was sore as a crutch, I remember. Don't tell me you're going to be banished again to that health farm or whatever it was!"

"Heavens, no, my dear, but the whole point is these people I stayed with are *cousins of mother's*, you see, and they have one daughter who's just about my age and she was *terribly nice* to me when I was out there and *mother's* been at me to invite her on here ever since, only every time I've been on the *verge of doing it*, something's come up, do you know what I mean? Well, *anyways*, my dear, the point is she's arriving for the holidays—can you cope with it?"

"Well does she wear horn-rimmed spectacles and cotton stockings or something, or is she reasonably human?" queried Ted carelessly.

"SHE'S really a darn cute girl, my dear," replied Kitty. "The only thing is she's kind of *shy* and doesn't know many men. I mean she's never been *round*, you see, and I'm as nervous as a *bee* with the *hives* about the situation because I'll have her on my *hands* for two weeks, my dear, and if she doesn't have a good time it'll be *positively poisonous* because I mean she's *frightfully sensitive* and all, my dear, and thinks people don't like her, do you know what I mean?"

"Well, maybe she's right," said Ted, brutally. "Sometimes a girl has the correct hunch about things like that, and I always cheer loudly when they do. It saves many a night of horror at a sticky party. I'll start right in by saying I think your cousin's a knockout!"

"Wait till you *meet* her!" warned Kitty. "I bet you won't be so darn sarcastic then, because I mean she's *terribly pretty*. Ted. I mean she's really *awfully attractive* only I'm *terrified* she won't get away on account of her being so *shy* and all, my dear, so I want you to *promise* me you'll be *nice* to her and introduce her *round* at parties and all, do you know what I mean?"

Ted promised Kitty he'd do the best he could for her country cousin. "Gosh, Kitty," he added, admiringly, "it's darn nice of you to have that girl on to visit you. Most girls wouldn't be bothered!"

"That's *ridic*, Ted! I mean I *adore* her—I actually do,

because she's the *sweetest* thing, my dear, and she was perfectly lovely to me when I was visiting her family out there on the farm and all. The only thing is, I want her to have a good time and I'm *terribly afraid* she *won't* if the boys aren't nice to her!"

When Martha Dale arrived a few days later, Kitty's girl friends gave bridge teas for her and raved about her corn color hair and blue eyes. "Isn't she simply *darling* my dear?" fluted Kitty in response to an encomium on her cousin delivered by Grace Ulric, who had never been known to say anything nice about anybody before.

"My dear, she's the *prettiest* thing I've ever gazed upon!" shrieked Grace. "But isn't she *shy*? I mean I s'pose she'd simply *swoon* if a man looked at her, wouldn't she, my dear?"

"Well, you see, my dear," whispered Kitty, "she's never met any men; I mean she's never been *round* much, and I'm simply terrified she isn't going to have a good time at parties



Kitty's country cousin was having a whirl. "You know," said Ted to Kitty, "I think half that shyness is put on"

but, gosh, I *hope* the boys will be *nice* to her, only I'm *awfully afraid* she's the *type* that just *doesn't* get away, do you know what I mean?"

"I know perfectly well, my dear," responded Grace, sympathetically. "Gosh, my dear, I hope you won't have a *frightful* time looking after her because I mean I think it's *awfully embarrassing* sometimes having a girl on your hands that doesn't get away!"

KITTY invited Ted Parsons and Ransom Towner to dinner before the McTavish ball, which was the gala social event of the holiday season. "You'll adore Ransom Towner, my dear," she told Martha. "I've known him for *eons* and he's *terribly sweet*!"

Martha blushed becomingly. "I've never known many boys, Kitty," she said, nervously. "I hope he isn't hard to talk

Country Mouse

Simply Assassinate You

By LLOYD
MAYER

to, is he? I never know what to talk about to strangers."
"Heavens, no, my dear!" said Kitty, encouragingly. "Ransom's the most entertaining person in the world, my dear, and he simply adores your type. I bet he falls for you the minute he sees you!"

"What's Mr. Parsons like, Kitty?" inquired Martha, diffidently.

"Well, he's awfully indif'rent to girls, sort of, my dear," responded Kitty hastily. "You mustn't mind if you find him sort of reserved and hard to talk to and all, my dear, because he's actually a lamb!"

The dinner party was very "intime" and informal because Kitty wanted to have Martha feel at ease. When she was asked if she'd like a cocktail, Martha said simply, "I don't know; I've never had one!" which delighted Kitty, who said in an aside to Ted, "Have you ever seen anybody so naive and ingenuous, my dear?"

Afterward they played bridge until it was time to go on to the dance, which was a flossy affair given annually in the McTavish's celebrated Japanese ball room. On this occasion the local orchestras gave way to imported talent from New York, the lighting effects were by metropolitan "electr technicians" or something, and the following day the Evening Gazette devoted a column and a half to listing the expense incurred by Mr. and Mrs. McTavish, together with a minute description of Mrs. McTavish's gown, "made in Paris, France, especially for the ball."

KITTY'S arrival, as usual, was the signal for an onslaught of stags, who cut in on her in rapid succession. Ransom Towner had started dancing with Martha, and was still dancing with her, Kitty noted, by the time she herself had had at least ten different partners. Then, to her relief, she saw Ted Parsons cut in on Ransom. She felt confident that Ted had arranged for his own relief. He was too old a hand at the game to take any chances of being stuck.

"How's Martha getting away?" she asked Ransom when he was dancing with her a moment later.

"All right, I guess," said Ransom carelessly. "I know I was cut in on right off the bat!"



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"But that was Ted who cut in on you, Ransom! I wish you'd introduce some other youths to her, will you? Because she actually doesn't know a soul here but you and Ted, my dear, and I'm terribly afraid she's going to get stuck or something! Don't you think she's simply darling, though? I thought you'd be awfully intrigued with her, Ransom, because I mean I thought she was just your type, do you know what I mean?"

"U-M-M," said Ransom without enthusiasm. "She's all right, Kitty, but she's awfully quiet. She didn't say a word to me, practically. Gosh, Kitty, you've never looked prettier in your life! Gee, can't you have supper with me? We haven't had supper together at a party for ever so long!"

"Gosh, Ransom, I'd simply adore it, but Ted said something to me about having supper with him, my dear, but I tell you what, my dear. You get hold of Martha and then the four of us will all have supper together or something."

It was shortly before the supper dance when Ted Parsons cut in on Kitty for the first time.

"Where have you been all my life?" she inquired reprovingly. Then, seriously, "Gosh, Ted, I hope you haven't been bored to tears looking after Martha, but I think you've been awfully sweet about it, I mean I actually do!"

"Gee, Kitty, she's a knockout, that girl!" exclaimed Ted excitedly. "She's got a lot to her besides looks and she's long on those, too! I don't wonder you're so strong for her because she's an absolute peachero!"

"Gosh, Ted, I've never in my life seen you so enthusiastic about any girl!" purred Kitty incredulously, "and I honestly hadn't the vaguest idea Martha was the type who'd appeal to you because she's so provincial and all, sort of, but I am terribly glad you like her, my dear, I mean I actually am!"

"Why, she's fascinating, Kitty! And she's been having a whirl. Every guy I've introduced to her has been nuts about her. You know, I think half that shyness is put on, because when you draw her out she's awfully amusing because she's so perfectly frank!"

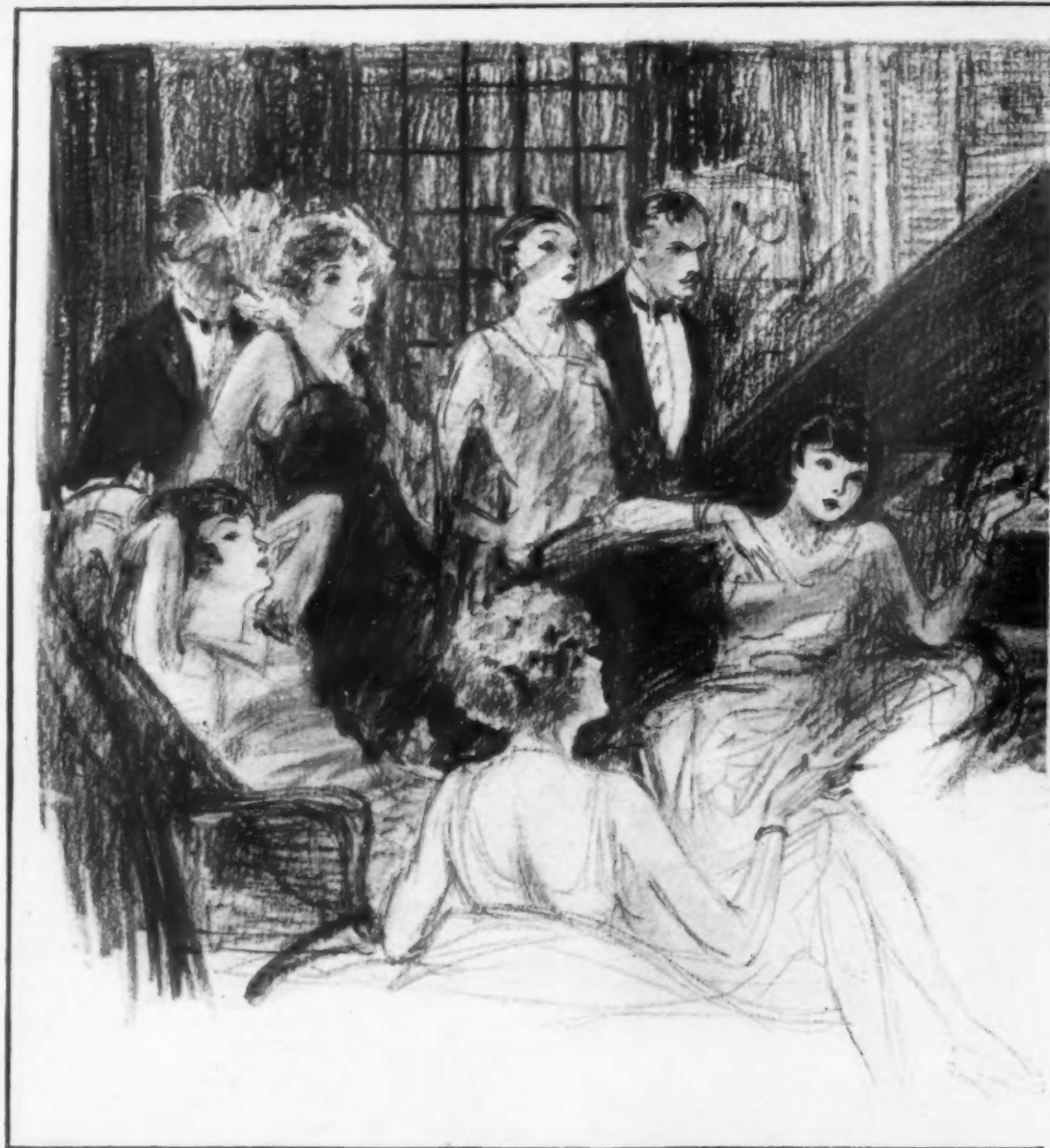
"SHE does say the most screaming things, doesn't she, my dear?" laughed Kitty, with the slightest trace of annoyance. "I mean that remark of hers about the cocktail simply assassinated me, it was naive and all, but I hope nobody's been kidding her along, Ted, because I mean I think it's awfully mean to kid anybody like that because they're so simple they believe ev'rything anybody tells them, do you know what I mean?"

"Don't worry about Martha in that respect, Kitty. She's pretty darn cagey, you bet. You ought to have heard her put that cuddle-puppy Roswell Bilge in his place. He was tight as tick-tack and got somebody to introduce him to Martha. She wouldn't dance with the oaf, absolutely refused point blank to budge an inch!"

"It must have been awfully conspicuous, wasn't it, Ted? Gosh, I hope she didn't make a scene! How simply terrible!"

"Not a bit of it! There were so many other bozos round waiting to cut in on her nobody noticed it but two or three chaps who were right there and they were tickled pink to see a girl with nerve enough to refuse to dance with a guy who was tight!"

"Oh!" said Kitty coldly. "Well, [Continued on page 136]



With Drawings
from Life by
HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Boy Friends

SHERRY SAMSON had done some extra work in pictures before she married Andrew James. She said of herself that she would have been a wow if she had stuck to her career.

But she had not been able to have the things to which she was entitled on an extra's precarious seven-fifty a day. So when she met Andrew James she had "wowed" herself to the altar. She kept on talking about taking up her work again but somehow she didn't get around to it. Her social obligations took so much of her time.

All the young married women in Sherry's set were advanced and modern. They all "did something"; wrote stories, or read for a publishing house, or played at assisting some unknown press agent.

The things they did never included running a home or bringing up children. None of them had children. They were too modern for that. But they all had boy friends.

They were quite frank about these boy friends to each other and even to their respective husbands who didn't seem to mind after they got used to the idea.



A Story
Of Tolerant Husbands
And Willful Wives

By
GLADYS HALL

Andrew James had cared terribly about Sherry's boy friends at first. He hadn't been brought up to boy friends. Up in Vermont wives didn't have them.

IT HAD seemed inconceivable to him that Sherry, his Sherry, could look at any other man that way.

With the advent of the first boy friend Andrew James had made scenes. He had stormed and raved. When the second boy friend came along Andrew James took him less seriously. And by the time Sherry's fifth or sixth boy friend made his

appearance Andrew James was blandly indifferent. Or if he wasn't he pretended to be.

He even liked the evenings when the boy friend came for dinner. There were always cocktails and the kind of dinner men liked and after dinner the crowd drifted in and there were more cocktails and radio. Sherry never picked on him on these occasions.

One Saturday afternoon Andrew James came into the house just as Sherry was finishing one of her characteristic telephone conversations with Vilma Kay Roidon, her closest girl friend.

"What's his name?" Sherry was saying. "Mark Horn? Oh, cute! Oh, heck, Vilma, does he have to drag her along? What? Well, what of it? He's not engaged to her, is he? You don't know? Well— Oh, a healthy type, is she? Not so bad, at that. I can usually beat the healthy type on their own spinach. No, Rickey isn't going to be here. I keep telling you that that's all off but the last rites. I mean it. No kidding. No! Andrew can't hear me. He's just gone down the cellar to take out last winter's ashes. That's Andrew's idea of spring. Listen, don't tell this new boy anything about the ex-boy friends, will you? Don't be silly. I know you won't on purpose but you might let something slip and you never know what role you'll be called upon to play. I feel the need of a new experience. I'm getting rusty. Righto, see you later. Ring me up again if anything happens."

THAT evening Sherry wore a drift of smoke-colored chiffon. Her coppery hair ever so slightly and skilfully aided by henna, released from the waving combs fell in metal wings on either side of her cream colored face; her gray-green eyes held tiny points of light.

She would have dared to ask any one her age that night, with the exception, perhaps, of young Patsy Tilden, the healthy girl Mark Horn brought with him. Patsy Tilden might guess accurately. The terribly young can be so abominably forthright. Besides, young Patsy Tilden watched her with such curious eyes when she looked at Mark Horn.

Sherry had had several cocktails. The radio was simmering with jazz. She had danced with Mark Horn and he had not danced again with young Patsy Tilden. Andrew James was dancing with Patsy and seemed to be enjoying himself.

Every once in a while Mark Horn's eyes would seek Sherry's. His eyes seemed to say that something had happened to him, that something more was going to happen, something dark and inevitable of which he was afraid.

SHERRY danced with him again. He didn't ask her to. He just came over to her and took her in his arms and they began to move to the music.

Sherry was aware of that stirring, quickening something that betokened a new boy friend. It meant the beginning—this familiar strange feeling. Beginnings are so curiously sweet. She began to whisper things to Mark. Her gray-green eyes grew more pointed. Her tinted mouth opened and closed like a night-blooming flower.

There was something irresistible about Sherry when she was pulling her line. The girls conceded her that. Men always wanted to make love to her and they always did sooner or later.

Sherry was watching Patsy. The husbands were having the time of their lives with her. It wasn't often they had a girl friend. They were all dancing with her, one after the other, but Patsy wasn't having the time of her life at all. Plainly she was miserable. Sherry found it delicious to watch her. It augmented her sense of power. The girl's candid eyes were hurt and incredulous. She was trying hard not to show her feelings.

SHERRY was suddenly dizzy. She murmured something to Mark about the heat of the room—the dancing—the number of cocktails she'd had. She didn't know

why she had taken so many. She wasn't used to having them.

Vilma took her cue and asked Andrew James to take her to the kitchen for water. Vilma knew from past experience that when they returned to the living room Sherry and Mark Horn would have disappeared.

Back of the house stretched a span of fields under sharp spring stars. A tree-bordered lane ran through the fields, secret and close. Sherry would be wandering down that lane as if for the first time.

VILMA watching her from the window muttered, "Oh Lord, if those trees could talk!"

Sherry and young Mark Horn were strolling down the lane.

Mark was saying, "Won't your husband think it's queer, our going off like this? He may mind."

"No, he won't think it's queer. Didn't you see him drag Vilma Roidon into the kitchen? He seldom thinks about me at all."

"How can he help thinking about you? A man would have to whether he wanted to or not."

"Do you want to?"

"Naturally not. I don't know that I could help myself, if . . ."

"If what?"

"If you should kiss me."

"Oh! I don't know about that . . . so soon. Things like kissing are important. You didn't want to when you first came . . . that first hour or so . . . you were engrossed with that nice girl you brought with you."

"Not 'engrossed' exactly. I'm fond of her, though. She's a nice kid."

"Does the 'nice kid' type appeal to you?"

"I don't know. Let's not talk about that now. Let's talk about you. What made you dance with me as you did?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly but something happened to me while I was dancing with you. Something that hurts and stays with me. I suddenly wanted to kiss you. I hadn't been thinking about it at all until then. It hadn't occurred to me. It was not of my own volition at all. Can you tell me what happened to me? How it came about?"

"Yes. I wanted you to kiss me, suddenly, not of my own volition. Those things happen to women, too sometimes."

"Do they? They never say so."

"I always say what I think and what I feel. Especially what I feel. Feelings matter. They matter more than anything else. They have the right of way because they are the only realities."

"But you've never felt this way before. Have you?"

"Of course not."

"I haven't either. I've never met any one like you. Do you still want to kiss me?"

"Yes. Yes. I do. Oh, my dear!"

"Sherry! Sherry!"

It was like a cry in the night, that soft voicing of her name. It was a prayer.

Sherry was thinking. "This will make good stuff to tell the girls. I must phone Vilma tomorrow if I don't get a chance to tell her tonight. He's pretty good, at that."

Mark held her as if never to let her go. His heart was thumping in great un-

[Continued on page 103]



Sherry wandered about Mark's studio looking at the sketches he had made of her. She didn't come there often. She told Mark she didn't dare. The risk was too great

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The pain in Mark's voice stirred something within Sherry which had been dormant a long time. She shivered again. Something like panic came close to her. The tree tops were whispering things. Things yet to come, chill things. A combustible sort of boy, this Mark Horn

Some Sound And Helpful Advice to Social Cinderellas

from **EMILY POST**
Author of the BOOK of ETIQUETTE



*America's Foremost Authority
On Modern Manners and Correct Social Customs*

How to Win Your Way In Society

As Told To
MAY CERF

EVERY now and then a girl is transplanted without preparation from one walk of life to another. An unexpected circumstance—be it marriage, money, fame or friendship, takes her from the stage, the typewriter or the village green and sends her into a world unknown to her—and to which she is unknown—the world of society.

I do not say it is a better world, but it is a different world. Its ways are foreign to her. It talks differently. It behaves differently. It thinks differently. In many ways it has different standards. It has, above everything, social training. And social training she has not. The world of society looms before her a labyrinth with the entrance closed behind her and the exit not in sight. She is frightened, bewildered. She does not know which way to turn or what to do. But she sees before her a desirable, glittering playground where cultivation reigns and she wants a place in it. Her problem is to make her way and win her place.

How can she do it?

SHE can do it easily if she has the greatest of all assets—personality. Meaning the intangible something that creates interest, be it curiosity or sympathetic appeal. In addition to personality let us take it for granted that she has other essential qualifications of appearance and behavior. In other words, society will accept her if she proves herself acceptable. It has learned its lesson from the World War, not only in brotherhood of man but in the sisterhood of woman. It no longer measures the individual by the deeds of gone-to-dust ancestors, but by personal qualification. Its doors are open to newcomers with the three attributes I have just mentioned, and they are thrown wide to any one of genuine, if interesting, achievement. The "interesting" qualification of this last is the unknown quantity as well as the essential quality.

But to tell any one how to win the interest of the various groups of differing personalities that make up the wider and general group of society in any great community is impossible. For what will send one girl swimming on the crest will flounder another. This girl is welcomed, that one rejected. The reasons why are hard to determine when the assets of each are apparently much the same.

Can requirements be listed? A few, yes. At the top I should put the maxim, "Be yourself." Never pretend. Be what you are, frankly and fearlessly. Don't try to build up a false background of elegance. Don't try to be other than as you are. Improve, of course, but cling to the reality of yourself.

If you are the ingenue, be the ingenue and don't try to seem the sinuous vampire. A playful kitten is winsome, but as a man-eating tigress she is grotesque. Turn your predominating trait into an asset. Accent it. Underscore it. Be who you are. Don't be ashamed of your antecedents. Some of the world's greatest came from humble parentage. No one worth while will frown on your lowly birth, but people of breeding will not forgive the denial of your birthright nor fail to appraise with accuracy what you were, as well as what you are.

It might be helpful to cite a few actual cases of Social Cinderellas. The most outstanding one was the success of Katie O'Brien. Buoyant, red-blooded, keen-witted Katie. A child of the tenements. An uneducated gamin but wide awake and clever with a canniness akin to self-preservation. She asked no favors—though she gave them freely to those she liked. She answered squareness with squareness, but she answered guile with guile. No one could outwit her—and experts had tried.

SHE was earning her living giving imitations of other performers in a Broadway night club, when John Beacon came into the night club and Katie's life simultaneously. His real name was not Beacon (nor was it Cabot) but one associated with New England aristocracy. The blood in his veins was indigo blue. His family went back so far and with so many ramifications it would take an expert genealogist a week to write it all down.

John Beacon—no one called him Jack—was as straight-laced as his ancestors. They said when he was in Harvard, he was "so innately pure he thought wild oats a jungle cereal." Hercules and he had nothing in common. He was one of those narrow-chested, anaemic products of over

cultivation. Fate was dancing wild that night to the strains of the original syncopated jazz orchestra. Beacon at a table in the front row looked at Katie. Katie looked at Beacon. After that neither looked at any one [Continued on page 128]

Society today, as never before, is open to newcomers who are interesting or diverting or original. What it hates most is pretentiousness and imitation.

Be who you are. Don't be ashamed of your antecedents. No one worth while will frown on your lowly birth but people of breeding will never forgive the denial of your birthright.

Never pretend. Be what you are frankly and fearlessly. Don't try to build up a false background of elegance. Improve, of course, but cling to the reality of yourself.

Do not hide the fact that you have been or still are, a wage earner. It is often an asset. If you are doing anything well worth while people will admire you for it.

Never hesitate to say, "I don't know." No one can know everything, especially when one is a stranger to custom, or community.

Watch those who know the social amenities to the minutest detail and follow their example.



RED swerved the car wheels close to the curb, jumped to the walk and stood lost in admiration for the car itself and in anticipation of what it was going to mean to drive Molly home to her rooming house.

It was a snappy little bus, second-hand, but with a new paint job the exact shade of fire engines, and on the red leather cover of the spare tire in large orange-colored letters, "Red Blake—Melody Hall."

MELODY HALL! How Red loved it—the glassy sea of dance floor, the noise, the color and movement! Girls with ready smiles and restless feet! Boys who called, "Hi, Red!" "Atta boy, Red!" as they danced near his place on the orchestra platform.

This platform was at the farthest end of the dance floor and in the very center of it surrounded by the rest of the orchestra Red sat at his piano. The chords under his hand beat the pulse of the music to which the dancers glided and

When Lew swung out across the floor with Molly he looked straight at Red. Blue eyes met black eyes, and declared war



With Drawing
from Life
By EVERETT SHINN

A
Story
of the
Greatest Gift
In the
World

By FRANK
MARTIN WEBBER

\$100 for Christmas

shuffled and swayed. Red was no mean man among jazz hounds.

Until Molly came Red had believed that Melody Hall held for him all that he wanted from life, but when Molly came Red wanted Molly.

MOLLY was a girl to turn any boy's head. She was very young, very small, very sure of herself. Her pansy-dark eyes smiled through a smudge of black lashes and her heavy black hair curled and tumbled about her brow and ears. Her skirt was barely in waving distance of her small round knees, and her fragile ankles and spike-heeled slippers proclaimed that hers were dancing feet. And hers was a dancing job, at least at night.

By day she worked behind a glove counter but from nine until one she worked for Heinie, the proprietor of Melody Hall. She danced with the stags who paid the dollar admission fee and ten cents for each dance.

On the first night that she had come she had smiled over her partner's shoulder straight up into Red's eyes and said, "Gee, I love to hear you play!"

And though her partner had quickly whirled her away, Red had called so that she could hear, "Who? Me? Sa-ay! I love to see you dance!"

And Red had loved her and wooed her in the dance-hall way. Glances, giggles, grins, breathlessly begun sentences left unfinished. Little talks at exits during intermissions, an occasional hand pressure, a quick wild kiss behind the orchestra platform or a tired sleepy kiss on her rooming house steps after she and Red had ridden together on the street car. But now Red had an automobile!

At one o'clock the Melody closed.

Red and Molly sat close together in the little red car. The after-midnight stillness was occasionally broken by the clatter of a street-cleaner.

Molly rode with her head pressed into the crook of Red's encircling arm. She curled her silken legs up under her and snuggled her chin into her fur collar.

"Cold, babe?"

"Sure, a little. Ain't you?"

"WHO? Me? I should say not!" He unbuttoned his overcoat and covered her with part of it. "Wisht I had a swell robe, you know, to match the car, red with my name on it in orange letters. Hot stuff, eh babe?"

"Sure, and warm!" Molly chuckled and burrowed deeper into the seat and closer to Red.

"Like it, honey?" Red asked. He was very proud of it.
"Sure, it's swell."
"I got it for you."
"For me?"

"Sure, to take you home nights. To—to—say, lissen, I'm crazy about you, Molly. What say—what say—we—we get married?" Red was driving slowly now.

"Married? Me and you? Oh!" She lifted her face to his, soft lips parted, big eyes like stars in the night.

Red held her close and from where her face pressed into his coat, she mumbled, "Old red-headed papa."

HE laughed with his lips in her hair. "You sugar baby! Say! Won't the gang be cock-eyed when we tell 'em we're engaged?"

"Oh, no, Red. We can't tell 'em yet. Nobody's goin' to know about us now, not till we can marry."

"Can marry now."

"Can not! You haven't got any money saved up and you got to pay for this car."

"If havin' the car's goin' to keep us from marryin', then I'll turn it back and get you a ring."

"And you wishin' you had back this swell car? And me feelin' like a girl bandit? No! Can't do anything like that."

"But I love you, Molly."

"I love you too, Red. We'll be engaged to each other but we ain't goin' to tell a soul. I got to keep on with my job at the Melody, and what fella is goin' to want to pay ten cents to dance with me if he knows I'm engaged to you?"

"Oh, I get you, but I don't like it."

The hurt in his voice brought her arms about his neck.

"Say, lissen, Red," she begged, "what's the use of callin', 'Extra!' about it? We can love each other just as much and miss all the kiddin' from the bunch if we just keep it to ourselves. Gee," she went on, "you like me to look swell, Red, you know you do. Well, I got to dance every dance every night if my pay envelop buys five dollar socks and twenty dollar kicks. See?"

SHE stuck out her slender legs with the slim ankles and dainty feet. Dancing feet and dancing eyes and a dancing soul had little Molly O'Shay. Red's solid reason gave way before her and he agreed to keep their engagement secret so that Molly could keep her job until he made enough for both of them.

How he hated seeing his Molly, his sweetheart, dancing every night with any Tom, Dick, and Harry who wanted her for a partner.

But it was not the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys who poisoned Red's love with a jealousy which ate into the very reason of him. It was Lew Voss, tall and sleekly handsome, lithé and graceful bodied, white faced and black haired. There was something smooth and sure about Lew Voss that made Red mad just to see.

The first night he came to the Melody he stood aloof and critical, measuring each dance-girl, until his narrow black eyes found and followed Red's Molly. The last dance he claimed, and because he was the smoothest dancer that ever set foot on the Melody floor, and because all eyes followed his panther-like movements, it was no wonder that little Molly held her chin high and her cheeks burned red as fire.

"Dago dude!" growled Red to Molly that night when they were driving home.

"You're mad because he's a nifty dresser," Molly said; Red's flaming jealousy quickened.

"If I ever see him run his snakey eyes over you like he did tonight, I'll rumple his nifty dressin'."

"Oh, hush up braggin'. I don't like him except for his dancin'. Gee, he's a swell dancer, and I ain't so tired at closin' time if I've had good dancers. Anyhow if he buys tickets to dance with me, I got to dance with him, haven't I? You know Heinie won't stand for no high-hattin' from us girls."

The next night Lew Voss walked into the Melody and claimed Molly for every dance that evening.

Red was raging. Every boy in the orchestra knew it. Lew knew it too for when he swung out across the floor with Molly he looked over her head straight at Red. Blue eyes met black eyes and declared war.

Each evening after that it was the same. Lew bought every one of Molly's dances. Red was furious; Molly a little proud of Lew's attentions, a little sad because of Red's jealousy, and everybody in the Melody was watching for trouble.

On the Saturday night before Christmas Red pounded jazz and glared at the music on his piano rack. Lew held Molly close and sneered over her head into Red's face. Molly's

eyes called to Red, but he would not look her way. At twelve o'clock Heinie stood on the orchestra platform and held up his hand for attention.

He had an announcement to make. He was going to give a party on Christmas Eve. It would be an elimination dance.

ONE hundred dollars in cash would be given to the couple voted the best dancers on the Melody floor on Christmas Eve. A hundred dollars divided between the boy and the girl voted the best dancers. One hundred dollars for Christmas!

Lew's mocking eyes were on Red; Red's angry eyes on Molly. Molly's dreamy eyes were on what she would buy with her share of that hundred if she should win it.

When closing time came Red and Molly went together from the Melody to the bright red car. Red opened the door for her, then stalked around to his side and slid under the wheel. His jaw was set and he did not speak a word as he drove away from the darkened dance hall. Molly tugged at the front of her coat, trying

to pull it over her knees. Red did not look at her. His eyes were glaring. His knuckles showed white so tightly did he grasp the wheel.

"You're not goin' to dance for money with that Lew Voss," he flung at her.

"I want that money. I'm goin' to have it too. I think you're mean."

The car shot forward. Red did not speak.

"Maybe you think I haven't got a place for some Christmas money. Maybe you think I couldn't use that money gettin' something for Christmas."

"You're not goin' to dance for money with that Lew Voss. You're not, I say. I'd rather give it to you. I had ten times rather give you ten times as much as you'd win with that fancy hoover that wears side burns!" There was loathing in his voice.

Molly turned angry eyes at him. "Got lots of money lyin' 'round in your pockets, Red? Got even fifty dollars, my share of the prize? Got fifty dollars [Continued on page 100]"

Christmas Wishes

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

*If Christmas time could bring to you
The height of your desires,
Oh, would you ask for tinsel trees,
With candles all afire?
And would you ask for dashing sleighs,
With silver bells a-chime,
And all the trimmings that once made
The joyous Christmas time?*

*Ah, no! I think that you would ask
For filmy chiffon undies,
And stockings fine enough to wear
Right through a week o' Sundays!
For lipsticks and for Chanel 5;
And for—each night—a date!
Come, Santa, do your stuff—for this
Is nineteen-twenty-eight!*

Are Women Failures As Home Makers?

"I WISH to heaven," the man exclaimed, "that my home could be run efficiently!"

I was spending a couple of days with a young married friend. We were at the breakfast table in the pretty cottage in which my friends spend the spring and summer months. I had heard the wife go downstairs half an hour before I descended. Yet when her husband and I entered the dining room, she was not yet at the table. She hurried in, her face flushed, the coffee pot in one hand, a dish of unhulled berries in the other.

"Sit down, John," she commanded. "And you too," with a nod to me. "Start in on your berries. You'll have to hull your own. The toast will be ready in a minute."

John glanced at his watch. "I have no time for fruit," he declared. "Just give me some cereal and a cup of coffee and some toast. Gee," he said as the wife brought the toast from the kitchen, "it's burned again this morning, isn't it?" "Of course it is! It had to be made in a hurry while the coffee was brewing. I'll get your cereal right away. I hope the milk man has come."

"So do I," the man muttered.

HIS hopes were vain, as his wife explained when she returned from the kitchen porch where the milk was deposited each morning.

"It hasn't come yet," she said. "You'll have to go without cereal today. But take some coffee and a piece of toast. Why, what's the matter?" she exclaimed. The husband, having poured his coffee, raised his eyebrows in faint disgust.

"Nothing except that the coffee's as weak as dish water," he replied. "It hasn't percolated long enough."

"I'm sorry!" the woman said. "Everything's gone wrong this morning. I ought to get up at daybreak in order to have the kind of breakfast you want. You are so particular."

"I am not particular at all," was the indignant retort. "But I confess to a prejudice in favor of having things done properly. Nothing is wrong this morning except that the coffee is weak, the toast scorched and the cereal milkless." Then he gave vent to the exclamation with which this article starts—"I wish to heaven that my home could be run efficiently!"

"I do the best I can," the wife murmured. Her eyes filled with tears. "I am sure I am busy all the time. Wasn't I busy all day yesterday?" she appealed to me.

The husband's abrupt departure for his train spared me the disagreeable necessity of answering the question. The wife followed him down the walk to the front gate, presumably to make peace with him.

Left to myself I mused on the situation, all too common in many households. In the years in which I have been an on-



looker in various homes, I am convinced that lack of system is at the root of much conjugal discord. When my discomfited hostess came back to the dining room, she seated herself with a despairing sigh.

"John is always talking about the way in which his business is run and comparing it with the way that his house is run. I wish he had to try doing housework for one whole week!"

I DISCREETLY held my peace. But I spent some minutes recalling an article by B. C. Forbes which a friend had recently called to my attention. I have thought of it often since then.

To be sure that article deals with man's—not woman's—work. It stresses the importance of organizing, deputizing, supervising. The more I muse on it, the more sure am I that what the writer says of men in business may apply also to

her who must be wife, housekeeper, home maker and, perhaps, mother.

Hers is a big job. Much depends upon it. She needs, like Saint Paul, to "magnify her office."

I fear she does not do this. She uses slipshod methods; she works in a helter skelter way; she is always in a hurry and seldom has any time to herself.

Yet she resents her husband's suggestion that she use his business methods in her commonplace life. She may say it cannot be done.

But it can be done.

Let me deal first of all with the woman who, like my young hostess, has no servant. How could she have avoided the conditions that prevailed at her breakfast table on the morning when I was an uncomfortable witness to her domestic confusion?

BY SYSTEM. She knew the day before that breakfast would have to be served the following morning. Just as surely as the sun rises the male of the species must be fed. Knowing this, she could have set out first in mental, then in actual, array the various preludes to this feeding.

First of all, the berries could have been capped the night before. Enough milk for the cereal could have been saved and set in the ice box. The bread for the toast could have been sliced; the ground coffee measured into the coffee pot. The table could have been set the night before. As there was no electricity nor gas in the little cottage, the wood-fire should have been laid the last thing at night.

Don't you see how simple it would all have been? A match touched to the paper and kindling; the water poured into the coffee pot, which was already waiting at the side of the stove; the sliced bread laid on the

[Continued on page 135]

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE
VAN DE WATER

What About My Career

Helen Woodward Answers Some Women
Who Are Perplexed About Business Problems

IF YOU don't believe women take this business of careers seriously, just glance at these letters which are among the many Helen Woodward has received from girls in all parts of the country.

The letters came from young women and older ones; successful ones and some not so successful; some who have had advantages and some who have not. To all Miss Woodward has given helpful suggestions and the editor of *SMART SET* is publishing a few of them because their problems may be yours.

She Would Sell Her Beauty Shop

MY DEAR Miss Woodward: I was reading an article, "Your Career." I was impressed by it but it did not help in my own trouble.

As you will see, I am not much of a correspondent, but you may be able to judge by my letter how much knowledge I possess.

I came from the old country about seventeen years ago. I made my own way through grammar school, a few months of business college and two years of high school. But I did not go to school steady; I had to work between times. I was practically going to school almost eight years to accomplish what I know now. I have been married for eight years and divorced for a year and a half, have two children and am thirty-one years old. I always had to help my husband in some way to get along financially. I was dressmaking, but didn't like it. I helped in a grocery business but did that just to please his family. I learned the beauty trade, opened a shop and made fairly good. I've been in this game four years. I had four different cars. I bought my own home and lived very comfortably. I did not save anything. I got so that I just can't stand to work in this line any more. I have my own shop and would like to dispose of it. Could you advise me how to do it and not have my patrons find it out? I would also appreciate it if you would advise me what I could do for a change. I expect to go back to the beauty business after I take a rest from it. I have good business ability but don't know how to get into something else. B. B., Waukegan, Ill.

P. S.—My new vocation must be of a nature that would pay about fifty dollars a week. I would be willing to spend a few months to study for a paying position.

MY DEAR Mrs. B.: You do indeed present a problem. You are doing so well with your present business considering the smallness of the city in which you live, that I just don't know what to suggest to you. Apparently you do well at everything you take up.

With your experience in this beauty thing, I think you might get a position which would pay you very well demonstrating beauty products in one of the bigger cities for some big company. My suggestion would be that you write to the big manufacturers of beauty products, like Pond's Extract or Coty's (you can make a list of them from any woman's magazine) stating your experience and ask them if there might not be some work connected with selling their products wholesale which you could do.

I think you have done marvelously well under all the circumstances and I am sure you always will do well.

Interior Decorating is Crowded

MY DEAR Miss Woodward: Your interesting article in *SMART SET* caught and held my attention. This is my only excuse for troubling you with my own case.

I am, and have been for the past year, the stenographer of a large textile concern, where I take dictation from about four people during the day, not including our fifteen traveling salesmen who are in and out of the office. I am supposed to be an excellent stenographer and a diligent worker.

However, I feel that stenography is not my work. To be frank, there is a great deal of unrest in my soul and I want to place myself at the occupation for which I am best fitted.

I am only seventeen and one-half years of age, although I could say twenty-two or three and get away with it. I graduated from high school at fifteen and have been working as a stenographer since then.

At present I am earning twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week, with the possibility of a three to five dollar increase in a few months. But then what? There is nothing higher to which I could aspire, unless it would be to become a saleswoman. I love responsibility and hard work and don't mind working nine or ten hours a day. I seem to have a flair for smart clothes and know how to wear them well. I have a knack of putting a chair in the right corner and draping material correctly, and interior decorating has a very strong appeal. I like to talk and listen to people. I am a rather attractive girl and fortunately or unfortunately far older than my years.

I am planning to work for at least ten or fifteen years and want to get into a position where my talents, if such they may be called, will be best brought out, and I am appealing to you for your able assistance. S. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR Miss W.: I don't think you need any advice. Any girl who is making twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week and is only seventeen years old, doesn't need any direction from me. But perhaps those very facts make it necessary to say to you, "Be patient—you have time."

Interior decorating is a crowded field. It is full of women who are married and have some money, and so can afford to work for very little. I think you would be a splendid saleswoman and a good organizer—and if I were you I should be patient and wait a little bit and the right opportunity will come to you.

Stick to Stenography

DEAR Miss Woodward: Was very much interested in your article in October *SMART SET* as I am in great need of your help and advice.

I have been doing general office work for two years. I took up shorthand but did not get a commercial training and although I know shorthand am not a stenographer because I have no speed and am not a typist. Am very ambitious and want to get ahead, but I seem to be in a rut. Just don't know what would be the best thing for me to take up. Could you help me with your suggestions. I would be very grateful. D. L. T., New York.

MY DEAR Miss T.: Why don't you go on and perfect your stenography and typing? Since you know some of it, why don't you become a quick stenographer and learn typewriting? I don't suggest that you should study bookkeeping or any of its branches, as I don't think you would like them. Your handwriting seems to indicate a good deal of dramatic instinct and I don't believe you would do well in any job unless there was something exciting about it to keep you interested all the time. I do not know how you could get such a job nor can I advise you definitely at such long distance (I am way up in the country and that is why your letter took so long to get to me). But I certainly do think you ought to go on and perfect your stenography and typing, and incidentally take a course in English, because every stenographer ought to have it to become thoroughly efficient. With these qualifications your work should lead you to the kind of interesting job you want.

If you really dislike shorthand and typing and it looks as though you might as you did not go on with it—I think perhaps you would do better at selling something, especially something that was difficult to sell.

Telephone Operating is Dull

DEAR Madam: Having read your article in the October issue of *SMART SET*, I am taking the opportunity you offer in seeking your advice on how to follow your career faithfully.

At present I hold a position as telephone operator and billing clerk in a small office and at times I arrive at the stage where the monotony of this work plays on my nerves so that I could walk out, but then the practical part of my mind holds me down to earth. I know I would only have to find another position similar in another office. A need of money is always the trap.

My ambition has always been to become a sketch or commercial artist. I love drawing and can sit by the hour trying to reproduce a picture or face in a magazine on paper. I am submitting a few sketches with this letter for your approval. They are very crude, but then you will allow that I have had no training whatever, graduating from primary school and going into business immediately. What I wish you to tell me is whether you see a possibility of my being a success and if it would be advisable to enter a school of commercial art. Please be frank. I am twenty-two years old. M. R., New York.

DEAR Miss R.: It certainly would not hurt for you to take a course in commercial art. You would enjoy it and might get help from it. But commercial art is crowded, almost as crowded as the work you are now doing. There are thousands of men and women at that business. However, if you would enjoy taking a course, with the possibility that nothing would come of it, why don't you do it?

Incidentally, I think you would like your work better if you could drop the telephone part of it and do more bookkeeping. I suggest that you study bookkeeping so you can become more than a billing clerk. Then your work would not be monotonous.

You write a fine bookkeeping hand and I imagine you are very careful. If I were you, I'd like to become the very best bookkeeper I knew how to be.

"Cream of
the Crop"



Marjorie Oelrichs

Marjorie Oelrichs,

Prominent in fashionable circles of New York and Newport.

"Since Lucky Strike is my favorite cigarette it is the only one I serve to my friends. It is surprising to note how many of them prefer Luckies to all other cigarettes. We are all agreed that toasting gives us the finest flavor and removes those impurities which cause throat irritation and harshness."

"It's toasted"

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream imparts a transparent film of exquisite, pearly beauty that fully protects the skin from all weather conditions. The soft, alluring appearance it renders will not "rub off", streak, spot or show the effects of moisture.

Its highly antiseptic and astringent action is helpful in correcting blemishes, coarse, rough or muddy skins, flabbiness, wrinkles, redness, freckles and similar conditions. You can enjoy a skin and complexion of exceptional beauty at all times thru the use of

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Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 23]

for some girls, especially for those who earn their living. A man would never guess what it is."

She stopped and looked inquiringly at Peter, offering him the opportunity to compete before the contest closed.

"No," he said, "I don't think I knew that girls had very serious problems, not before marriage."

"They have and the most serious one is to meet men whom they would really care to marry. It's not so serious for a man. He doesn't have to get married or else be the laughing stock of his friends. And besides that he can pick out the girl who appeals to him and if he doesn't know her there are ways that he can make her acquaintance in a perfectly legitimate manner."

BUT a girl is in a different fix. The girl who works, for instance, what sort of men does she ordinarily meet? Without wishing to boost my own sex I'd like to state that the average young woman working in a shop or in a factory is a considerably finer piece of mechanism than the average young fellow doing the same work. It is instinctive with a girl, especially a young one, to reach up for culture. It's only when she finds that there is no chance of getting anywhere that a woman becomes just somebody's cook, housekeeper and mother to his children. The girl in the office has a better chance up to a certain point. She can dress, manicure, do everything like the ladies of the Avenue.

"But what is the end of it all? She has got to marry Jerry the delivery man who lives in the same block, or Edgar the shipping clerk in the outer office, or Herbert, the typewriter repair genius who fixes the machines for the company. And all the time she is familiar with Shaw, Chesterton and perhaps even some real highbrow stuff and would make an ideal mate for Harold Richguy of Central Park West who will probably marry Geraldine Blueblood simply because he never met our heroine."

"Do you wonder that so many women turn sour when they find that fate has left them stranded with not even a decent hope of a life above corned beef and cabbage?"

"You're not a working girl, though," Peter objected.

"I may be for all you know. But even if I'm not I can put myself in anyone else's place. So can you or else you wouldn't be a writer. I'm telling you what led up to my meeting you."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, Rose had a clipping in her purse, one of those letters written to the Heart to Heart editor of the evening newspaper. It was from a girl who wanted to know how she could meet some nice young men about her own age. She said she was a stranger in town and very lonely."

"The Heart to Heart editor didn't offer much encouragement. I, for one, thought her reply was distinctly prudish and impracticable. She suggested that true worth and beauty, especially beauty of character would not long go unnoticed. You yourself know how much chance an angelic disposition has against a little lip rouge discreetly applied and sheer silk bosiers."

"Rose agreed with me that the editor was no more help than a rabbit but she couldn't see that there was any other course open to the girl. We had quite an argument because I claimed that a clever person, even if handicapped with skirts, could become acquainted with members of the

opposite sex who would be sufficiently bright to be amusing for the time being at least even if it never led to anything else,—'anything else' in the bright lexicon of female aspirations meaning wedlock, marriage, double harness. The 'after part' isn't any problem for a clever woman. We all know the rules for holding a man, whether we always practise them or not. It's the first meeting that is the difficulty."

"But," Peter objected, "lots of men do go out with girls who are not of their own social station."

"Of course, but you answered yourself when you used the phrase, 'Go out.' I admit that many men of considerable education and culture frequently seek relaxation in the society of girls whom they do not meet at the homes of fashionable hostesses. But the way they do meet them rules out the self-respecting working girl of finer sensibilities. She has to play a game where she has at least a fifty per cent chance of winning something. I made a wager with Rose that it could be done. I won. You're my trophy—Exhibit A. I don't mind saying that you are bigger game than I was planning on. She saw us talking in the theater and later followed us in here. I won't tell you where she is sitting but she knows that we are together."

"Either I'm not very clever or else you've left out part of your story," declared Peter puzzled. "I fail to see how anything which you did brought about our meeting, felicitous though it may or may not be."

"No?" Inquiringly. "I rather thought your kangaroo mind was following in my jump tracks. Here is my reasoning and method. First I decided to go to a place where a clever man would be apt to be. I noticed the advertisement for your play. I had seen your first one so I knew that in the audience, especially at the matinee, there would be mostly women. The few men who could be lured from the streets for an afternoon performance would be persons of considerable mental agility, in other words the school from which I might hook my fish."

"Yes, but how could you figure in advance that a man would be sitting next to you. If there had been another woman in that seat your scheme would not have been a success."

THERE was very little chance of that particular aisle seat being bought by a woman, because I originally bought two seats, the one I occupied and the one between it and the aisle. Just before the performance I turned in the aisle seat at the box-office. It was a good seat and almost sure to be purchased by the first late comer.

"A woman seldom goes to a matinee alone, almost never. A man does. If he goes at all it is usually because he is alone and everything else in the way of occupation has failed him. So I was pretty sure that if my aisle seat was occupied at all it would be by a man and by a man of the degree of culture and intelligence that I claimed could be bagged by my method. The rest, of course, was simple. You were a trifle more difficult to engage in conversation than I had expected and I had a terrible ten minutes while you were out buying your new hat but all in all the experiment has been a grand success and I shall write an open letter to all lonely girls via the newspapers telling them there is hope. There I've finished my story and my ice-cream shortcake. Thank you for everything."

She stood up and Peter followed her out to the street, stopping at the cashier's cage to pay the modest check.

"But what are you going to do with me now, Corinne?" asked Peter. "You've hooked me—you know. I'm ground up in the wheels of this elaborate plot."

"It was merely in the interest of science and you ought not to mind. I'm not really a working girl you know. At least I don't work much or often and I know lots of nice people. I don't have to snare my victims this way."

"Yes, but you have snared one and here I am flopping in your net."

"But I've shown you the way out. I've explained the entire trap. You don't mean to say that you want to stay in even when you know it is a trap?"

"It's a very lovely trap," Peter pointed out and then blushed because he had realized that he was awkward at paying compliments, "and I should like to call on it this evening after dinner."

"Don't you have to be at the theater?" Corinne inquired. "What will become of your play if you don't keep working on it?"

"Damn my play."

Corinne's eyes glowed. She was much more enticing that way, a little excited, a little flushed with success. A street car was coming, the one she was going to take to go home. She had to decide soon.

"Please," he urged. "I want to know you better."

"Then come," she conceded. The car had stopped. Her foot was on the step. "But never say I didn't warn you to stay away."

PETER approved of her farewell. It was like the last speech of a well constructed first act. While it finished the episode it forecast something—much perhaps—to come. Apparently Corinne had as fine a feeling for dramatic niceties as had Peter himself.

George Cohan's famous dictum to playwrights, "Always leave them laughing when you say good-by," Peter had amended for his own use by changing the word "laughing" to "longing." He felt that it was more important for a dramatist to drop the curtain on a situation or a speech which would afflict his audience with a mental itch during the intermission than to leave them smilingly reminiscent. A combination of the two moods was, of course, better yet.

Corinne had, perhaps accidentally, hit upon the perfect amalgamation. Whether she meant it only playfully or not her speech inviting him to continue the acquaintance but advising him to stay away was just the sort of thing that would lure almost any male animal to destruction. Any except Peter, of course. Peter had not had much experience but he was an analyst. He took people's emotions apart to see what made them tick.

But he was forced to admire Corinne's technique. As a creator of lines and situations himself he knew good dramatic craftsmanship when he saw it. And he had played up to her rather well too. His own remark, "Damn my play," was good grand stand stuff. It might have been said by one of Richard Harding Davis's characters just as well as not.

Thus Peter condoned the offense of his mind in dwelling persistently on the girl he had just parted from by telling himself that he was studying her as a source of material.

The ghosts of his ancestors, who were in on the scene, who even heard his mental machinery creak as he put it through the unexpected routine, sat back and giggled.

For the dead and gone Hugheys and even the ditto Carmichaels who were Peter's maternal forbears, had been through the madness and gladness of youth and knew how

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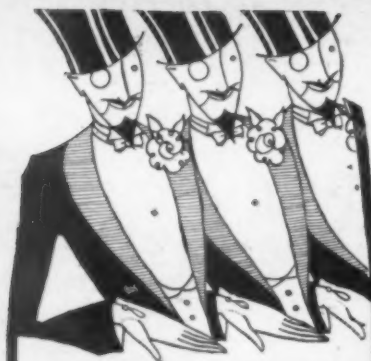
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man fools himself with assurances of his own impregnability. The Hugheys and the Carmichaels, had been, during their sojourn on earth, rather violent in their love affairs. Cracked heads, blood and sometimes broken hearts had been the aftermath of many a Hughey wooing. So up to now the family, especially the non-materialized members of it, had regarded Peter as a strange fish, an emotional prig. What could you think of a youth who did not make love to every pretty face and ankle and pick a fight on any convenient pretext whatever?

But now matters were looking up. They knew, even if Peter didn't, that he was really thinking, not of Corinne's undeniable cleverness, of her availability as subject matter for subsequent literary and dramatic endeavor, but of the sparkle in her eye, the contour of her lip and even the pleasing line of her figure. His observant mental eye was being drugged, dulled to outside impressions, by colorful, flattering recollections, skilfully administered by Mother Nature's own celebrated hypodermic, all the time that he thought he was directing his memory in strictly controlled literary channels.

All of which is not meant to say that Peter, the incorruptible, had fallen in love with this girl but he was slipping from the lofty pedestal to the top of which the seat of his trousers had hitherto been firmly glued. He was doing the very thing he had expressed unlimited scorn for in others, the thing that he had said was absolutely incompatible with ambition. To study the opposite sex abstractly was necessary, Peter thought, to his business but to put the microscope on any one member of it he had always been convinced would be fatal.

And yet how could he keep away?

The answer is that he couldn't. Even St. Anthony had a terrible struggle, you remember, and he was fortified by religion. Peter was far from religious. In the early stages of his development Peter thought he was an atheist. Later he had ceased to have any active thoughts about it. He had, so far, never been badly enough frightened to seek a little help and reassurance from a higher power.

PETER was on his way to Corinne's home at the time the Princess Theater Orchestra was disturbing the lion once more as a preliminary to the evening performance of Peter's new play. It was a defection from duty just as serious as if he had been a soldier and had headed south when the bugles were yelling, "North! North!" at the top of their brass lungs.

Corinne met him at the door herself. She had on a tiny, close-fitting hat and a dark blue serge cape.

"Would you mind," she said hurriedly, "taking me somewhere for a little while? I'll explain why as soon as we get away from this house."

Something was wrong! Her mental poise was upset! Not that she was any less attractive that way. Quite the contrary, in fact. A beautiful girl in trouble is never an object of distaste to a man.

Peter was all chivalrous sympathy at once.

"Can we go somewhere and talk?" she said as they walked toward the corner.

"There is a parlor at the hotel," Peter suggested.

"So there is," she replied, "a nice red plush stuffy parlor with dressed up cats sitting around on the uncomfortable chairs waiting to meet men who don't dare call for them at their homes. Thanks, I'd rather not."

"How about The Tea Shoppe?"

"Dreadfully gloomy at this time of the evening, rather like the inside of a stylish mausoleum. Besides they know me there

and twice in the same day with a young man who is a stranger in town might cause uncomfortable comment."

Peter, at his wits end, could suggest nothing further.

"Perhaps a taxi drive out through the park would—"

"Of course. Just the thing. There's a stand at the corner."

"Let's go on to the next one. We boast two in this section of town because the Elks and the Boosters both have club houses out this way. A little walk will be good for me."

AS THEY passed the three public motor cars at the first corner one of the drivers started to hail Corinne familiarly but stopped suddenly when she froze him with a look of absolute non-recognition. Peter wondered if that had anything to do with her desire to sit behind a driver whose regular stand was a little farther away. After all, why shouldn't she know the taxi-chauffeurs in her own neighborhood? Mystified slightly Peter followed her directing steps several squares to a second cab rank. Corinne looked it over and selected the vehicle and driver which seemed to suit her taste best.

Peter instructed the chauffeur to make a round of the park as suggested and then followed his companion into the interior of the cab.

"This is better than the hotel parlor," Corinne said, "unless it is too expensive."

"Not at all," Peter innocently assured her. "I never spend a third of what I make. Playwriting is disproportionately remunerative to anyone who succeeds."

"Then I shan't feel guilty," the girl continued. "Anyway I knew as soon as I got home that I had committed a terrible faux pas when I invited you to call at the house this evening."

She waited for Peter to ask her why but he was too well-bred or too stupid to put the question so she went on anyway.

"You see, the people I live with are not my real father and mother. I don't know who my parents were. There wasn't even a conventional locket on me containing the portrait of a beautiful and mysterious woman when I was abandoned on the Renshaw doorstep. It just happened that they had lost a pet cat that week so they took me in. I have tried to repay them with all the loving service I can render. Feel the callouses on my hands and this place, here—that's a burn. I really do most of the housework."

THE hands which were placed in Peter's for a fleeting sensory inspection seemed very soft and not distastefully capable. Then she was continuing her story:

"Of course I call them father and mother and they think I do not know the truth. I'll tell you how I found it out some day. But I wanted you to know why it is that I am different from the people I live with. It might puzzle you otherwise."

"My adoptive family is interesting but sometimes a trifle trying to live with and very often difficult to account for to strangers. The trouble lies in the fact that it consists of two separate individuals who never under any circumstances present an undivided front to the world at large. Mother cannot resist the temptation to be sarcastic at father's expense even when it hurts him with his business associates. Most families have their civil wars, I believe, but in times of attack from outside the members usually get together. In our home though, father knows and I know too, that if he ever got into difficulty mother would be on the other side. In some way, years ago, he did something he shouldn't, side-stepped the three commandments, I guess."

"The three commandments?" Peter interrupted protestingly.

"Yes, to love, honor and obey. No matter what it was mother has appointed herself, judge, jury and jailer for the rest of his life. Probably he deserves it but it doesn't make our household a particularly cordial one into which to introduce strangers, especially when a hate-feast is on as is the case tonight. I'm terribly sorry and I dislike exceedingly to have to tell you about it but you are so very understanding and I'm so wretched and upset. I hope you don't mind?"

She put her hand on his in a gesture of childish pleading. Even an inexperienced fusser like Peter knew what to do with it.

He found it impossible to let go until she gently detached her fingers herself. Somehow her action was not a reproof. She conveyed merely the impression that she was obeying a convention that functioned automatically. She was speaking as she did it.

"My troubles having been stated and dismissed we can now take up the weather and other social substitutes for conversation. Let's begin on your favorite topic. Tell me about yourself."

"You're mistaken, I can think of lots more interesting subjects to talk about."

"You may not know it but you can't be entirely different from every other man in the world." Her manner was merry enough to rob her speech entirely of its sting. "A man who has accomplished so much now—"

"Oh, I admit that I think I'm pretty wonderful but I deny the imputation that I like to talk about it."

"Shucks. If that's so I'm cut off from using my favorite method of winning a man."

"Which is?"

"To let him talk himself into my trap. Don't forget that I warned you that there is a trap. I'm really only the bait."

"Very tempting."

"You have to be hopelessly inside the cage though before you'll ever know whether I'm as good as I look."

"You certainly play fair."

"Not very. On the contrary I'm really daring you. No man likes to think he lacks courage."

She certainly was a tantalizing little thing with her perfectly controlled cool voice that contradicted in every word and tone the feminine appeal of all the rest of her. He tried to deny it but failed.

A fleeting impression that she was smiling a curious calm detached smile bothered him for a moment as he gathered her to him. That was banished almost immediately by the discovery that her lips were wonderfully soft and that, after a moment or two of shy resistance, she responded eagerly.

WHEN Peter had left Corinne at her doorstep and had driven downtown he found, to his tremendous surprise, that it was only ten fifteen. The evening performance of his play was still on. It seemed incomprehensible that so large a segment of his own actual life had been lived during the puny span of two acts on the stage. Never again would he quarrel with the convention that a lifetime can be compressed into the three hours of the theater.

He had been through a cataclysmic experience, had been more profoundly moved than ever before in his life, and yet time had only moved forward two paces.

He entered the theater. The actors on the stage were speaking the cold, meaningless words he had written in the immature, uninspired period of his life. His steps were straight but his mind was still reeling from the overthrow of all his habits of life, he could see distinctly enough, distinguish colors and movements and yet before his mental



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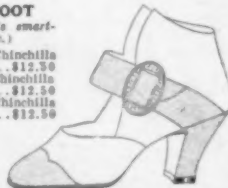
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gaze was nothing but black shot with fearful lightnings. Peter was in the panic of a child which has fallen into deep water before it knows how to swim.

The intermission after the second act arrived. Peter met the producing director casually in the lobby.

"Been looking all over for you," the latter declared. "There were some cuts I wanted to make after the matinee. I couldn't find you so I made 'em anyway."

He was expecting to draw a fire of protest from this author who was notoriously sensitive about letting anyone else operate upon his brain child.

But Peter failed to blow up. "All right, Mr. Lowe, I will accept your judgment in the matter. I was detained and could not possibly have attended the rehearsal."

Bob Lowe walked away stunned. He confided to the press agent who was having his cigarette out on the sidewalk, "There's been a death or something in the family of our battling author. I made a lot of cuts in some of his pet speeches and he didn't give me any fight about it."

"Maybe the boss has told him to lay off of you."

"I don't think so. The chief thinks he gets a better play if the author and the producer fight continually. That ain't it."

"What, then, has softened the erstwhile harsh exterior of the boy author?"

"I can't imagine."

"Perhaps he has been bitten by a love bug."

"No, that can't be it. I've seen every one of the janes in the show make a play for him and fall down. Not that he's so much but this being a boy wonder and his pose of indifference makes 'em mad so they all try to put the rollers under him. He's got an asbestos-wrapped heart, though, and is too stuck on himself to ever give a dame the right to make him admire her whether he wants to or not. It's going to take a darn clever girl to put the hooks into our budding genius."

"Tch! Tch!" The press agent clicked his tongue against his teeth. "The world, I have observed, is full of darn clever girls. Too full and too clever for even the best of us by which I don't mean me, because when there is any falling being done you can count upon me to be the very first domino."

CORINNE in her room at home sat reflectively before her inexpensive little desk and filled her fountain pen with blue-black ink. She had escaped the questions of the family downstairs by pleading the excuse of correspondence that must be attended to. Her father and mother were naturally surprised when she came home so early and were inclined to be inquisitive about it.

Corinne really did have letters to write, two of them.

They were exceedingly difficult to compose and she ruined a good deal of her best stationery before the result came anywhere near satisfying her.

The first one finally said:

"Dear Harry:

"You will remember that I told you that our engagement was only entered into upon the condition that it could be broken off by either of us without explanation.

"It's terribly hard for me to say this but I wish to be released. I know you will think that things have gone pretty far for me to back out now but I sincerely believe that the action I am taking is for the best interests of both of us.

"Soon you will find another girl who will fit even better in that flat we picked out and if you don't tell her that the furniture was selected by me she will probably be very much pleased with it. It is nice and I hate to give it up myself because it just fitted me as I am sometimes. On other oc-

casions I should have fled from it.

"Harry, dear, I'm a person of wild, unstable character. I'm doing you a tremendous favor by saving you from me. I hope that the realization of that will make it easier for you to forget that my lips are nice—forgive me for putting that in. I'm a teasing vixen.

"Remember me a little kindly. I'm being really honest with you for the first time right this minute. I love you now as much as I ever did but it never was enough to carry through a lifetime.

"Yours as ever, Corinne."

She smiled to herself at that "Yours as ever," and yet it expressed exactly what she meant and any other finish to her letter would have seemed too cruelly formal.

The other note was shorter.

"Dear Daddy:

"I cannot meet you Saturday. Our happy days together are over. I can't afford to take chances any more. Perhaps some day after I am married, if my husband neglects me or if I get terribly bored, I may wire you to come to me.

"Because I doubt if I shall ever forget that you are the . . . because I shall never forget.

"Good luck except that I hope you do not too soon find a substitute for—

"Your little old last year's sport model."

CORINNE finally sealed and addressed both letters. Then she took down and tore up half a dozen photographs that adorned the walls. Two of them were of the same person, a rather heavy-set man with mature features and an abundance of dark hair which looked a good deal as if it had been marcelled. Inscriptions were written slant-wise across the corners of them in barber-shop French which failed to disguise their amorous import.

"I wonder," she said half to herself as she regarded the fragments which smirked up at her. "I wonder how I could ever have thought that you were clever or interesting."

She looked away and caught her own reflection in the three-quarter length mirror in the middle section of her dresser. After a searching inspection she finally approved of her own looks.

The clothes would not do, of course, especially not before a discriminating audience but that could be remedied. Her face and her figure were excellent foundations. She was clever, a little too clever she admitted to herself but she would try not to let anyone find that out for a while. To sparkle without stabbing would be her policy from now on, to disarm the suspicion with which a man regards a woman who makes him feel in any way inferior.

She was still appraising herself frankly when she crept into bed. Sleep was a long time coming. She did not want to sleep anyway. There were so many plans to make.

THE show left Fairaway the next morning and moved on to Atlantic City, Peter accompanying it as per the original schedule before the world had done a somersault for his especial benefit.

Peter was pretty sure he wasn't in love. He had kissed a girl perhaps a score of times and look what it had done to him. He had learned the name Corinne and now every fibre of his being shouted it aloud pleadingly.

No, certainly that was not love. Just as well all around that he was leaving Fairaway. He could not go on with an existence conducted perpetually at the boiling point as life in the neighborhood of Corinne was bound to be. He would fill his time with other interests, distract his attention with something else.

Deliberately Peter sought the society of the leading woman of the company. She was a world famous beauty, already twice divorced at the age of twenty-three. Surely her charm would be just the antidote for the sting of a small town vamp.

Miss Vallen made no objection when he took the parlor car seat adjoining hers. She did not thrill particularly either but then that was too much to expect. Miss Vallen had been suitored by experts. And besides how could she know how serious Peter's intentions were? He didn't know himself.

"Your new scene in the second act," he began, "seems to be going very well."

"It isn't much of a scene," she said, "but it does give me a chance to wear a stunning negligee."

"I hadn't noticed that you changed costume," Peter blundered tactlessly. "It wasn't necessary according to the lines."

"Isn't necessary? My dear boy, why else have the scene? That's what I had it written in for. That bit of silk I wear for two minutes cost the management just fourteen hundred dollars."

Peter dropped the subject. He was getting mad any way. He guided conversation to another topic. "It ought to be very pleasant at Atlantic City at this time of the year. We're lucky to be booked in there just at the height of the season."

The beauty drummed on her chair arm. "I hate to go to Atlantic City without a complete new wardrobe."

"What's the matter with the clothes you have?"

"They've all been worn. They're almost out of style. I bought them before we began rehearsing six weeks ago. It wouldn't make any difference to most women but with my reputation I don't dare become frumpish. You see since Lillian Russell has quit the stage—" She did not finish the sentence but looked at Peter archly to see if he was going to supply the inference that she was now "The American Beauty."

Peter didn't. His mind was making invincible comparisons. No, Corinne would never misuse the English language as this woman was doing by uttering so many banalities. Nor would she be so concerned with her looks. Perhaps she was not quite so flamboyantly gorgeous as Miss Vallen but she had an elusive beauty that to one who paused to find it had twice as much stimulus.

Corinne was, by comparison with the actress, a cool, leaf-hidden violet alongside of a sunflower. Her good points were not spotlighted as were those of the professional beauty. Peter didn't like the way Miss Vallen used a lipstick every few minutes right before everybody. Corinne wouldn't do that, he told himself. She didn't need make-up under any circumstances.

The god of women looking on and listening in laughed so loudly that Jupiter was awakened from his morning nap.

Peter was thoroughly disgusted with the vanity and the vacuity of the puppet-woman who spoke the golden lines of his play. How could he know that she had long ago given him up as not worth ammunition and that if she should actually decide to devote all of her expensive bag of tricks to him for a few days he would be wearing chains around his neck and pleading for a kind word?

PETER left her and wandered forward into the dining car. He recollected that he had not eaten since tea the afternoon before when he was with Corinne.

It was a pretty good diner as diners go and was conceded to be such by the cloak and suit wholesalers who patronized it largely and who ought to know something about the subject.

But the food only roused Peter's gorge. He didn't want it, didn't want anything but the cooling presence of a person of whose existence he had been unaware until yesterday.

He paid his bill and left his luncheon eaten.

At the next stop he sent a telegram to Corinne.

Corinne purposely stayed away from home all day. She knew that at least one of the letters which she had written the night before and mailed that morning would incite a brain storm as soon as it was received.

And she was quite right. Telephone calls began to come in for her early in the afternoon and her harassed mother, summoned from the sewing room upstairs each time to answer the ring, finally grew a trifle peevish and told the man—it was the same one every time—a few pertinent facts about himself. Even then he did not say who it was.

SO WHEN Corinne came back some time after dinner her mother petulantly invited her to stay at home hereafter and answer the telephone herself or else get married to some man rich enough to hire a maid just to attend to that sort of thing.

"I'm thinking of doing exactly that, mother darling," Corinne replied. There was no "darling" in her tones, however. There was open warfare between these two and both looked forward to a happy day when they could live in separate establishments, each free to harass the male whom the Lord with some assistance, had delivered into her hands.

"Marry? You?" the mother retorted. "There's nobody you run around with that's got money or prospects enough to buy a yellow dog."

Corinne smiled. She could afford to let her mother get the best of her in this one argument. It wouldn't be for much longer unless—

"There's a telegram for you from one of 'em," her mother finally conceded grudgingly. "I thought somebody might be dead so I opened it."

"Thank you so much," Corinne murmured. There were knives in every word and a fear in her heart that she had been unwittingly betrayed by some one who did not know of her mother's incurable propensity for reading other people's correspondence.

She retrieved the telegram from the ancient mottled marble table in the hall and fled up the stairs to her own room and shut the door. Just as well to be alone for the first shock if it was anything she had to prepare an alibi about.

It wasn't. The message merely read:

"Miss Corinne Renshaw,

"Hill Street near Spalding,

"Fairway, N. J.

"Please come Hotel Trefair Atlantic City lunch tomorrow. Hopelessly trapped. That's ten words so I cannot say any more until I see you.

"Peter Hughey."

Corinne smiled with relief and triumph. It was all right. The charm was working even faster than she had dared to hope. She was a considerable dramatist herself.

That telegram made her happier than she had ever been before in her life. It is a question whether Corinne had been happy often since she had become old enough to realize the hopeless limitations of the existence she had been born into. Any joy that she had taken hitherto had been laboriously acquired by lacquering the happenings of her every day with a splendid and prolific imagination.

But Peter was different. He was the first man she had come in contact with who did not need to be invested with the cloth



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of gold of her fancy. He was real. He had a charm that she did not have to pretend about; he could say things even cleverer and more whimsical than the speeches she always had to suggest to other men.

She read the telegram again. The gorgeous foolishness of his last sentence! Each day spent at wit's points with a mind like that would be an adventure in the unexpected. Corinne cooed over it in anticipation.

The fact that he had telegraphed pretty well cemented her hopes. Corinne suspected rightly that Peter was not in the habit of sending wires to girls.

She debated whether to go or not. There is a mid-Victorian virtue in withholding one's self that Corinne well knew. To be almost unattainable makes some adventurers only strive the harder.

But many ancient concepts are falling by the wayside slain by the speed demons of gasoline, wireless and jazz. Nowadays it is sometimes wise to grab opportunity even while she is knocking at some one else's door.

Besides Peter was just shy enough so that he might give up if he were not encouraged a little, might let their acquaintance slip into the past as an incident instead of painting it over the signboards of his future.

Corinne would go.

BUT how? The day before she had had enough money for the railroad fare, the proceeds of a gift box of candy which she had sold back to the dealer. That was gone though, now. It had all been spent on a marcel, a massage and a manicure before going to the matinee to meet Peter.

There was no use to ask her mother. There was doubtless a bill collector waiting outside each entrance to the house right that minute. Besides her mother would not have given it to Corinne even if she had it. She would have bought a feather fan or some equally useless thing for herself.

And there was nothing more Corinne could sell. Her admirers were none too generous at best. Second hand clothing, at least everything she owned except the suit she was wearing, would bring next to nothing, not even enough for a one-way ticket.

The girl's nimble brain raced from one expedient to another. There must be a way. Perhaps this was the last chance at life which her youth and charm of person would ever bring her. No, she could not let the chance slip. She must seize it. But how?

Her mother was calling from the foot of the stairs.

"That telephone is ringing again. Answer it yourself. I'm all through doing it for one day."

"Let it ring," Corinne called back crossly. "See if I care."

Then she added quickly. "Wait a minute. I will answer it."

For her intuition had telegraphed to her mind. "Perhaps you are turning down the very thing that will be the means to the end you desire. Maybe it's the chance you can't get any other way."

She scurried down the steep stairs to the still clamorous telephone.

"Hello," she said.

"That you, Corinne?" demanded a voice.

"Yes."

"How are you, sweetie?"

Corinne shivered. The banality of the term of address curled her soul with scorn. Still, before yesterday she had suffered it without noticeable nausea.

"I'm quite well, thank you," she answered the inquirer frigidly.

"I thought maybe you was sick or something. I got your letter. Say, that was all a joke, wasn't it?"

"I'm sorry but I meant everything I said."

"Why, sweetie? What's it all about?"

Corinne thought a moment. "Even you can understand that it is something I cannot explain over the telephone."

The sarcasm of the "Even you" was entirely lost on the party at the other end of the wire.

He was countering. "That's all right, dearie. You can tell me what's wrong face to face and then we can go and get a drink and a bite to eat somewhere. I'll meet you at the corner."

"No."

"Why not? What's the use of being up-stage with me? Ain't I always been good to you? You be sweet to me and I'll be sweet to you. Come on out."

"Not tonight."

"Well, tomorrow then. I can take a day off and we can go out in the country somewhere like we did last week. I'll get a lunch put up. What do you say?"

"Oh, I couldn't. I—"

"Why not? Come on. Please. Just this once. If you want to call it off after tomorrow why I won't ask you again. But you gotta give me one last time you know. If you don't I'll come to your house for you and then there'll be hell to pay, won't there?"

"Come ahead," Corinne sneered. "See if threats get you anything. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, sweetie. I didn't mean nothin'. Honest I didn't. I was only foolin'. You know I wouldn't do nothin' you didn't like. Jest see me tomorrow and I'll do anything you say."

Inspiration suddenly galvanized Corinne's brain.

"How's the car running?"

"Sweet and pretty. That's the girl. Where'll we go?"

"Would you take me to Atlantic City?"

"Will I? I'll take you to Maine if you'll go. I know a fella that's got a shack up there—"

"I'm not interested. But I will let you drive me to Atlantic City in the morning."

"O. K. Thank you dearie. We'll have lunch at the Trefair, eh?"

"No. I'd rather go to the Cafe Bourchard. The sea-food there is better."

"All right. Where'll I meet you? Same place?"

"Please."

"When?"

"At eight thirty."

"All right and say, sweetie."

"Yes."

"Have a lot of kisses all ready for your daddy to make up for all the way you scared him with that letter. Will you?"

"Good-by."

"Didn't you hear? Say sweetie—"

But Corinne had hung up.

She wiped her mouth on her handkerchief. There was an evil taste in it that she could not get out.

A woman's life is a slate; she washes it clean for each new lover that supplants an old one.

CORINNE and the man whose hair looked as if it had been marcelled had luncheon early at the Cafe Bourchard just off the Boardwalk. She ate as little as possible and when her escort repeatedly called attention to her lack of appetite she complained of being ill.

"Sure, I knew you must a been sick all the time," he sympathized. "Otherwise you wouldn't of treated me so rotten. Better take a little nip of this rye. It'll make you forget your troubles."

"No, thank you, George," she declined. "You know I can't bear that stuff, not straight."

"Well, don't bite me. I'm only trying to

get you out of your grouch. If you ain't any more lovin' going home than you was comin' over I might just as well have gone to work today and earned a couple of nickels instead of spending a week's profits for nothin'."

He was pretending to good natured surliness but there really was menace back of his tones and Corinne, who was an intuitive reader of men's minds, knew that she had a problem on her hands. To manage him going home would probably tax her highly trained ingenuity to its absolute limit.

Just now there was the immediate necessity of getting away from him long enough to take luncheon with Peter. The trip home could wait. Inspiration would doubtless come to her nimble mind when the occasion compelled. She had a way, and well knew it herself, of convincing a man that anything she said was true, even if, conversely, women accepted no statement of any kind from her at its face value.

She began her campaign of immediate escape.

"A little water, George," she said with her hand over her heart, "and fan me with that menu. I'm dreadfully faint."

"There, there, sweetie," said George dutifully and clumsily—doing as he was told. "Now if you'll try the hooch, just a nip of it will set you on your feet."

"No, daddy—"

"That's the first time you've called me that all day," cooed George fatuously.

Corinne smiled a little wanly. "You're very good to me, daddy. I wonder if you'd mind if I went to the ladies' parlor for a little rest. I've really got to lie down for a while and if you'd go out on the beach by yourself a little until I feel better we'd manage to have a pleasant afternoon anyway even if I am a no-account crippled wreck."

"Listen, sweetie. I could get a room at one of the hotels where you could lie down for a while and then I could be with you and take care of you. What say?"

She successfully stifled an impulse to laugh. George must never know how easily she spied upon his mind. Her power lay in knowing the enemy's plans without betraying the fact that she had that knowledge.

"It's awfully sweet of you, daddy, but a room would cost a lot of money and I can rest just as well in the ladies' parlor. There's a maid there if I need anything. You go on down to The Waveside Pavilion. I'll meet you there in an hour and we'll go in the surf. It will do me good."

GEORGE was reluctantly persuaded to that plan. He went away growling uncertainly to himself. He wondered why the devil he had ever picked out a captious girl like Corinne. Most women didn't hold him off the way she did. He was not enough of an analyst to know that her most maddening attraction was her ability to remain absolutely detached from and unmoved by the emotions which she inspired.

In a moment or two after his departure Corinne emerged from the sanctuary of the rest room where she had repaired the trifling damage to her make-up which had been incurred by putting on her imitation of a fainting lady for George's benefit.

A swift glance around the room assured her that he had left the Cafe and she crossed the room to the entrance.

There was George just outside, talking to a man. There was no other entrance for the public save the one which George patrolled but there was another way out.

Corinne took it.

Half a dozen waiters tried to intercept her as she headed for the swinging door but she beat them to it and passed into the unfamiliar region of steam tables, hot plates,

dish washing machines, meat blocks, odors and unbearable heat.

The cooks and swampers looked up startled by the unfamiliar presence of a pretty girl in their midst but they made no effort to impede her flight and she made her way unerringly to the back door which stood open save for a screen.

As it banged behind her she found herself in a sort of private alleyway, blind at one end and opening up on a back street at the other.

There was no choice of directions. All she could do was hope that she would not meet the ubiquitous George as she emerged from the *cul de sac*.

Just once she had a little luck. The street was nearly empty. At least George was not in it. Doubtless he was still holding down Monsieur Bourchard's front sidewalk. Corinne laughed to herself at the picture.

The tempo of the adventure was increasing a little. Corinne's mood began to sparkle as the drab and painfully materialistic aura of George was left behind. The sensation was like the exhilaration that comes when the bumpy earth begins to fall away from an aeroplane which has just hopped off.

Her dainty feet, free at last from the dust of reality, kept time to a magic orchestra as she hurried along to her rendezvous with imagination.

PETER was there, waiting in the cool, spacious lobby of the Trefair. He was looking anxiously for her first with his glasses on and then with them off as if he were taking no chances on missing her.

Corinne considered him as she approached. It was slightly a shock to realize that the fairy prince she had gone to such trouble to meet was a little stooped and very carelessly dressed in a three-piece assortment from two different suits, the trousers and vest gray and the coat navy blue. This in one of the smartest hotels in the world where nearly every other man at that time of day was arrayed in spotless flannels.

No, Peter was not even so appropriately dressed as George. But that didn't matter when he saw her. The smile that lighted up his face expanded beyond his physical being like a halo and transformed him from a mere ungainly, rather homely man into a prince of the pantomime, a resplendent partner for a gossamer dream.

Corinne smiled back, a little mistily because he was so young and obviously adored her. She didn't like to remember that she knew men like George. She didn't remember it much.

"You are true," he said, standing right there in the lobby holding both of her hands. "I was afraid you were a spirit that could never be materialized again. It's quite late."

"I had a fearful time getting here. Our car broke down and George—he's our chauffeur—had to walk back about seven miles to a garage to get a thing-a-majig fixed. You mustn't hold my hands any more, not here any way."

"I'll bet you're starved," Peter said, "but we can fix that." He led the way to the dining room which contained only a moderate sprinkling of guests as the luncheon hour had considerably waned.

He had reserved a table and on it was a bouquet for her, valley lilies and orchids fearfully and expensively out of season.

No one had ever given Corinne flowers before, nothing less materialistic than candy, and the idea soothed a secret fevered spot in her soul of which she had not hitherto suspected the existence. She pinned the flowers at her corsage with deft fingers that accomplished the unaccustomed task as surely and easily as if she had been born with a dozen orchids in her hand.



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Her mood was already one of misty warmth toward Peter who seemed to know exactly how to cultivate all that was best in her, to make her respect herself more by highlighting her good points, but the note which she found in her napkin made her his unequivocally.

She felt its stiff square corners as she started to unfold the serviette and then, suspecting, drew it forth discreetly into her lap. The envelope was sealed, doubtless from prying waiters but it tore noiselessly under her fingers.

She smiled up at him for permission to read and then dropped her eyes to the unfolded paper.

"DEAR," it began, "I shall never have the courage to tell you in spoken words how wonderful you are. And yet you must be told or else I'll burst. So I'll write it down on this presumably asbestos paper.

"You've completely ruined one of our rising young playwrights. You've taken a roseate literary future and made it look like the gray dawn of a rainy day. The new standard of comparison which you have set up has suddenly dwarfed everything else in life. Your vividness has turned all other colors to an indistinguishable background for you.

"I thought my ambition in life was to produce a great play. Now I know it is only to be near you, to be the soil in which so lovely a thing grows. My dear, my pen grows clumsy and stumbles as thoughts of you crowd to its point. It can't write them fast enough but can't you guess what I'm trying to say?"

There was no signature.

Corinne looked up when she had finished. They were both blushing.

"I'm sorry I came," she said finally.

"You're offended?" he cried in alarm.

"No, man, I'm not offended. I'm only sorry that you're going to find out that I'm not what you think at all. It's such a lovely pedestal you've put me on that I hate to get down. And yet I must."

"I'll care more for you if I find you're human," he declared partly with his eyes.

Corinne laughed, a gentle sparkling laugh, sheer happiness on the edge of danger.

"You know I'm human," she smiled. "You remember surely in the taxicab—"

He interrupted her. "Was that really true? Each minute that I've thought of you since has convinced me more and more that it was a dream."

"No, boy, not unless we had it together."

Peter regarded her with devouring and yet worshipping eyes. "Please, lady, put a handkerchief over your face or something so I can eat my bouillon. The waiter is threatening to take it away."

Corinne laughed and began the attack on the luncheon herself. Not that she cared about food either but it made her just a trifle uneasy to be the object of so much unqualified approval. No one had ever before penetrated to and disclosed the spirit of her, which was rather a fine, frail thing, and the unaccustomed glare made it shyly seek to hide.

That moment, sitting there at that table, was one of the high points in Corinne's life. She did not often have unselfish impulses;

her environment did not ordinarily encourage that side of her character.

But she had one now. It was to give Peter a chance to escape. She knew that he was on the verge of a proposal of marriage. With her unerring feminine intuition she had labelled Peter a "sentimental sap" the first moment she saw him. She had gauged his romantic possibilities before he had discovered them himself. With a little guiding from her he would be on his knees, at least figuratively, before the afternoon was over.

And she wanted him there. It wasn't entirely cold, calculating selfishness on her part either. Peter stirred her as no man had before. He stimulated her fancy and in Corinne's life imagination was by far the largest factor. Part of her cried out despairingly to take it before it was too late.

But Peter was too dear. He had aroused in her the eternal maternal instinct that is more powerful than self-interest in woman. It was a new sensation to Corinne and her cynical mind stood off and scoffed at her heart for feeling so pridefully warm and tender.

THEY were nearly through the meal. Corinne had taken a long time coming to her conclusion. Perhaps she had purposely toyed with the idea in the hope that if she delayed a little longer the decision would be taken out of her hands. Possibly she was absorbing all of his adoration she could before stepping out of the sunshine forever.

"Peter," she said, "up to this very moment I have never told you one single word of truth about myself but I'm going to begin now. The only fact you really know about me is that my name is Corinne Renshaw—I didn't make that up—and that for some unknown reason you like me—"

"Adore you," he interrupted.

She caught her breath. "You make it a thousand times more difficult to be honest when you let me know that by telling just one or two more lies I could keep you anyway for a little while. You mustn't tell me again until—"

"So I've found you at last, have I?"

Corinne had become so interested in the new part she was playing that even her instinct had failed to warn her of the danger which had approached so solidly on heavy shoes. It stood over the table now, menacing, sneering, cruel.

"Daddy!" she cried. She had to stifle an impulse to shriek.

Peter was on his feet.

"Won't you sit down," he said with conventional politeness. "We're just finishing—"

"No," snapped George and then turned his scorn once more toward the girl. "This is why you told me you was sick and made me wait around all afternoon. Thought I was a boob didn't you? Well, I ain't. I thought there was something phoney about it all the time and when I found out you'd left the restaurant by the back door I begun combing the beach for you. Huh! I'll fix your clock later but you, you lily white flower," he was addressing Peter, "you long-legged, speckle-faced bean pole, take off your glasses before I pulverize 'em on your face."

IT ALL happened so quickly. Corinne scarcely had time to think. Even her quick wits refused to work fast enough. She protested too late. One blow on the jaw finished Peter. Corinne realized that she was going to have some tall explaining to do when he opened his eyes again. If she could only get rid of George before Peter came to she might still be able to keep the castle of dreams they had been building from toppling to ruin. You shall see in January SMART SET how she did it

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Any Place But Home

[Continued from page 29]

parents. That day the catch was a good one.

The toast tumbled to the plate. Ronnie hastily picked it up and tried to look unconcerned. "Gosh, lemme think," he stammered. "Aw, I don't remember what the title was." For the first time since he had donned long trousers, Ronnie Burkhardt was caught off his guard.

His mother rose from her place across the little table intending to get between him and the door, but he was gone, calling back over his shoulder that he'd have to hurry or he'd be late to school.

For many days Mrs. Burkhardt's suspicions festered. What in the world, she kept asking herself, had happened that night when they were supposed to be at the picture show? Could Ronnie and Jean have ditched the old folks, and gone off somewhere?

A CHANGE was taking place in Ronnie, and in Jean, too. Strange fits of happiness upset the hitherto gyroscopic balance of their lives. When they could be observed together, they walked wrapped in the knowledge of some great mutual secret. Once when the Burkharts were at the Morrises for bridge, Ronnie dropped by to take Jean somewhere and those two bored, languid sweethearts had actually run laughing out of the apartment and down the steps in their eagerness to be off.

They were always gone. True enough, they were no longer staying out till all hours of the night; their conduct improved; Jean became especially docile, but to the suspicious minds of their elders those very facts were twisted into damning proofs.

It was then that Mrs. Morris found a note in one of Jean's schoolbooks. It didn't say much, but it certainly reeked with clues. Vainly Jean protested that it was merely an invitation from another young couple for her and Ronnie to go roller-skating with them.

"Why didn't they say roller-skating then?" her mother wanted to know.

"Well, that's just a slang way we have of saying it," explained Jean, scarlet with embarrassment.

"I don't believe it," declared her mother.

Mrs. Burkhardt, finding herself alone with her son one evening at dinner, decided on a change of manner in her eternal questioning. She would catch him with kindness.

"Where are you going this evening, Ronnie dear," she asked in a sweet soft voice.

He looked up in surprise. Then, scenting a ruse, his face became again a mask of sophistication. He lifted his left eyebrow and stifled an inaudible yawn. "Oh, no place," he said. Languidly he arose, his eye on the door.

She stopped him. "You're not going out of this apartment until you tell me!" she snapped. Her kindly manner vanished and in its place came the strongest determination of which her flabby soul was capable.

His eyes shifted. There was a long silence. "Well, I'm going over to grandpa's," he said.

A moment of silent amazement, then his mother burst out with a flood of derision. "To grandpa's!" she echoed. "Oh, Ronnie, was that all you could think of?"

He grinned sheepishly and hung his head. "Now tell mother where you're really going," she commanded. She did not even take time to reprimand him for lying, so ridiculous did she deem his statement.

This time he met her eyes. "I've got a date with Jean," he said.

"Oh, no wonder you didn't want mother to know. Well, I've already told you what I think of that. And let me tell you again,

Ronald Burkhardt, if you get into some disgraceful mess with that girl, your father and I are going to deny that you belong to us."

"Gosh, Mom," sighed Ronnie, "you're too optimistic!" Then suddenly he smiled, took her rouged and powdered face between his cool hands, kissed her and was gone.

Halfway to the elevator he passed the Morrises. Mr. Morris glowered and between Ronnie and Mrs. Morris flashed a look so thoroughly mother-in-law to son-in-law that it would make you wonder just how much Mrs. Morris knew, or thought she knew.

"Your mother has certainly taken a liking to our daughter," said Mr. Morris to Mr. Burkhardt a few minutes later. The latter had just come in from the links. "She invited her over to their house tonight."

"Hm," said Mr. Burkhardt. He turned to his wife. "Where did Ronnie go this evening, my dear?" he inquired.

A dawning, dark with fear, rushed into the eyes of Ronnie's mother. Quickly she lowered her lids, coughed, colored slightly.

"Ronnie? Oh, he's at some fraternity smoker tonight, having a good time with the boys." Then her tone grew serious and she said, "I'll bid two clubs."

But on the instant the poison seed had been sown into all their minds.

For the Morrises even more than the Burkharts had been playing ostrich concerning the fact that Ronnie's and Jean's love-making must of necessity be confined to park benches and the loge seats in movie houses.

But now—! Mrs. Morris grew so distracted that she trumped her partner's ace, whereupon Mr. Burkhardt, her partner, arose, went into the kitchenette on the pretense of cracking some more ice and drowned his nervous rage in a large drink of straight gin. Five minutes later he went to sleep in his chair while playing the dummy, and had to be shouted at, and prompted.

So all in all it was a wild crew who started at Mrs. Morris's shriek. She was pointing out of the window at the sidewalk on the far side of the street. Necks were craned.

TWO slim young figures slipped into view, remaining for a moment clearly visible in the area of brightness cast by the street light. They were unmistakably Ronnie and Jean. That red and white dress, that light striped suit, were recognizable anywhere. They turned the corner and disappeared.

"Where do you suppose they can be going?" mumbled Mrs. Burkhardt.

"They're going to your father's!" roared Mr. Morris. He sprang to his feet, nearly upsetting the table and pointed dramatically at Mr. Burkhardt, who didn't know what it was all about.

Mr. Morris grabbed his derby. "This is going to end tonight!" he raged. "I've suspected this all along! Come on, somebody. I want witnesses!"

"George! George! Don't chase after them!" pleaded his wife.

"All right, I'll go alone!" He started for the door.

"No, wait!" cried the two mothers in unison.

They turned to Mr. Burkhardt. He was under the table, fast asleep. "Oh, Harry!" wailed his wife.

"Whush all the shootin' for?" he demanded.

"Ronnie and Jean—over at your folks' house—that's where they've been going right along!" screamed Mrs. Morris.

They got him into his coat and hat and propelled him along the hall.

They streamed out to the sidewalk and finally reached the rambling frame home-stand where the old folks lived. They left Mr. Burkhardt sitting on the curb in front and stole across the wide lawn toward the partly-opened front window through which a ruddy glow streamed out upon the rose bushes and syringa.

Mr. Morris, black browed and terrible, held his finger to his lips for silence. Already they had heard Jean's giggle. They tiptoed to the window and peered inside.

The room they looked in upon was long and rather high. Heavy gilt-framed portraits of prim country folk hung about the walls. The paper was rich and dull and old, and there were rag carpets on the floor. In one corner stood a real what-not, complete even to the glass-blower's birds. The balance of the furniture was that which inevitably furnishes the homes of old folks, quaint pieces which by virtue of their solid worth have stood the test of years and many movings, a little battered, but infinite in their gracious comfort, akin, somehow, to their owners and users.

THERE was a generous fireplace with a wide mantel and a smooth brick hearth. In the fireplace wood was snapping, and its flickering flames peopled the room with genial sprites. Before the fire on a thick bear rug lay Ronnie, Ronnie the fastidious, with his coat, vest, tie and collar gone. He was wrestling happily with a lovably disreputable mongrel pup, which, for all its mock ferocity, could not growl harder than it wagged its tail. And somewhere about either in the furry rug or on the warm hearth, must have been lying Ronnie's hard mask of sophistication, for it was gone completely. Perhaps the pup had made off with it, as with an overshoe or cap, or perhaps the little old lady had swept it into the fire with that old-fashioned broom which stood in the chimney corner.

Close by, on a flowered-covered sofa, sat grandma and Jean, a yellow earthenware bowl of snowy popcorn between them. Jean was wielding a giant salt-shaker, a little streak of melted butter at one corner of her mouth attested that she had been sampling the dish as a cook might do. She sat relaxed, smiling, an old-fashioned prettiness glowing in her rounded little face.

Grandpa, enthroned in a massive chair which anyone would immediately point out as being grandpa's, was just finishing a historical yarn. "And you can tell your history teacher you've got a granddad who was right there!" he declared.

Ronnie rose to a cross-legged sitting position and stared with wide and far-off eyes into the rosy depths of the fire. The pup scampered off to take a morsel of popcorn from Jean's fingers. There was an interminable moment of quiet, when the group seemed, magically, no longer to be so many separate entities, but one single harmony, a sadly beautiful tableau of a fast-perishing ideal.

At last Ronnie spoke. "Gee," he said to himself and yet aloud, as a devout one prays, "I wish I lived here!"

"Me too," sighed Jean.

SALLY didn't care how soon her honeymoon ended. It was a flop. And so was life. Two weeks which were to have been the brimming over of a golden cup, seemed to end everything because of the advent of Linda, a vamp, an actress and a boyhood friend of her husband's. Sally began to wonder whose honeymoon it really was, hers or Linda's. Whose it was you'll find out when you read Royal Brown's story in January SMART SET.

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[Continued from page 84]

lyin' 'round loose? Of course you haven't. I want that fifty, Red. I want it for some-thin' special for Christmas. I know I can win it with Lew Voss. Nobody ever comes to the Melody who can dance like him. I know if he's my partner we'll win."

"Molly, promise me you won't. Don't win with Lew. Promise me, Molly. You wouldn't break a promise once you made it, would you, Molly?"

"I would not."

"Well, promise me."

"I already promised Lew."

"You already promised Lew? Before you even gave me a chance to talk about it? Gee, ain't you a regular girl? Engaged and all that too?"

"Red, don't be mad at me. I love you, Red. You know I love you. Don't be mad at me, darlin'. I'd be crazy to throw away a chance to win that much money."

They were before her rooming house. Red marched her to the step and strode back to the car. Molly slammed the door.

He looked back at Molly's window. "You win," he muttered. He stepped on the gas. "But I win too. You don't dance for money with that Lew Voss."

IT WAS Christmas Eve in Melody Hall. Red hurried to the locker room which was next to the men's check room back of the orchestra platform. He changed into the green and red striped blazer which Heinie had bought as a special Christmas costume for the orchestra boys.

Red had a reason for being early at the Melody that night. He was going to keep Molly from entering the contest with Lew Voss.

The Melody looked swell all dressed up. Holly wreaths were caught against the walls with red ribbon bows. Red paper bells hung in great clusters all over the place. Velvet poinsettias were bunched in big jars. There was a judges' stand draped in red and green bunting and a great spotlight which would pick out the most skilled couples.

The crowd began to come in. Boys in new ties and socks and mufflers. Girls wore new dresses, hats and slippers which were exclaimed over and admired.

Red and the orchestra were on the platform.

Red looked for Molly. There she was, in the skimpy black satin dress, a bunch of red-berried holly on her shoulder, black gauze stockings and black patent leather slippers with bright red spike heels. Gee, Molly was cute! She saw Red, started toward him, then hesitated, and smiled wistfully as if to beg forgiveness for what she was going to do. Red smiled back because he was going to prevent her doing it. She took his smile for capitulation, raised her hand in quick salute, and came running across the glassy floor to the orchestra platform. There was pleading in her voice.

"Not mad at me, are you, Red?"

He did not answer her question, but asked one himself. "Lissen, Molly, do you want that money, want it a lot?"

"Do I? Oh, boy! Do I?"

"Would you drop out of the contest if you could have the money without dancing for it?"

"I don't get you."

"Well, what I mean is, if you had the money without dancing for it—if you had the whole hundred, not just half of it, would you tell Lew Voss you wouldn't

dance with him? Would you do that?"

"Red, you're cuckoo! Who's goin' to give me a hundred dollars not to dance with Lew?"

"I am."

"Say, wake up, you're talkin' crazy."

"I'm not talkin' crazy. You're not goin' to dance with Lew, and if you do—"

"All right, say it, what if I do?"

"I'm through."

"Red, take that back. Don't say it, Red. I love you, Red, but I want that money. I'd rather steal it than have you mad at me. Red, if you'll just not get mad to-night and let me dance with Lew in the contest, I'll never never dance with him again, not even if Heinie fires me."

"You're not goin' to dance with Lew Voss tonight—"

"Who's gonna stop her?" Lew Voss's sneering tone made everybody turn. He was standing close by the piano. His arm rested on Red's music.

Red leaned forward as he said, "I'm the one who's goin' to stop her." He pushed Lew's arm from his pile of sheet music.

"And you keep away from my stuff."

"Meaning your music?" Lew's lips lifted and his lids lowered, but he stepped away from Red.

"Oh, look, here comes Heinie!" Molly varned. "Hello, Heinie! Got that hundred? You ain't kiddin' us? You brought it? It ain't counterfeit?"

Heinie chuckled. "I got it, all right, all right." He thrust a pudgy hand into his pocket and pulled out an envelope from which he took two crisp fifty-dollar bills.

"Is it counterfeit? See for yourself."

Molly inspected the bills and put them back in the envelope.

Heinie winked heavily at Lew. "Going to win it, you and Molly?"

"No!" Red's voice cracked.

"No?" Lew's voice was slow and quiet. Hate was in the two boys' faces.

A whimper of terror from Molly. A warning word from one of the others. Heinie grabbed each of the boys by a shoulder and held them apart. Molly pressed close to the piano, her face hidden in the crook of her arm.

"Here, here, you boys! Cut it out! Red, sit down at your piano. Lew, get on outside that rope where you belong till dancing begins. Molly, gimme that money."

Molly did not raise her head but reached a groping hand toward the piano. "It's there."

"Where?"

"There on the piano." She looked up through a blur of tears. "I put it there on top of Red's music when— Oh, where is it? I did put it there."

Heinie's face was almost solid so set were his jaws. "No time for funny tricks, boys. A hundred dollars is not to play tricks with. Who's got it? Hand it over."

NO ONE moved nor spoke. The orchestra platform was a vacuum of silence in the merry hubbub outside the rope.

"I did put it there." Molly repeated.

"I did."

"Lissen here, babe—" began Red soothingly.

But Lew cut in, "Well, Heinie, call the house-dick and get us all searched. I want to be searched. Not goin' to have anybody thinkin' I'm a thief!"

"Who said anything about a thief?" Heinie growled. "Somebody on this platform has got that hundred dollars for a

joke. Now, who's got it? Molly? Boys? The joke's over. Who's got it?"

Nobody made a move.

"You got to search everybody on this platform," repeated Lew.

Heinie looked from one to the other of the little group. Not a flicker of knowledge comforted him. He held up a finger to the house detective. Molly gasped and turned white. Her eyes looked desperately at Red.

"No!" snapped Red. "No!"

"So! You don't want to be searched? Well, I do want to be searched." Lew's voice was ugly. "I guess every innocent one in this thing wants a fair deal."

"Yes," breathed Molly. Then, "No, oh no!"

Everyone looked at Molly. She was white as chalk.

"Why, Molly, what's the matter with you?" Heinie pleaded.

Molly lowered her head, but did not answer.

The detective shouldered his way between them. Lew pushed himself in front. "Me first," he said, and he held his elbows out while the detective went through his pockets. Nothing incriminating there. Lew smiled crookedly and stepped aside.

The detective turned to Red whose lips were a tight white line. "I'll save you the trouble," he said. With his eyes on Molly, cold eyes as bleak as arctic ice, he thrust his hand into his vest pocket and drew out two crisp fifty-dollar bills. "No use waitin' for you to find it on me." He handed them to the detective, but his eyes did not leave Molly's stricken face.

It all happened so quickly and quietly that no one outside the red rope knew that anything was wrong. The orchestra boys began to tune up their instruments. Heinie stared hard at the bills in his hand and said nothing.

Molly, her pansy eyes drowned in tears, came close to Red. "Red, I know you did it for me. I got you into this. I love you for it, Red."

Red's eyes probed deep into Molly's. His lips twisted.

"Why, Red, don't look at me like that. Red, I love you. I won't dance with Lew now—I—"

"What difference does it make now? Go on and dance with him. Dance till you drop in your tracks—and I hope to God you win that hundred." He jumped off the platform and made for the locker room. He tore off the striped blazer, and shrugged into his own coat and overcoat, and was at the back door when Heinie saw him.

"Hey, Red, I don't care what for you took that money. You stay here, I want you to be my piano boy."

"Gee, wouldn't that be nice? And everybody naming me a thief? Not on your life. I'm through." Before Heinie could stop him Red had flung out the door, ran down the alley, and was mingling with the Christmas crowds.

FOR an hour he wandered about the streets. People pushed him, nudged him with their bundles, children shouted and laughed in his face. Voices called, "Merry Christmas!" He felt like an outcast. He had nowhere to go. All that he knew or loved was back in the Melody.

He looked up, up above the heads of the people, above the city lights, above the tall buildings. In that moment he felt the magic of Christmas Eve. Something of the peace of the night entered into his turbulent young heart. He wanted Molly. He jerked out his watch. Eleven o'clock. The beginning of the elimination dance. He rushed back to the Melody.

A crowd was pushing through the entrance. Red pulled his white silk muffler high up over his chin and drew his hat down

over his brow. Nobody at the cashier's window or ticket box could have heard of what had happened inside. He placed his dollar under the glass, picked up his ticket and followed the man in front of him inside without anyone having recognized him as Red, the piano boy.

He hurried up to the spectators' balcony, and stood shadowed by a jar of velvet poinsettias.

The orchestra was working hard. The flute boy had taken his place at the piano. His place! His piano! Red's throat went tight and dry.

The contest was already well under way. The judges were watching from their platform. The spotlight pointed here—there.

MOLLY was a dancing flame and her bright red heels were swinging Christmas bells, red gay bells. She was a breathtaking sight, and Red looked upon her, and raged while his heart yearned for her. He wanted to spank her hard where head-strong little girls are meant to be spanked, and then cradle her in his arms and kiss her until she saw stars. Molly was a crazy kid. She didn't use her head, but she was his Molly, so little, so sweet!

He pushed toward the balcony rail.

Molly flung up her head. Her face lifted his way, but he felt sure she had not seen him for her eyes did not waver and her step did not falter. She danced as though moved by a power other than her own.

Every eye in the room was on Molly. "What's got into Molly?" "Say, look at Molly dance!" Every eye in the room on Molly who held herself away from her partner while she danced.

The finger of light moved to a couple with the girl in pink and white, flashed away, and swung to Lew and Molly. It stayed on Lew and Molly. An attendant motioned to the boy dancing with the girl in pink and white and they left the floor. Molly and Lew drifted around the glassy sea of vacant floor in a cone of golden light.

A burst of applause shook the paper bells in the topmost dome of the Melody Hall. The orchestra, with the flute boy in Red's place, pounded mad joy in the triumph of little Molly.

"Damn it! I hope you're satisfied," Red muttered.

Molly and Lew stood before the judge who held aloft two crisp fifty-dollar bills. Red laughed bitterly. The judge made a wise crack about the prize money divided between them and gave one bill to Molly, the other to Lew.

The crowd surged to the floor, the music and the dancing began again. Red turned to leave the same way he had come, but he dodged quickly behind a post when he saw Lew Voss coming up the steps to the balcony.

Lew leaving so early? Lew not staying to dance with Molly when the dancing was free? Something funny about that.

Red followed him. He went down the steps on the opposite side of the room. Red went as far as halfway down, then watched. Lew was in the men's check room, and when he came out he had his hat and overcoat, but instead of turning toward the exit he slid around the door that led to the locker room. Lew had no business in the orchestra boys' locker room. Red was going to see what he was up to.

But here came Molly. Molly was pulling Heinie by the hand, and her red heels flew across the passageway. What had come over everybody tonight? Was Molly going to make Heinie ask Lew to stay and dance with her since they had won the prize? Never! Not independent little Molly. Red leaned over the banister and saw Molly push straight through the men's check room into the locker room where a girl should



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never be, dragging Heinie along behind her. Something was wrong, and because Molly was in it Red wanted to know. He bounded down the stairs two at a time, and reached the locker room door where he stopped frozen by the sight before him.

Heinie and Molly faced Lew. Lew stood with Red's striped blazer in one hand, and in the other he held the gold-paper envelope which had originally held the prize money. They did not see Red.

"You gimme that!" Molly snatched the envelope, tore it open, and drew out the fifty-dollar bills. She looked at Heinie, and Heinie looked at Lew. Lew saw Red in the doorway and slumped as if the backbone had been jerked out of him.

Molly pushed a furious face close to his, and her little hands were doubled into fists. "If you knew it was there then you put it there yourself. If Red had known it was there he would not have gone off and left that coat hanging on a hook." She turned from Lew to Heinie. Her face puckered and rage gave way to bewilderment. "Say, Heinie, now where do you 'spose Red ever got that other hundred dollars?"

"You'll know soon enough, babe." Red had his arms about her crushing the gay bunch of holly so that red berries scattered on the floor.

"Make him go to jail," sobbed Molly. "Heinie, make him go to jail. He framed Red, and I thought Red took it."

"You thought I took it? I thought you took it. You said you'd rather steal it than have me mad at you."

"You thought I took it? Me? Steal? Oh, Red, how could you?"

The noise had brought the orchestra boys crowding through the door. They were yelling in chorus, "Call a cop!" "The dirty sneak thief!" "He framed Red!" "Beat him up!"

"Wait a minute, boys! Lissen, Heinie, be a sport. We don't want to send anybody to jail on Christmas, not even him." Red nodded contemptuously at Lew. "Heinie, you got the money, let's give him the air for a Christmas present."

EVERYBODY laughed, but Heinie heaved Lew by the collar and brought him upright facing the boys. "Here you! Hand over the other half of that prize money to Molly."

"I won my half," mumbled Lew, but a wrench from Heinie persuaded him to hold the bill toward Molly who did not touch it.

"Go on, take it, Molly," prompted Red. "He didn't win it. You won it. You wasn't dancin' with him. You was dancin' by yourself. What made you dance like you wasn't with him?"

"I saw you in the balcony, and I was tryin' to show you—to show you—"

"Show him now, girlie," laughed Heinie. "Hey, you boys! Get on back to your music, and as you go throw this scum out in the alley." He pushed Lew among the boys. "If you ever show your thievin' face around here again, jail for you!"

WHEN they had gone, Molly looked up at Red, with her eyes like Christmas stars. "Say, Red, let's beat it for tonight. Let's get in your car and just ride and ride."

Red held her close. "It's street cars for you and me, babe. Know where I got that hundred I had in my pocket? I got 'em to take the car and give me back my down payment. I don't believe they'd let me change my mind again."

Molly was hugging him and kissing him and crying and laughing. She was pushing the bills into his hands, and was babbling something about no car to pay for, plenty of money, taking a chance, until Red held her from him and laughed in her excited face.

"Hey, pipe down, young lady! Let me get what you're drivin' at? Do you mean that now I haven't got the expense of a car, and we each got a hundred dollars, you'll take a chance on marryin' me?"

Molly nodded so vigorously that her mop of black curls tumbled into her eyes. Blindly she thrust the money at Red. "Take it, take it. I don't want it. I don't care about clothes or money any more. I just want you. I'll listen to you hereafter."

"Will you? Fine. Then take this." Red laid the bills in her hand and closed her fingers over them. "I got this for you, and you got to take it."

Molly looked at the money and then down at her feet. She stuck out her slim legs, and wiggled her ankles, and with the toe of one shoe pointed to a badly scratched place on the toe of the other. "Well, I could use just a little of it—for new shoes—but no, I couldn't take the whole hundred."

Red laughed joyously and in his face was a look of high pride. He knew. New shoes for Molly—his right. Piano boy at the Melody—his job. Bossing Molly—his problem. But anyway she'd be his wife and not Heinie's dance-girl.

And This Too Is Hollywood

[Continued from page 35]

beauty of all America to utter despair.

Hollywood, as this is written, has more beauty without talent than ever before. My hotel maid is a girl of nineteen who came here three years ago to get in the movies. She is fair to look upon and she quit high school in her third year and left a good home to try her luck in the movies.

"This is the only job I can find," she said. "And I am ashamed to go home."

That is an ordinary example of the low premium that is put on beauty in a town that fairly reeks with it.

IT IS not my opinion that beautiful girls come here, and, failing, go the proverbial pace. They are good girls chiefly and they merely become abject failures, shunted to petty, menial tasks with no future.

The beautiful girl who remains in her home city has the very excellent opportunity to marry a worthy man, have a fine home and achieve woman's supreme glory, mother-

hood. Indeed what more could she ask for?

Hollywood offers no such opportunities. In a leading department store in Los Angeles there are eighteen girls who are winners of beauty prizes in various parts of the country.

IN A chili stand along the roadside beyond the Ambassador hotel is a beautiful brunette of nineteen summers who manipulates the cash register. She was adjudged the most beautiful girl in her native state by six distinguished artists. And yet this is her fate. A cashier in a chili stand!

Hollywood is the one place in the world where beauty is as casual as breathing. It is, indeed, the one place where it doesn't count.

And if this little description makes one beautiful and ambitious small town girl think twice before she treks to movieland it will have more than fulfilled its purpose and warmed the heart of its author.

Boy Friends

[Continued from page 78]

even thumps. She drew away with soft reluctance and they moved slowly on. Her fingers interlaced with his.

His voice was all broken up. "Now I'll have to see you again. I'll have to keep on seeing you. How beastly it's going to be. You're married. Married? Gosh, I've always hated anything like this. Always been afraid of it. Hanging around a married woman makes for misery. I don't want to be miserable and I don't want you to be. Most of all, I don't want you to be."

Sherry, smiling in the darkness thought, "I won't be. I'm having the time of my life."

MARK'S voice went on. "I don't want to cause you a moment's unhappiness. You're so terrifically sweet. But I'm afraid of this. It's outside my experience. It's strong and awful like a poison. I ought to get my hat and go. Go and not come back. That would be the decent thing to do. The manly thing. I'm not able to. It's ghastly, the resistless thing I feel, Sherry, darling name, I think it's love."

"Don't go, Mark. Give me time to think it over, dream over it. I couldn't bear you to go now."

"Darling heart, I should. Andrew James seems such a decent sort. And in his own home, too. It's a rotten sort of thing."

Why didn't Sherry say to him, "It's the usual sort of thing. All my set do it. I've done it for years. I'll do it for years to come. Another dizzy spell! Another stroll down the lane! Another scene."

But she couldn't say that to Mark. It was outside of his experience!

"Andrew won't mind," she whispered softly. "You're not robbing him. It would be different if you were. You're not. You can't steal from a man what he hasn't got."

"Poor Andrew. You mean you don't love him?"

"Not in this way. How could I? I didn't know. I was so young when we were married. I'm fond of him with a sort of a family feeling not like this."

"There couldn't be anything like this."

Sherry thought, "Oh, yes, there could, my lad! There has been dozens of times. There will be dozens of times again."

She said, "No, there couldn't be. This is special. This is ours."

"It's special and it's ours but it's part of the great whole, too. It's love. We'll have to find some decent way out. One hour has changed my entire life."

"I know, it's marvelous. So beautiful that it hurts. So beautiful that you mustn't question it. Questions injure soft lovely things. Not tonight! Not the hour in which it was born."

She thought, "This is pretty good for me. I know I haven't pulled this line before. I'm getting on."

"No, but I want to think seriously about it. I don't question it. It lives, all right, lives and burns like a terrible inferno. I only question what to do about it. I'm afraid I'll lose you. I couldn't bear that. Time has nothing to do with it."

"Ah, but don't rush. Women are different. I am different. I want to keep this magic hour safe. I want to play with it, lightly. After tonight... well, phone me Monday morning, after nine o'clock."

"Why after nine o'clock?"

"Because Andrew doesn't leave until eight thirty. It wouldn't be safe."

"Of course it won't be safe. There's nothing safe about it. But aren't you going to say anything to Andrew? Aren't you going to explain to him about our love?"

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Don't you owe him that much at least?" Sherry shivered a little. She needed another cocktail in order to maintain this level much longer. A cold thin knife of wind slithered down from the tree tops. The tree tops were whispering things. A star pointed a derisive finger at her.

"Why, yes, I owe him that. But I also owe it to him to prepare him. Andrew can't endure precipitate things. They stun him. He wouldn't believe me. It would ruin everything. He wouldn't be serious about it."

Sherry thought, "I'll say he wouldn't be!" "You may know best, but I want to get right down to the core of it. I want to feel secure, to make you mine, now and forever."

"You'll have to have a little patience, Mark, honey. I can't shock Andrew James too brutally."

"No, I suppose not. This part of it's beastly—waiting—oh, Sherry! Sherry!"

The pain in his voice stirred something within her which had been dormant a long time. Sherry shivered again. Something like panic came close to her. The tree tops were whispering things. Things yet to come, chill things. A combustible sort of boy, this Mark Horn.

"Sherry, kiss me again."

Ah, this was better! This was on safe, sane ground. Ground she knew.

"Don't make us wait long, Sherry. Tell Andrew. Then we can go away from the whole world. You and I. Together."

She kissed him, lingeringly, wistfully, reluctantly.

It was the way to do at the moment. It served as an answer.

MARCH was conquered by frail April; April tremulous with silver tears and golden forsythia and hinting lilac. And the lilac bloomed and drew aside her perfumed skirts to let in May.

Sherry and Mark found adorable little places to meet for luncheons and teas. Secluded, secret places miraculously beckoning to them from side streets and unexpected alleys. Places come to life just for them. Charming places where they could murmur and hold hands and make tentative love. Curious how these places always spring up when there is a new boy friend. The new emotion seems to evoke them from places where, assuredly, they have never been before.

Today they were having tea in Mark's studio. Sherry wouldn't come there often. She thought it too great a risk. She told Mark it was because she didn't dare. She let him think that she meant the temptation of being with him.

She wandered about the room looking at Mark's sketches. Mark did things for advertising purposes. Theater lobby displays. Rough sketches were spilled about the room.

"The only really artistic thing about me," Mark said, "is my genius for disorder."

Sherry said, "You can't finish these sketches as you've begun them. They're all of me."

"Everything is you. Everything is of you."

"But people would recognize them, right off. Andrew would. He'd know."

"I want Andrew to know. Andrew is going to know. He is going to know because you are going to tell him."

"Are you threatening again? Silly darling!"

"I'm not silly and the darling doesn't count. I've got beyond that. Beyond words and high-school tête-à-têtes. You're coming away with me Saturday night. Before Saturday night you're going to tell Andrew James the truth, all of it. We're going to Reno to get you a divorce. Then you're going to marry me. You've told me

you love me. You've acted as if you did, God knows. And you'd better love me for your soul's good."

"All right then, darling. Now put on a record and let us gather the roses while we may."

"You mean that you'll elope with me Saturday night? You'll cut out the fool party and be ready to go away with me forever?"

"Why not? I want a new room, a blue room, a—"

She hummed it gaily. In his intensity Mark did not notice.

Down in the streets a hand-organ whined "Always." The complaining tune drifted up to them. "Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just one year—"

Mark sang, huskily, crushing her to him "But al-ways—"

SHERRY sat at her dressing table. She was preparing for the party.

Of course there was going to be a party. Why, they always had one and it was her turn tonight. She couldn't go back on the crowd. Besides, Mark couldn't be threatening with the whole crowd there. It would show him; it would tide things over. And she'd even asked Patsy Tilden, just to give Mark back to her.

She loved her house, all of it. She had fixed it the way she wanted it. Maple in their bedroom. Old blue and copper in the living room. Bits of jade, bits Andrew had brought her that time when she was going in for jades. Mark was silly to think she'd go away with him, away from Andrew, away from the house, so nicely fixed and all.

Sherry slipped into a new frock. Georgeanne, the color of young green corn. She went down to the living room and filled the boxes with fresh cigarettes.

The windows were opened and spring was coming in. It caressed you with drenched hands, a little wild.

Andrew James told her she looked beautiful. He took her in his arms. "You don't love me any more, Sherry."

Sherry said, "Don't be silly!"

She was taken by surprise. She clung to him and kissed the lapel of his coat. She never felt awkward like this when other men made love to her. Still, it was not at all unpleasant. Quite the contrary.

The crowd came noisily in.

Vilma introduced Carruthers Hyde, her latest find. He was already slated to be Sherry's next victim, though he did not know it yet. He was a tall stiffish young man, sort of a military type. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and a charming manner. He had calculating eyes. His eyes calculated Sherry even as he bent over her hand. Sherry liked the men who bent from their waists, over her hands. She could feel his appraisal in her veins. Delicious quick-silvery sensation. He wouldn't lose his head, she thought. His heart was another matter.

Sherry danced with him. She said, "We go beautifully together."

Patsy Tilden came in alone. Andrew James was talking to her.

THEN Mark came in, halted on the threshold. His eyes dilated when he saw the crowd. His eyes found Patsy's, waiting for him, trying to fend things off for him. His face turned from ugly red to an uglier white. The waxen-white of a corpse.

Sherry threw him a word of welcome from the tightening circle of Hyde's arms.

Mark, unexpectedly, flung her back a glib retort. He went over to Patsy and they danced. Sherry felt a sense of relief. Good for old Mark! Everything was all right, just as she thought. Silly of her to have felt nervous. It was terrible, the way she took everything so to heart.

Some one was adjusting the radio. In the pause Mark came to Sherry. She said,

"Have you had a drink . . . Andrew will—"

"No."

Mark took her wrists in his hands. He gripped them till she winced. The music started and they began to dance.

Sherry said, "What a hideous tune!" Mark had stepped on her foot. They were all out of step.

"Yes," he said, "it's full of discord."

Sherry hummed under her breath. She thought Mark looked ill.

"Why did you have this party tonight? How dared you have it?" His eyes were not like a collie's now. Too angry.

"Now, Mark—"

"And why did you invite Patsy Tilden? What was the idea?"

"My sense of humor."

SHERRY laughed. She dared to laugh at him. She had just told Carruthers Hyde that the room was growing too close for her. She'd have to have a breath of air. She'd had too many cocktails. She didn't know why she had taken them; she wasn't used to them.

She was thinking of the tree-bordered lane and the sport it would be to break through the mocking admiration of young Hyde. Tonight there would be the penetrating sweetness of the wild strawberry. The stars pierced the sky like wild and wounded eyes.

Mark said, audibly, "Have you told Andrew? Are you ready to go with me?"

"Now, Mark, for heaven's sake! Don't go and spoil the party. I can't help it that things turned out as they have. I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. Just be a good boy tonight."

"Don't spoil the party? What are you talking about? I've made all the arrangements. What has the party to do with it save for the fact that it's outrageous of you? Rotten taste and a broken promise."

"Sh! Oh, don't be so silly, Mark."

"Are you coming with me tonight or are you not?"

"Mark Horn, have you had too many cocktails? Be careful! Andrew's watching us and Vilma has just given us the high sign to cut it out."

"How does Vilma know there is anything to cut out? Is she in on this?"

"No, idiot, but she suspects."

"Why should she suspect? What? Has she seen you play the same game before? Are you all playing the same game? You and the girls?"

Sherry tried to draw away from him. She was petulant. Petulance usually worked.

"Now stop this, Mark Horn. You're making my head ache. You're boring me to death. I may as well tell you that I'm not going away with you tonight. I never heard such rot. I didn't suppose you'd pin me down to every last word I've said. Stop digging your nails into me. Stop it this minute. I'm not going. So you might as well keep still."

There was a cold silence. A dead silence. Their steps lagged and slowed to a funeral march pace. There was a grisly space between their lifeless steps and the blaring insistence of the jazz.

Then out of the cold Mark said slowly, "I know you're not. You're not going tonight and you're not going any other night. Thank God! Thank God!"

He shouted the last "Thank God." He

bellowed it, brassy, brazenly. He hurled it into their midst like a bomb.

They all stopped dancing. Some one turned off the radio. The crowd had turned into wooden figures, arrested where they stood.

Andrew said, "What are you thanking God about?"

Mark wheeled on him. His inflamed eyes cut about the room, cut through the make-up of the girls, cut through the cowardly thin masks of the boy friends, cut through the futilities of the husbands.

He said, "I'm thanking God that your wife isn't going away with me tonight as she promised. I'm thanking God that I have the guts to tell you what saps you're being played for. Husbands! Boy friends!"

"These 'girls,' these mature women and their boy friends—they're deluding you, pulling silky wool over your eyes, making fools of you, that's what they're doing! They're filling you full of a lot of tripe about individual freedom and living their own lives. Junk! Junk! They're trying to make you think it's all innocent and part of the game. It's not. It's not innocent. It's a crooked game. They're cheating you. They're pulling the kitten stuff and all the while they're sneaking out with their boy friends and being made love to and purring promises they have no idea of keeping, not while you pay their bills and put up with their nonsense."

"Rotten, that's what they are! If you have any spunk left in you you'll take them by their necks and bang their empty heads against the nearest wall. You'll put them to work in your kitchens and get some honest labor out of them. You'll force them to bear you children. You'll turn your playhouses into homes or know the reason why. You'll—"

"Mark!"

Young Patsy Tilden had come over to him. She took his nervous clenching hand and held it firmly in both her own. Her face was as white as his face but her eyes were cold and shining. She stood shoulder to shoulder with him and faced them.

"Mark is right," she said. "You women are cheating. You're cheating abominably. You haven't the courage to live up to the stuff of life as Mark and I are going to do."

She held her head high and turned to Sherry. There was a gallant pride in her voice. She faced defeat and ridicule. She said:

"You haven't been able to do Mark any harm. I'm going to stay with him tonight and for as long as he needs me. I'm not afraid to boast about my love for him. I'm not afraid of any of the consequences. Love is the one worth while thing in life and you have degraded it."

"Patsy!"

"Let's go, Mark," she said.

SHERRY was dancing her interrupted dance with young Carruthers Hyde. She glanced at Vilma and Vilma took her cue and asked Andrew James to take her to the kitchen for a glass of water. She knew, Vilma did, that when they returned to the living room Sherry and Carruthers Hyde would have disappeared.

Back of the James house stretched a span of fields under the sharp spring stars. A tree-bordered lane ran through the fields, secret and close.

Ralph Whitehouse was puzzled and upset. He couldn't understand what made his wife so blissfully happy when she received a letter—so gloomy and depressed when she didn't. Her diary gave him no inkling as to whom the writer might be. Was she unfaithful, the woman he had loved all his life? He couldn't understand. And then he found his wife's "SECRET LETTER BOX." There will be as much of a surprise in the January SMART SET at the conclusion of this story for you, as there was for Ralph Whitehouse when he opened the first letter

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What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 33]

or whippet races, biology, radios or Balkan affairs of state. But the way to his heart nine times out of ten is through allowing him to talk about it and giving him intelligent cooperation therein.

But the average girl today is so limited in her knowledge and so narrow in her interests that this method is impossible to her. The higher education of which we boast seems to be higher but not broader. It lacks scope, breadth, variety of taste. Thus girls today are dreadfully handicapped in ability to adapt themselves with pleasure to a man's interests and amusements.

Yet there is no reason for this. If the girl of today would spend half the time she gives to making the best of her appearance to learning something about all the things that are going on in the world, her profits would show a hundred per cent increase. More condensed reading is available than ever before and it doesn't take any vast knowledge to be intelligent in conversation on a subject.

Ninon herself said, "A love affair is of all dramas that in which the entr'acts are the longest and the acts shortest. How can these intervals be filled up except by one's talents?"

That is a pearl of wisdom beyond price. Let us take time to analyze it, for perhaps Ninon never said anything more important.

Love-making, call it by whatever term you will and regard it to whatever degree you like, can occupy but a very small part of the time in any relationship between a man and a woman, or even a girl and a boy. There may be, probably is, a time just after mutual attraction has been discovered, or just before and just after the wedding day, when it fills many hours. But the majority of the time, love-making, in the strictly technical sense of talking about love or exchanging caresses, won't, can't and doesn't fill up a great many hours out of the twenty-four. Normal men aren't made that way.

The entr'acts, as Ninon called them, are long. They must be filled, as she said, by one's talents. By other thoughts, actions, conversations, amusements, by the business of living. The more things a girl knows and does, the more she can be a stimulating and responsive companion in the entr'acts, the more chance she has of getting her man.

Feminine opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, most men are not continually seeking sex diversion.

Often they neck because there doesn't seem to be anything else to do with that particular girl. And they leave her because they are bored to death with her lack of other talents, not because they want fresh fields to conquer.

THE greatest compliment a man can pay a woman is to be too interested to make love to her all the time. When she finds that love-making has taken its natural and by no means dominant place in their relations, she can begin to order her trousseau.

Love-making in the man's mind is the old standby. He can make pretty speeches and give easy kisses to almost any girl he meets. And it doesn't, as the girl finds, mean a darn thing.

But when he finds that he enjoys the theater four times as much when she is along to exchange opinions, when he finds that there isn't anybody who gives him quite the same stimulating interest in the things he likes, when he can gab comfortably to her for the whole evening, when he

finds he gets more laughs with her than with anyone else, then it begins to dawn upon him that she means something big and real in his life.

"Cultivate your talents," said the immortal Ninon.

Nor by that did she mean painting in water colors, doing interpretive dancing, or shining in any one line. She didn't mean the development of some flair that would simply allow you to show off.

She herself was one of the finest musicians of her time. Her dancing was far above even the professional average. But she had to be coaxed to play; she danced only when the moment seemed made for it. She didn't regard herself as a vaudeville show or a cabaret entertainer. Man soon loses interest in the role of audience, no matter how good the show. He wants to play a part in the drama.

No, Ninon's talents were her broad interests.

CECIL AUSTIN in a brilliant and comprehensive biography of her says, "She knew well that the province of conversation was to illuminate not to exhaust a subject, that monologue was an offense, that gossip without the salt of ideas quickly decayed into malicious chatter and that the hostess must guide the talk and give prominence and credit to her guests."

Her interests were real. There was no pretense about them. Any women can fake interest for a short time by keeping quiet, batting her eyes and saying, "Aren't you wonderful!" That is better than nothing. But any girl can acquire real interest, and she will find that as her mind develops her interest will deepen in each subject. It is all a matter of realizing the importance of this and beginning it.

And this brings us to Ninon's next great treasure, her love of life.

Remembering Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton and most particularly Catherine the Great, and now studying Ninon, one is impressed by the fact that they all possessed this quality to a superlative degree. In fact, it is impossible to lay too much stress upon it.

Ninon, to use a modern phrase, got a kick out of everything.

Thus we can lay down a positive rule that there is nothing more attractive in a woman than enthusiasm, the ability to enjoy. And nothing more fatal than an air of boredom.

And no girl can be bored if she will begin to open her eyes, to look about her at all the amazing little things, all the various phases of life, all the different kinds of people, all the stories going on, all the angles of thought being unfolded. Interest in life, in the little things and the big things, is a cultivated talent. It means getting out of one's self. It means widening one's horizon.

And it is always well to remember, it will bear repeating over and over, that any fool can be bored, but it takes effort and thought and cultivated response to the beauty and variety of life to be always interested.

It is impossible to find a moment anywhere in Ninon's life when she was bored. Her two great interests were conversation and friendship. It was not necessary for her to have wealth, excitement, luxury, travel. Her small house in the Rue des Trois Pavillons, later in the Rue des Tourneilles, was unpretentious.

"I never served at my table anything but simple meats without mixture. I ban-

ished thick soups and hors-d'œuvres. I shunned a variety of wines," she said. Men were not enticed to her home by the richness of food, the abundance of drink, or any unique entertainments, but by Ninon's sympathetic companionship, her conversation, the atmosphere of gaiety and comfort and simplicity that prevailed. Are any of these things out of the reach of average women today?

To read of Ninon, even after all these years, even when her tongue has been silent for centuries, is to feel that life is a lot of fun, that there is so much in it that if one thing fails others will prove equally worth while. It is a tonic, her joie de vivre, even as history. What must it have been to those who were privileged to know her?

Is it any wonder that Molière turned to her when he wanted to read a new masterpiece, that the Marquis de Sevigné sought the warmth of her salon and that many years later his son followed in father's footsteps? That the dashing young hero, the Marquis de Jarze, found it as exciting to be Ninon's lover as to go about fighting duels with royal dukes?

She was so alive. And she was so gay.

With all she had, with all she gave, gaiety was perhaps her greatest charm, her rarest treasure.

NINON'S own observations on this score are infinitely worth recording and studying. Her observations always came from seeing life and thinking about it. Her experience was so vast that nothing she said is without authority.

"It is the air of frank good humor in a woman that attracts a man more than the most romantic beauty. He flies willingly to her with whom he can spend a happy hour free from care, annoyance and grief. For this he will pay almost any price."

Why, indeed, should one suppose that a love affair differs in all its aspects from other human relationships? Why should it be treated as though some magic glamour removed it from all good sense? Why should one assume that the faculties of judgment and the rules of life are suspended by the feeling of love? In a letter to the famous Marquis de Sevigné, one of her greatest admirers, Ninon wrote, "Do you know why love is dangerous? Because people will persist in thinking it sublime."

Sublime. Something so exalted, so mystic, so separated from thought that it will not bear thinking about. Ninon knew that love can be divine in its sweetness and sublime in its joys, but she refused to consider it as something removed from intelligence.

And is there anything more valued in life than contact with people who are happy, gay, good-humored, care free?

Just so it is with love. A man expects to spend, with the woman he loves, most of the time he isn't working, the time when he wants to play. If he can't have fun with her, where is he going to have it?

Of course there are men whose whole natures are serious, who turn for their diversion to the higher thoughts, to spiritual things. Mona Lisa Gioconda found such a man in Leonardo da Vinci. We shall see later how she appealed to that type of mind.

In the study of the lives of all the women who "changed the map of empire" it appears an infallible rule that they understood laughter, that they had good dispositions, that they didn't quarrel.

Maréchal d'Albret, the great French soldier, once consoled himself during Ninon's absence from Paris with Villarsaux, in the company of Mlle. de Guerry, a great beauty of the time. But she was a vain and jealous little person, with a most uncertain temper. When Ninon returned

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to Paris the Marechal abandoned the beauty and threw himself once more at the feet of his "sincere, generous and amiable" Ninon. Monsieur Scarron, the crippled philosopher and poet who exercised such a profound influence upon the political and literary thought of Paris and who was one of Ninon's closest friends, preferred her society to that of any other person in the world for the reason, he said, that he found her "always sympathetic, kind and entertaining."

WHILE Ninon was sojourning in the country with Villarsaux, Monsieur Scarron married a quiet and attractive young girl, Mademoiselle Françoise d'Aubigné. But his marriage in no way interfered with his devotion to Ninon. The two women became close friends and that friendship had a fascinating sequel. For Monsieur Scarron's widow, after her husband's death, turned to Ninon for help and advice, lived with her for some time and was in most respects her pupil until she became the famous Madame de Maintenon, mistress of Louis XIV and finally his wife.

From Ninon, Madame Scarron learned the art of pleasing men so well that she gained a place in the household of King Louis as the governess of his illegitimate children. While in that subordinate position she won his affection, ousted the gorgeous and omnipotent Madame de Montespan and finally married this pampered and sought after monarch. During the years that she ruled Louis, she often sought Ninon's counsel.

Ninon had the priceless gift of ignoring the unpleasant, of keeping it out of conversation and of always refusing to quarrel or struggle.

An example of her attitude on this score is contained in some advice she once gave a young girl.

"Never reveal to a man or woman in the name of friendship that some one has deceived them. You will be hated for your trouble. Although people do not like to be deceived, they like less to be undeceived."

When Ninon, after a care free and happy life, found herself completely in love with Monsieur de Villarsaux, she faced a great problem. Villarsaux was a man of the world, strong, spoiled and dominating. But Ninon loved him and found in him the greatest happiness she had ever known. Knowing, as she always knew, what she wanted, she thought the thing out and decided that to struggle, to hold back, to attempt to retain the freedom of living which she had always had, was to lose him. Once she had decided upon her course, she pursued it cheerfully and sweetly; she gave in to please him and followed his desires in everything.

This ability to know what she wanted and to be willing to pay the cost was one of her real powers.

Nothing shows her good disposition better than her refusal to defend herself at the expense of others. For instance, when her affair with Villarsaux ended, he tried to give the impression that he had cast Ninon aside. Ninon shrugged, smiled and went her way quite happily, without bothering to contradict him. No recriminations, no long harangues, no weeping or tiresome confidences to her friends, no loss of her own charm and dignity by entering a vulgar dispute.

"Our sorrows seem light to others," she wrote. "If a woman must sob, she should choose a man who will be touched by it."

Her knowledge of the world had taught her that while weeping may win momentary sympathy, it will eventually turn men away. The tyranny of tears is a boomerang nine

times out of ten. Ninon would doubtless have agreed with the later day poetess who wrote, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

Her habit was to ignore public opinion utterly and completely, to live according to her own code, keep her self-respect and enjoy life. To the minor conventions and rules of living in society, she subscribed because it was needless and inconvenient to oppose them. But in any big thing she followed her own judgment. Her honesty and courage gained her an impregnable position.

There was no pettiness or cattiness about her. In an age where women fought with each other with utmost malice, where jealousies and envies and lies were rife on all sides, Ninon went the even tenor of her way. A man could be sure when he went to Ninon that he would not be forced to listen to complaints, bitterness, intrigues or belittling remarks.

In every moment of her life, according to the testimony of all the men who loved her

Is It Wise to Love Too Much?

READ Adela Rogers St. Johns' story of George Sand, one of the truly great feminine geniuses. She was more madly loved than any woman in history. When she loved all else faded from her vision—art, conventions, wisdom. Why, then, did she suffer from love so terribly and never find happiness? The answer is "What Every Woman Wants to Know" in a forthcoming issue of SMART SET

and were her friends: Voltaire, Molière, the Abbé Godeyn, the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Navilles, the Chevalier de Saint-Evremond, she displayed "sincerity, loyalty, humanity and courage."

She had the qualities required by men of each other, the qualities mentioned by Marcus Aurelius as necessary to any great character. They were not the sort of things that the girl of today connects with a vampire, an enchantress, a woman of one hundred and fifty-two love affairs.

Doesn't this make any woman who can be honest with herself think and wonder? Do they record, these men, in all the things they took such pleasure in writing about their beloved Ninon, anything about her sex appeal, her beauty, her vamping tendencies? Anything about playing one man off against another, anything about arousing jealousy, about deceit, about sitting back and expecting men to love her without her giving forth anything?

No, she gave "sincerity, loyalty, humanity and courage."

THERE is an entirely authentic story which proves something of the reason that men loved her so strongly.

Monsieur de Gourville, who had occupied a brilliant position under Fouquet, was called to severe account by the new minister of finance, Monsieur Colbert. Things became so difficult that de Gourville decided to leave the country for some time. In making this move he wished to leave a fortune of some sixty thousand livres where he would find it safe upon his return. In order to

lessen the risk of loss, he made up his mind to divide this huge sum between the two people in the world he thought most trustworthy. They were a priest of spotless reputation, the Grand-Penitentiary of Notre Dame, and Mademoiselle Ninon de Lenclos.

Upon his return some years later, he went immediately to the Grand-Penitentiary to claim his money. But that gentleman neither then nor at any time in the future was able to remember any such transaction and of course de Gourville had no legal redress.

It must have been with some misgivings that he sought Ninon in the Rue des Tournelles, for if such a man as the Grand-Penitentiary had succumbed to temptation, what could one expect of the gay and worldly Ninon, whose financial resources were meagre? But within five minutes of his entrance Ninon had produced the casket which he had deposited with her. The seal was unbroken and not a single livre was missing.

Practically never did she quarrel with any of her lovers. Most of them, when that relationship ended, became her devoted friends. When she was displeased she simply shut her doors and was not at home. And so pleasant and stimulating was her society that this was sufficient punishment.

It was for reasons such as these that when the cabal among the court ladies persuaded the queen to order Ninon to a nunnery because of what they were pleased to call her immoral life—which to say the least was the pot calling the kettle black—the effect upon Paris was amazing. Life without Ninon? Paris without Ninon's gaiety and companionship and conversation? Impossible. Men of the highest standing protested violently. And finally a veritable army of her friends besieged the convent where she was imprisoned and would have taken her away by force except that she begged them to use no violence.

Oddly enough it was a woman who championed virtue and was an ardent religionist, who rescued Ninon and procured her freedom. Queen Christina of Sweden. This royal lady, while visiting France, had heard much of the incomparable Ninon from the literary men whose society she enjoyed. She expressed a wish to meet this paragon. And the Maréchal d'Albret took her to the convent where Ninon was held. From there the queen wrote a letter to the all powerful Cardinal Mazarin in which she begged him to set free "the most charming woman in France."

This is, above all things, proof that Ninon did not depend upon any lure of sex to win hearts and that her free views upon love proved no bar to the admiration of noble minds.

Her next great treasure was the treasure of generosity. Ninon always gave. Her demands were few.

"A man had to be very adroit or she had to be very much in love to make her take a present of any kind."

YET Ninon had come to Paris as a young woman of very small income. But she had the Frenchwoman's knack of making the most of every franc. Her manner of living was simple. Her investments were sound. Her dress, while it was always charming, was never extreme and could in no way compare with the elegance and richness of the court beauties, where Madame de Montespan held sway in such glittering splendor.

In her economic independence, the woman of today has in her hands the greatest weapon in the world for getting and holding men. But she is abusing it in a manner painful to behold.

Economic independence, which is within the grasp of most women today, is inval-

able because it places the woman in a position to give.

The girl who must marry to be supported, the wife who cannot leave her husband because she has no way of earning her living, labors under great handicap. There is a way to overcome this, best illustrated in the life of Peggy O'Neal, the innkeeper's daughter, one of the most interesting figures in American history. But it is nevertheless a handicap.

If a woman wants a man, if she loves him, shows preference for his society, marries him, does things for him, when she herself is able to provide for all her own needs, he feels the greatest possible happiness because he is convinced that she loves him. She is pleasing him, doing for him, because she wants to. There can be no other reason. The door for her escape is always open.

And he rewards her, will strive to reward her generosity, with everything that is in him.

Too many women use that open door to freedom as a threat. And no man who is worth holding can be coerced by threats, either of rivalry or of a woman's return to her job. They use it to belittle the man and no man who is worth loving can be happy if he is belittled. Ninon used her independence as a gift to those she loved. She used her freedom to make a man feel like a god because she had gladly sacrificed all this to be his.

This same giving was what won Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon. How could a woman not particularly young, never more than ordinarily good-looking, with the handicap of being almost a servant in his household, gain such power over a king who had but to lift his hand to win any woman in his kingdom?

MADAME de Maintenon used one simple method. She made him believe that she loved him for himself alone and that she gave herself to him only because she loved him and that no other man in the world could have touched her. In the years after Scarron's death, this thoughtful woman had become a religionist. Her whole life was devoted to religion. Thus Louis became convinced that nothing but real love for him, the man, not the king, could persuade such a woman to become his mistress and endanger her immortal soul. In the end he married her for this reason. He was caught once before by the same lure, when the saintly young Louise de la Vallière, who was quite lame, gave him a pure and true love and left him to retire to a convent.

The only way to convince Louis of a disinterested love was to prove to him a great obstacle in the woman's own thought.

And now we come to what is in many ways the most interesting and unusual phase of Ninon's life and character. The way in which she grew old.

Contrary to the accepted tradition, Ninon did not remain young. She simply grew old gracefully. She had no secret which enabled her to remain unchanged in appearance as the years rolled by.

Voltaire said, "I can testify that Mlle. de Lenclos had all the ugliest signs of old age in her face."

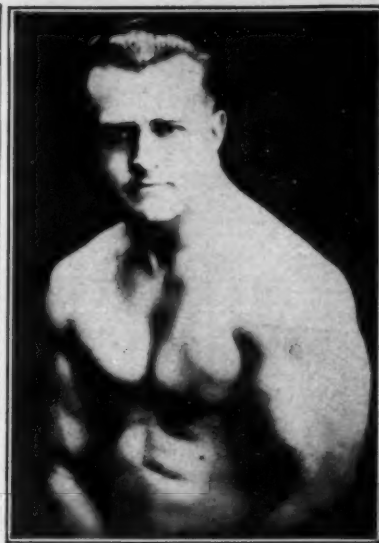
The Abbé Chaulieu put it beautifully when he said, "Cupid had retreated into the little wrinkles around her eyes."

Of these same wrinkles she herself said, "Wrinkles are the mark of wisdom." And indeed hers were.

At fifty-one, when she says she retired from the game of love, she purchased herself a pair of spectacles.

Yet there can be no question that she was adored by young and handsome suitors after that, and by devoted and brilliant friends until she was eighty.

When she was seventy-nine, her oldest



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friend, Saint-Evremond, wrote to her, "You are of all countries, as much honored in London as in Paris. You are of all times, for when I bring your name forward to glorify my own, I find the young men quoting you to prove the superiority of theirs. So there you are, you see, mistress of the present and the past."

And again, when La Rochefoucauld had spoken his famous words, "The woman's hell is old age," this devoted friend writes, "Your life, my very dear lady, has been too illustrious to lose any of its glory at the end. Don't be afraid of Rochefoucauld's hell. It's a made-up one. He just wanted to perpetuate a maxim. You take my advice and say, 'Love,' boldly all the time and never let the words, 'Old Age,' soil your lips."

Apparently she did not. For her mind was always reaching forward; her eagerness always made her look ahead. Life was always interesting to her. And that is the great secret of remaining young in the heart.

NO WOMAN can retain her physical being unimpaired by age. Most horrible of all things perhaps is the woman who has resorted to some trick of surgery, to some abortion of nature, and given herself a distorted look of unwholesome youth.

A woman reaches her peak physically when she is about thirty. Many hit it long before that. That means that so far as her physical perfection is concerned, she is sliding down hill, perhaps not very fast but sliding nevertheless, after she is thirty. Most women live to see sixty. They do not begin to live, so far as love is concerned, until they are fifteen. So that during only one third of life is physical charm, upon which so many women rely entirely, at its best. In other words, woman is without great physical lure or appeal for a large part of her life.

Does she recognize and prepare for this? Does she develop her responsiveness, her talents, her joy of life, her wit and gaiety, her sympathy and understanding, her generosity, so that when the youthful charms go they will hardly be missed, so cloaked are they by the real and big things which go to win love and friendship?

Time could not wither Ninon, even though she wore glasses and had wrinkles, because

time only increased those charms which had always been her chief reliance, those charms which had always bound men to her. The older she grew, the more she knew of life and men, the more the sweetness and brilliance and stimulation of her mind grew, the more men enjoyed her conversation and companionship.

It isn't the woman who tries so desperately to retain youth who is charming in old age. It isn't the use of cosmetics and face liftings and clothes that keep charm alive. It is the woman who replaces youth with the depth and richness of maturity, who softly puts her physical self and its imperfections in the background with appropriate clothes instead of forcing them into the limelight with glaring pretensions of youthfulness, who is beloved at fifty.

The Abbé Gedeon said of Ninon's eyes when she was eighty, "One can read in them even at eighty the history of her life."

Knowing something of that history, don't you think her eyes must have been worth looking into even then?

It wasn't to any freedom from physical signs of age that Ninon owed her continued charm. That charm did not diminish even when her health failed. And that charm was her personality, stronger with age, more radiant than beauty, more powerful and sure than sex, the personality composed of the things which she carried in her dowry chest and which had ripened with the years. Her broad interests, her love of life, her gaiety, her generosity, her fineness of character.

There was another Frenchwoman who lived not so long after Ninon and who possessed many of her qualities. But this woman made some fatal mistakes, not unlike those that are made by women today. She forms in many ways an amazing contrast to the immortal Ninon, this graceful, warm coquette who became the Empress Josephine. Much can be learned from the woman Napoleon loved, much from her power to please, much from her mistakes.

We turn from Ninon to her, but before turning we salute once more the gallant lady who never made mistakes and write as her epitaph words which every woman should pray to have spoken of her:

"Those who knew her best loved her most."

OTHER articles concerning "What Every Woman Wants to Know" appeared in the September, October and November issues of SMART SET. Copies of any or all of these issues will gladly be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents each

A Girl Who Learned From Failure

[Continued from page 57]

The whole story was natural enough. Part of it has happened to many a girl, but most of us never meet a man of so much experience and honesty. Mary Kincaid didn't know anything about her business, so she avoided it as we all avoid dark and doubtful roads. Unsure of herself on that ground, she turned to something she was sure of, her attractiveness to men. Sex. She never used it again in her work. I have seen her pleasant and charming, but I have never seen her anything but businesslike with them.

You think it strange that Mary's employers did not tell her all about her job. Not strange at all. A queer thing about business offices is that so seldom is anything explained to the newcomer.

AND the first job is especially hard because no matter how much sense you've got, you're frightened, like a man going into his first battle. You're as much afraid of

being fired out as a soldier of being fired on.

It's a help to remember that your boss was once in the same state of mind himself.

AND it's sensible to find out for yourself what the business is about, not just the mechanical motions you're expected to make at your own desk, but what the whole thing is about, who are the heads of the firm, what the firm is in business for, what it sells and at what prices, whom it sells to, and then the general condition of that branch of business throughout the country.

In the meantime, also find out how the business is organized within and what each department is for. Nobody will think of telling you any of this voluntarily, but a lot of people will be glad to answer sensible questions, if you're tactful. Then your work will have some meaning for you, and having meaning, will be easier.

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Fame

[Continued from page 66]

real me! The me I'd like them to know!"

But you cannot do that. And the composite portrait provided the world by thousands of different interviews and pictures is never a true one.

At a party last week a woman said about a man I knew:

"Oh, that conceited fool!"

I knew the man to be about the most modest of my acquaintance, and said so. I probably did him harm by so doing, for every word I say is twisted, distorted, dissected and picked over for a hidden motive. The woman in question, as you have guessed, had never personally met the man she summed up so glibly. She was repeating only what she had heard or what she had read.

IF THERE is one thing I would like readers of this article to do it is this: When next you hear any one blaming or praising Peggy Joyce, find out if the person knows me.

I am neither a raving beauty, a wonderful woman, nor a scheming adventures. Life simply has made me human, because I have to fight every second to be myself. You can believe that, for the experience of life I have had would make anybody human.

You have no idea how hard it is to be in the limelight and still remain natural. People you meet, for one thing, expect you to be the Peggy Joyce they have read about and when I am my natural self they think it only a pose.

One man, I won't mention his name but you would recognize it if I did, I particularly wanted to please. I liked him and, as I knew he wouldn't be attracted by my artificial personality, I tried to show him the real Peggy. His manner was easy and apparently he accepted me for what I really was. But once or twice I saw a glint of amusement in his eyes and when we parted he shook my hand and laughed.

"Peggy," he said, "you are the most consummate actress I have known. Why, you nearly had me thinking you a shrinking violet!"

He said nothing about another meeting. He thought I had been trying to cheat him.

I cried hours that night.

Cry? Of course I cry. I have sobbed the pillows wet many, many times because of cruel things said and written about me, usually by persons I have never seen.

My worst trial was during my divorce from Mr. Joyce. I do not think such a deluge of unjust vilification has ever descended on the head of any woman as nearly drowned me then. I had been forbidden to talk and the Joyce lawyers had full sway.

Fame! The front page! I would have given anything and everything I possessed just then to have been able to turn back the leaves of the years, to be back in my home town in Virginia, unknown to any one.

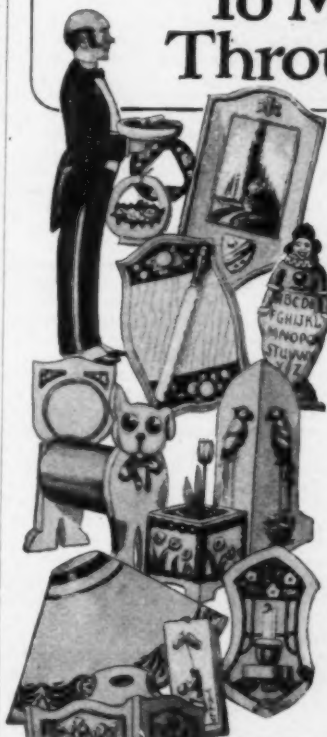
But the snowball was rolling. I could not stop it. Nobody could stop it. It is far more difficult to stay the remorseless wheel of publicity than to start it turning.

I used to go home of evenings and write for hours in my diary things no living soul has seen and may never see.

When that diary sees the light of day I think that in it will be revealed the soul of a woman.

It won't be the Peggy Joyce you know or think you know. But it will be me.

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The Life of the Party

[Continued from page 51]

peared two by two into the moonlit night. Lois and Bertie sat on gallantly making conversation. Finally the spirit of charity overcame Denise.

"Because a man feels himself better off with The Field in the library than he is with me in the moonlight," she said, "it doesn't mean I have no imagination. You two can go forth and honeymoon for all I care. I'm retiring to bed; a vivid evening on top of a motor run has made the young girl sleepy."

ON HER way bedward she slipped out of doors, crept round to the library windows and peeped in. Major Lanyon sat in a deep armchair. The Field unopened on his knees, an extinct cigar between his teeth, staring grimly at nothing at all.

Either by accident or scientific cheating on the part of Lois, Denise acquired him as her partner in the tennis tournament. Instantly she began to see him in a new light, the reserve and hesitation all gone, the squadron leader all present and correct. First he looked her over as if she were a mount of unknown origin; then he delivered a brief strategic lecture based on his observation of the others.

"No good tryin' to run the Misses Shales off their legs; they can keep on all day. If Heron gets over his first service it takes a bit of pickin' up, but he seldom does. Bertie isn't brilliant but his accuracy is very tryin', and he never lets go. Those two young fellas think they know a lot more than they actually do."

"Thank you, Major."

"Not at all. It's our service. Will you take it or shall I?"

"Oh, you, please."

It became evident to Denise that tennis balls grow even in the shadow of the Himalayas and on the barren stretches of the Frontier. Equally the Major realized that his partner had been brought up in the way she should go. He began skillfully to direct their tactics as he might have handled a troop and the opposition wrecked itself against them as the Persians were wrecked on the phalanx of Alexander.

Denise merely sank herself in the common cause. "If I can only hammer a little respect for me out of him with a tennis racket, a tennis racket let it be," she concluded. "My frocks, my dancing, my conversation and my looks merely give him a pain. He evidently likes them active with an eye for the flight of a ball. Adapt yourself, adapt yourself, Denise."

At luncheon she encountered some small reward; he volunteered a brief anecdote concerning a tennis tournament at Rawal Pindi. At tea he merely jerked out a few suggestions for the final stage of a terrific combat. At dinner his keynote was alarm.

"Hope I'm not in for a go of fever, or has it turned a bit chilly? I'd better take a stiff dose of quinine and aspirin tonight. All bein' well we've got the final of the mixed doubles as safe as houses tomorrow."

"Major, you simply aren't to have a go of fever. I've set my heart on winning the mixed doubles."

"I'll see you through or die in the attempt," promised the Major and looked at her almost with affection. She carried the glow of this tribute with her out into the raffered hall, only, at the instance of Betty Shale to lose irrevocably all the ground she had gained.

In accordance with tradition some one had turned on the gramophone, yet mirth and gaiety hung fire. Perhaps the day

long struggle on the courts had tired them. Sudden inspirations came to Betty Shale.

"Oh, Denise," said Betty in her little cooing voice, "I've got a brain wave. You're the girl who danced the black bottom on a table at Violet Streatham's party, aren't you? I wasn't there but Felicity Wilson told me. She said it was too thrilling. You must dance it for us now. A blight's fallen on this gathering. Bring that table into the limelight, Walter. Come on, Denise."

"I think not, thank you," Denise told her with a lovely smile on her face and murder in her heart. "It's too early in the proceedings, and besides Violet's was a fancy dress affair, and she had the most marvelous band."

Too late. Already hounds were after her in full cry, all except the Major, who stared straight in front of him without a smile. Nothing could stem the storm of applause and would-be encouraging cries. Finally she gave in.

"All right. Bring out the table."

Ronald Harker and Walter Fleming drew that ancient heirloom into the center of the hall and helped her to climb on it. Thereafter Denise danced the black bottom with great vigor, since she might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. When she had finished, the applause had subsided. She looked round for the Major. He had disappeared.

"An' the Major cursed his Maker 'cause he'd lived to see that day."

"An' the Colonel broke his sword across, and cried!" she quoted to herself. Wandering into Lois's room at bedtime, she made her moan:

"I've realized it at last. First of all my pajamas shocked him, and then I redeemed my reputation by playing tennis with him. Sound at heart," he thought, 'if she can put a show like that. No girl good at games is rotten to the core.' And now that little fool Betty's made me go and absolutely tear it. Nice women in Dehra Ismail Khan don't dance on tables; it isn't done among the Himalayas. I want to leave in the morning."

"My dear, who on earth are you talking about?"

"Eric. Me and Eric, Eric and I. I believe I have a real love at last. I want to marry him and live on the Frontier and hand him a whisky peg when he comes in covered with dust and sweat after the last chucker in which he shot the winning goal for the regiment. I never shall, because he despises me. Can't you realize tragedy when you see it, Lois?"

"Nonsense! You've struck him all of a heap. He's merely shy. You are London; you are torment; you are all that ever went with evening dress. He's got an inferiority complex."

"HE WOULD never introduce me to his mother or his sisters," Denise said. "They are proud and bony, and wear wool next their skins, and their standards are as high as the shine on their noses, and they breed dogs, and take everything at a canter. He in short is One of Them, and I in his opinion am One of Those."

Denise woke in the night out of a dream that the Major's mother was choking her. She sat up, coughed feebly, and became conscious of a burning smell.

"Even if the kitchen is in the east wing they can't have left anything in the oven, and you couldn't smell it on the fourth floor, supposing they had," she mused. "The chimney wouldn't catch fire in the middle of the night. I didn't drop a cig-

arette end, did I? No, there they are in the ash tray. Phoo? Where can all the smoke be coming from?"

While fighting the natural disinclination of the sleep ridden to get out of bed and investigate nocturnal mysteries, a violent thumping on her door brought her wide awake.

"Denise!" cried the voice of Lois. "Wake up! Are you awake, Denise? Open the door!"

"My dear Lois," Denise inquired, "what the deuce is the matter?"

Lois continued to thump and yell.

"The house is on fire. Come out, quick. Bertie's gone to wake up the others. Unfasten the door and run. The staircase—"

"All right, Lois. Clear out. I'm coming."

Lois ceased to thump, and Denise added to herself, "But not in these pajamas this time. No, Eric, not again. Where is my respectable dressing wrap?"

She found it, put it on, and opened the door. A thick pall of smoke started her coughing. She endeavored to grope her way along the corridor, and found it impossible to breathe. Suddenly with a flash and a roar, a sheet of flame shot across the end of the corridor from the direction of the staircase. Denise retreated to her bedroom and shut the door behind her.

"Cut off," she observed. "I can't go up the chimney. The best place seems to be the window-sill. Some one's sure to see me. Alas, the dressing wrap will have to go. Can't climb about in that thing. Rough on Eric, but in matters of life and death the conventions go to the wall."

She opened her window, crept out cautiously on to the broad sill, closed the window behind her and sat down with her feet dangling into space.

"Thank heaven, it's a warm night, but I wish they'd hurry up with a ladder. I don't want to drop four stories even if the flower-beds are soft to fall on."

They came hurrying obscurely through the lonely night, with only a hint of moon to light them. Denise shouted and they shouted back. She could make out two men carrying a ladder and then with a roaring of the engine in low gear some one forced a car round the corner of the east wing and turned the blinding ray of a spotlight on her. By its illumination she could see that the ladder would only reach to the first floor.

THEN a tall figure, six feet two, weighing eleven stone six, all legs and line, detached itself from the group and ascended the ladder. It was the Major in shirt, trousers and tennis shoes, whose hobby it was to roam the Himalayas. He reached the limit of his ladder and began to climb the wall of the east wing assisted by thick ivy and rain-water pipe from the gutter.

Denise watched him with a sort of detached interest.

"Heaven alone knows what he can do when he gets here if he ever does get here but that's not the point. There is a little something about the empire-building soldiers. Stuff they may be but you can't help liking them. It would never occur to him to do anything else."

The Major paused a second at the third floor window and gathered himself for the last lap. Presently his head appeared level with her knees. He seemed to have one foot on a clip holding the pipe to the wall and precarious hand-holds on the window sill and the ivy.

"There's no reason to be alarmed," said his slow, distinct voice. "If you'll just lower yourself gently on to my shoulders, you'll be absolutely all right."

"Thank you, Major. Awful decent of you, but we needn't both of us break our

necks. You haven't enough support for me as well as you."

"I assure you," declared the Major, "I'm quite capable of getting you down." The ivy in his left hand gave way and with perfect calm he shifted his grip. "Put your knees on my shoulders and support yourself with your hands on the window ledge and let me take your weight gradually."

"I'm frightfully grateful but I absolutely refuse. They'll get a ladder soon or a sheet to catch me or something. Very sporting of you to climb up here—"

"Damn it, girl," shouted the Major, "do as I tell you before I chuck you down and chance if some one catches you."

"But I would like a cigarette if you happen to have one on you and a match. I forgot mine," ended Denise gently.

WHAT might have happened if he had not slipped no one knows, but in that crisis his frail supports gave way. He began sliding down the walls, struggling methodically to restrain himself, and eventually brought up safely at the head of the ladder. By this time Bertie, the butler, Heron and the other men reappeared with a large awning which they proceeded to stretch out between them. Denise stood up gracefully on her window ledge and jumped. She landed safely in the middle of the awning, rebounded, and in stretching out a hand to save herself, slightly sprained her left wrist. The Major stood by watching Heron bind it up.

"Damned plucky jump," was all he said and then his eyes wandered to the far distance. Instantly Denise knew."

"Give me a wrap, some one," she besought. "I'm so cold." The butler enveloped her in a blanket and she became shapeless and decent.

At that moment the Long Hinton fire-engine thundered up the avenue and swung round to the main entrance. Brass helmeted men unhooked the sweating horses, ran out their hose to the lake, dashed into the hall, and poured a stream of water on the burning staircase. Brave firemen extended the ladder and took another hose through Denise's bedroom. In a couple of hours they had managed to extinguish the blaze.

So they reshuffled the bedrooms and billeted the homeless sleepers from the east wing elsewhere.

Denise having breakfasted in her room, appeared on the tennis courts, carrying the usual two rackets, her left wrist neatly bandaged, indescribably slim and fair in a perfectly new tennis frock, silk stockings and little wool socks turned over her shoes. Major Lanyon gazed at her with the all-seeing eyes of one who has made the inspection of boots and buttons, hoofs and saddlery his life work.

"Sure you feel fit to play with that crooked wrist?" he inquired.

"Perfectly, thanks. Nothing would induce me to miss winning the doubles. Topping day, don't you think?"

"Top-hole," agreed the Major.

Thereupon Bertie Hamilton climbed to his seat on the umpire's ladder and they began the undoing of Muriel Paulet and Bruce Heron. They took the first set at six to nothing and after that Denise began to flag. Her wrist ached and throbbled and she flinched instinctively. Muriel and Heron won the second set by a desperate effort.

Two straight creases appeared between the Major's eyes and Denise's mouth, originally intended by Providence for kisses, took on a dogged line. The Major annexed a love game with his first service and he and his partner proceeded to run away with the match. The moment came when, with advantage in their favor, they needed only one point to win. Then what Denise had dreaded happened. A terrific

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drive from Bruce Heron caught her fairly and squarely on her bandaged wrist. She gave a little sigh and fainted from the pain.

Just as he might have rescued the wounded under fire, Major Lanyon picked her up and carried her, at Lois's direction, to her bedroom. Once more Bruce Heron lent professional aid. Denise opened her eyes, saw Lois bending over her and said: "Did I faint? What a fool!"

Bruce Heron laid two fingers on her pulse, nodded, and went out. Lois sat on the edge of the bed and made pitying noises.

"You'd better lie down till lunch time, darling. We should never have let you play this morning, after the shock of last night, with a groggy wrist and everything. I blame myself; Bertie blames himself—"

"—that they might not have blamed themselves, and the aunt of the gardener has the pens," Denise concluded for her. "My dear, it's no good. I've lost him now. His bony sister would never have fainted. She would have gone on and worn the strings of her racket to mere threads and won."

"How d'you know he's got a sister?"

"If only I'd fainted after we'd won it would have crowned the victory. As it is, I merely fainted in the hour of trial."

A tap on the door. Ashenden entered.

"Excuse me, madam," she said to Lois, "but Major Lanyon would like to speak to you a moment if it's convenient."

EXIT Lois with Ashenden. Presently she returned, shepherding a tall man in a gray flannel suit: six feet two weighing eleven stone six.

"Eric wants to speak to you for one moment. Don't let him stay long," murmured Lois and left closing the door behind her.

Major Lanyon stood looking at Denise, like General de Galliffet surveying the Prussian ranks at the Battle of Sedan, General U. S. Grant reconnoitering the Shenandoah Valley or General Whatisit considering the Russian guns prior to the Charge of the Light Brigade.

"I came," he said at last, "to say good-by."

"Good-by? Are you going away? Why are you going away, Major?"

"Because," explained the Major, as though the confession were wrung from him, "flesh and blood can't stand more than a certain amount, and if I remain I shall only say what would be better left unsaid. I'm going away for your sake, Denise."

He blushed slightly at this use of her Christian name. Denise gazed up at him out of big, round, mournful blue eyes.

"I know just what you mean, but even in my case there are extenuating circumstances. I have a right to be heard before you fly from me as if I were the plague."

"I—you-fly—the plague?"

"Don't talk like a cross-word puzzle. I'm perfectly aware I've shocked you to the depths of your soul. First it was my pajamas outside Lois's door, but honestly I never expected to meet you. I was just slipping in to see Lois. How could I know you were in Bertie's dressing room? Then you'd very nearly got over that when Betty Shale dared me to dance the black bottom. I didn't want to, but the little she-cat kept on, and I never could go back on a dare."

She paused and passed a pale hand over her brow.

"That practically finished you, but you might have forgiven me over the fire except that I sat on the window ledge in pajamas again. And when you risked your life for me I was flippant and asked you for a cigarette. But if I'd done what you told me we should both have been killed, and I did put a blanket over me directly I reached the ground. I know your sister would either have been burnt alive or rescued in a flannel dressing gown, but I haven't got a

flannel dressing gown to my name, you see."

"And I haven't got a sister."

"Don't be frivolous. And then I fainted on the tennis court just as you'd expect an improper, night-club-hunting, insufficiently clothed girl like me to do, with my vitality ruined by cocktails and late nights. But I assure you I never fainted before and my wrist simply hurt like the devil. Pray don't leave on account of me. I'll clear out after luncheon."

MAJOR LANYON came as it were to attention.

"You're all wrong," he said. "I adored you in pajamas but at the same time you broke my heart. I adored you when you danced on the table, and you broke my heart again. I adored you when you sat on the window ledge in pajamas with the house on fire and asked me for a cigarette, but at the same time you reduced me to despair. The only occasion when I didn't despair was when we played tennis together. I can play tennis."

"You put things so wonderfully," murmured Denise. "Unfortunately I am solid bone above the ears. Hence I don't quite understand."

"I fell in love with you directly I saw you, and directly afterwards I became desperate. You see I am a man who would love gaiety and racket, but I've never been gay. You can't be gay doing a lone hand job on the Frontier and climbing the Himalayas. Therefore, when I saw you in pajamas I said to myself, 'This is the kind of girl you long for but she couldn't endure you for five minutes.'"

"Yes, Eric?"

"Then you were so kind to me at dinner, and I cheered up a little, and you played a great game of tennis and I thought at least we had that in common, but after dinner you danced the black bottom and gave up all hope. 'Marriage with you,' I told myself, 'would be like living in a morgue for a modern high-spirited girl like Denise?'"

"You thought of me as Denise?"

"I thought of you as darling Denise."

"That was very charming, Eric."

"Then the fire occurred and even in danger you still wore your delightful pajamas and laughed in the teeth of danger. And all I could do in return was to let you play tennis with a sprained wrist until you dropped."

Denise patted the edge of the bed.

"Sit down," she told him and he sat down. "Do you really feel drawn towards a home-wrecker, a good man's ruin like me?"

"**Y**OU are my ideal girl," he answered, "so modern, so gay, so full of kick, snap, pep or whatever the accepted words are. You see, I'm tired of soldiering out East. If only you'd marry me we'd just have a flat in London, a villa at Cannes, a sports car, a racing motor boat, see life and follow the sun. I happen to be what is called rich. But no one knows better than I do it's too late. I'm thirty-nine and even you can't teach an old dog new tricks. You couldn't sacrifice your gay youth like that. So I came to say good-by because I'm going to cancel my leave. Think of me next time the Frontier flares up."

"Wait," said Denise. "Before it's too late, let me show you the rest of my pajamas. I have six suits with me of which you only saw the dullest. There is one called Moonlight Mist and another called Ashes of Kisses. After that I believe I will marry you, thank you very much, because I'm terribly fond of you, and you really do seem to appreciate me, and also it's frightfully bad for you to spend all your evenings reading *The Field in the library*."

Jealousy

[Continued from page 67]

aristocracy of European capitals. I can myself remember how, in a small city of the Middle West in 1908, an irreproachable young matron caused every tongue in town to wag by appearing for dinner at the newly organized country club with a man not her husband. And it was only when it was established beyond all possible doubt that the man was her father's younger brother that tongues ceased to wag.

That, I take it, could hardly happen in the same community in the America of 1928. A woman would need to dine "à deux" more than once with the same man to cause a sensation in the staidest community.

When you stop to think, is there any change in American life more startling?

WE TALK a great deal about the mechanical changes: the automobile, the phonograph, the radio, the moving picture, the airplane. We talk even more about our new social habits: the country club, the cabaret, jazz, and synthetic gin.

The surface of life is very different from that our grandparents knew. But does any change go deep?

The usual answer is: look at the younger generation. Their manners and morals are revolutionary. Maybe. But I doubt it. It is true that a girl of eighteen today enjoys liberties that her mother wasn't permitted at the same age. It is also true that the difference has been grossly exaggerated as it is always by a jealous older generation and a defiant younger generation. After all, girls of eighteen got kissed in cabs before the age of taxis.

The real social change, that is to say, the biggest social change, is not in the liberty allowed debutantes, but in the liberty allowed women who are married.

Married women may now go out to lunch, or dinner, or the theater, play golf, swim, or dance with other men.

Do you realize that twenty years ago that sort of thing just wasn't done except in fashionable society, where morals were popularly believed to be decadent, or among actors, artists, and the like, who were popularly supposed to have no morals at all? Ten or twelve years ago Greenwich Village in New York was severely criticized for manners and morals that would now seem tame in any fashionable suburb from Huntington, Long Island to Oakland, California.

What are the consequences? How is marriage affected? Does it mean that the human race is emancipating itself from jealousy?

IT CERTAINLY means that men do not dare be jealous of conduct that would formerly have justified them to get out a shotgun. For generations, women have put up with an uncertain amount of philandering in husbands. They have usually winked at their husbands' interest in women whom they regarded as beneath them and fought like tigresses to prevent their husbands from showing any real interest in other women of their own social class. For them the present situation presents a less violent change. It is men who are forced to adjust themselves to a new order. Annoyed, irritated, and sometimes violently protesting, men are being compelled to admit that their wives may have men friends.

Men haven't emancipated themselves from jealousy. The difference is rather that whereas they were once in authority they no longer are. They are not so much less jealous as less effectively jealous. They aren't getting away with it as they used to. They can't change all at once. Fashions

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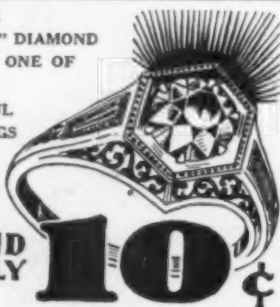
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change, manners change, morals change, even customs change, but the more important emotions of the human race are stubborn stuff. They are always products of the sex urge, which secures the preservation of the race, or products of the ego urge, which secures the preservation of the individual. Or, in plainer words, they are all the results of love or money.

Jealousy is fed by our feeling about money and our feelings about love. In other words, jealousy grows out of our deepest feelings.

If jealousy becomes bad form, and it is already bad form to betray jealousy in circumstances that would formerly have been regarded as an excuse for homicide, most of us will do our best to conform. But we cannot wholly root out of ourselves a feeling that goes so deep, no matter how hard we try, or how much we wish to. We will do what human beings have always done when the increasing demands of social life have made a primitive feeling disreputable. We will either suppress or repress our jealousy.

THE modern psychologists make a distinction between suppression and repression that every one ought to understand. A suppressed feeling is merely hidden from others. You are aware of it, you feel it, but you deny yourself the luxury of expressing it. You would like to sock somebody on the nose but you remember that you will be arrested and you don't do it. A repressed emotion is hidden not only from others but from yourself. It is unconscious. You do not feel it. You do not know that you want to sock the other bird on the jaw.

One reason why this distinction is important is this: when you suppress an emotion you are controlling it; you know what you are doing; you can decide at any moment not to suppress it any longer. When you repress an emotion you are not controlling it. On the contrary it is controlling you. If the fashion of the day demands that a man appear not to be jealous and he decides to conform, knowing he is jealous but deciding that it is better not to show it, that is suppression. If the fashion of the day demands that a man appear not to be jealous and he is so ashamed to be jealous that he cannot admit it to himself that he is jealous, that is repression.

It is common nowadays for young people who marry to tell each other that they are absolutely free; neither wants to hold the other when love is gone. This means that neither is free to express jealousy. There is something splendid in this attitude. There is always something splendid in man's attempts to defy his limitations. But I am struck with the difficulty of abolishing jealousy by decree as signed by the parties immediately concerned.

I happened to see the outcome of one such case. It was a hot afternoon in August. I had been walking down Fifth Avenue when I realized how much I wanted to get out of the sun. I turned into the café of an old hotel of which I am fond. It was the hour that in the old days was the cocktail hour. I walked through two rooms of the café, cool and fresh after the Avenue, but empty. In the farthest room, in the farthest corner, a man and a woman I knew slightly were having a tête-à-tête over a salad and iced coffee. They were oblivious so I sat down in the opposite corner.

She had been married for two or three years. So had he. But they weren't married to each other. I remembered that she and her husband were two who had embraced the absolute freedom fashion and that she had taken full advantage of it. I had many pictures of the patience with which he had looked on at her flirtations.

At that moment I looked up. Her hus-

band stood in the doorway gazing at his wife and the other man in the corner. His expression seemed to lack patience. It was positively annoyed. He proceeded at once to justify my suspicion that he had mislaid his principles and his patience. He rushed at the two in the corner. There was a wild scramble in that corner, with shocking casualties to the glassware.

The husband got his wife by the hair, quite literally, and dragged her out of the place.

The odd thing is that the next time I saw this husband and his wife, it was the next evening after dinner, they were riding on top of a Fifth Avenue bus with their arms around each other's necks.

She told me long afterward that she never really recovered her flirtatious impulse.

She had supposed her husband wasn't jealous. He had always said he wasn't. The episode in the café had revealed to him and to her that he was. Her reaction to the knowledge that he was jealous seemed to me on the whole a quiet one, like that of a kitten who has been in the cream.

I doubt if this husband would ever have had any trouble at all if he had frankly admitted that he was jealous in the first place. If he hadn't been so ashamed of being jealous he would never have been driven to the point of wrecking so much glassware.

Nevertheless, his experience is not the final answer.

The truth is that jealousy is a childish emotion. It is deep-rooted. No man and no woman is wholly emancipated from jealousy. But just the same it is childish. No sensible adult should ever be driven to such lengths by jealousy.

In so far as we are children at heart, believing that wishes are horses, we are likely to believe in the romantic notion of perfect love, the one woman for the one man. In so far as we are grown up and see life as it is we know that no one not on the borderline of insanity ever loves completely one person. Healthy people are capable of loving a great number of the opposite sex. They choose one, and they endeavor to stick to this choice. But they know that their choice was one of many and they would be wise to admit that the same is true of the person they have chosen.

No matter how healthy you are or how well satisfied with your choice you will at times regret it and you will at times be drawn to others. Human beings are like that. The more freedom to exercise these little fancies a married couple can give each other the better, with one exception. In so far as you are able to be honest with yourself and see life as it is you will recognize that your partner in life is susceptible to others than yourself just as you are. All men are curious about all women. And women are not wanting in curiosity. And no matter how much they love one person this curiosity appears. The more freedom you can give this curiosity, the more you can see and feel that jealousy is a childish desire to be the preferred one, the better.

You do not need to deny that you are jealous. You do not need to conceal your jealousy from yourself. On the contrary, you should recognize the childish character of jealousy. All you need to do is to be indulgent up to a certain point. All you need to do is to recognize the curious and startling fact that other people, even people of the opposite sex, are like yourself. You want a certain freedom; you want to be a little foolish without being attacked by the person you love, but you do not want to be unfaithful.

Don't be jealous unless the circumstances absolutely demand it; you know you are the same way. But when the circumstances do demand it don't be afraid to admit it.

The "No" Girl

[Continued from page 73]

"David," she had answered. That was all. There was no laughter, no gaiety, no delight for them. Floating between the moonlight and the translucent floor of the pool, they turned their heads and looked mournfully at each other. Then she said, "Once I dreamed of this, but what good is it to us now, David?"

He answered, "Oh, Lila, can't anything ever be any good to us now?"

"No."

"Lila, let us do all the lovely things we used to in the sea. Remember?"

"Remember!"

They played porpoise, did jack-knife dives, swallow dives, raced up, down, and round the pool, and suddenly saw in the high moonlight, Carey, motionless, his hands in his pockets, standing by the dressing cabin, watching.

She called to him instantly:

"Ralph! hello!"

He called back, low, "I thought you had a headache, were too tired to stay with me."

"I seemed to long for a swim."

"You've had it. Better come out."

He did not address the young man at all. She came out.

David stayed discreetly in the pool.

She hated him and hated herself for their discretion.

"Better go back to bed, darling," said Carey in an angry hoarse voice out of which he could not keep the thrill that the unexpected sight of her always brought him.

He followed her into the lighted dressing cabin, and put her wrap about her, and his arms lingering, folded her tight and kissed her.

"What's this? No monkeying with my secretaries! A secretary's my servant and should know his place and his job without being told."

"My dear! But neither of us knew the other was coming out."

With a sudden memory of David in the library window, of David telling Bertrand to go in and draw the curtains, Carey answered roughly:

"He knew."

He began to think intensely about his "Yes" man.

Would it have been David who would have followed Lila into her cabin if the master hadn't been there?

The little quiet locked dressing cabins screened in flowers!

"No more of this," he thought. He caught her by the shoulders and shook her. "Don't lie."

AS SHE quivered in his grasp a strange rage shook her. Behind her, in the pool, David was quiet, lurking near the diving board. Fiercely she longed for him to rush at them, tear her from Ralph, but she knew, even as she raged, that he would not come. The chains held. Brain, body and feet, he was clogged by his weakness, as if the pool had been thick with weeds, holding him back from her in its meshes. Whereas, there was clear water for his unimpeded path. Her rage turned against Carey, against his brute force and financial force. She knew, with the wisdom garnered in the last weeks, what she could do to him.

He was crazy with jealousy and besotted with love for her.

She said in a voice cold as frost, "You forget yourself; let me go."

He let her go.

She passed him, wrapping her bathing robe about her, and went quietly and indifferently towards the house. He started

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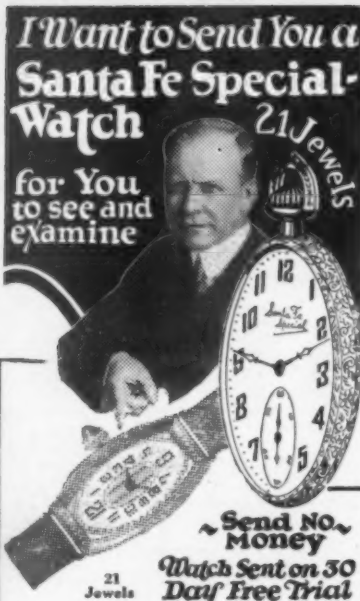
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after her, the blood still pounding in his veins. He told himself, "I ought not to have done that. I was a fool. I don't know what she's made of, after all. I don't know her. Supposing . . ."

Supposing she was unforgiving, withheld herself from him?

The power of women!

Unsung and unchartered, the secret ways of their extraordinary power! All through the centuries, he knew without defining it, they had built themselves palaces of bricks made without straw. The slave sex, they had yet acquired by silent means and strange magic, the power of their masters. Supposing he lost her?

He went after her and caught up with her on the silver sheet of lawn.

"Look here, Lila . . ."

She would not speak.

There was some one moving about the hall. Bertrand. He did not notice the butler's insistent presence, though, as he hurried in with Lila. She went upstairs, remote as a sleep-walker and he followed a step behind her.

In her own sitting room she faced him. "Turn on her," said Carey's wisdom of women. "Hit hard. Tell her exactly what you'll stand and what you won't. Let her know. It's the only way."

Sweating with apprehension and yet still upheld by his anger, he told her. And when he had begun to talk, he found it difficult to stop. Torrents of rage gushed from him in words. He could be heard in the corridor, outside the room.

The butler heard him with his attuned ears poised at the head of the staircase.

But the storm ceased and Carey came out shutting the door behind him.

Bertrand was in the hall again, coming from the direction of the dining room.

Carey glared at him.

"You needn't wait up."

"Thank you, sir."

Carey was again out of the front door, standing on the terrace and watching for David to come up from the pool.

"I'll teach him. I'll throw him out. Too much liberty, too much privilege, too much indulgence! Thinks he can get away with—"

His thoughts all chaotic, empurpled, misted, he stood looking down again over the garden.

LILA slipped downstairs, looked over the banister and clung to it. She saw, in the shadow of the great hall, Bertrand. She thought she saw her husband through the open door. Fear for David filled her.

Weak, weak, weak! What weapon had he learned to use against life? And yet she loved him all the more terribly for his weakness. She thought Bertrand made a little sign. Why and what should he sign to her, this servant who had no business to be cognizant of their affairs?

Yet, following the sign, she came noiselessly down the stairs and stole across the hall to the drawing-room. It was curtained and dark. She sat there in the dark.

Carey went down the steps of the terraces to the pool.

She looked up as the door of the drawing-room opened softly. Suddenly a switch clicked; the room was flooded with light. She saw Bertrand.

He came near her and their eyes met. It was almost as if an old and tender recognition were between them. But he was just the servant, as usual.

"I came to ask if you required anything more, madam."

She shook her head. He remained there.

"Will Mr. Hammond require anything more, do you know, madam?"

With great difficulty, her eyes still searching Bertrand's enigmatic face, she said:

"Mr. Hammond is still at the pool."

"No, madam. I saw Mr. Hammond cross the lawn just after you and Mr. Carey went upstairs."

Her heart leapt.

"Bertrand."

"Yes, madam?"

"Where is Mr. Hammond?"

"I saw him under the cedar tree near the dining room window just now, madam."

"Bertrand, he had better come in."

"I will fetch him."

She was alone again.

THEN David slipped in, white, bright-eyed, defiant, fearful, miserable, overjoyed.

Some one closed the door behind him. It must have been Bertrand.

The young man ran to her, knelt and laid his head in her lap. "Oh, David. Oh, David," she kept murmuring.

They were in each other's arms.

"He has gone down to look for you, David."

"I dressed like lightning and slipped up just behind you, darling, and then—I didn't know whether to come in or not," he mumbled.

She read shame of himself in his eyes.

"He'll be back in a minute or two, David."

"Then kiss me, Lila. Let us take at least our minute."

Bertrand went out down the steps of the terraces across the silver lake of the moonlit lawn. Old hatreds burned in him, hatreds that he had never been able to fathom. Ever since he had entered Carey's service he had hated him.

But this was not the ordinary hate. It was something burning in him like a fire, urging him to take an old revenge of which, two thousand years ago, he had been frustrated.

It seemed to him that for longer than he could possibly recall he had wanted to kill Carey.

Carey walked through his gardens, apprehending acutely the consciousness of that difference between him and David Hammond. He had seen, all in a flash, the danger of the case. He was in the grip of the furies of insensate power and driving jealousies. And Bertrand followed him, like a hound on a trail, down through the gardens.

So to the dressing cabins. In the men's cabins, through the drawn silk curtains of the high window, Carey could see the electric light still burning. He struck his fist on the closed door and called loudly to David.

"Afraid to answer, the skunk!" he said aloud. He went in.

Close behind him, noiseless as a cat, Bertrand moved, slipping his hand round the door, fiddling the key from the lock.

The dressing room was partitioned by silk curtains for the convenience of more than one bather and lighted by the central light, swinging within hand reach just above the curtains.

The curtains were drawn.

"Hiding, are you, you fool?" Carey called hoarsely and he went through the curtains, which fluttered together behind him, his fists doubled.

The cubicle was empty. And for a second Carey stood stupidly. "Hiding in the women's cabin, are you?" he yelled. Then suddenly the light went out.

Bertrand's hand had reached up in the darkness, found the electric light bulb, possessed it in an instant. Bertrand was outside the door and the door locked on the outside. Carey blundered through the curtains and groped for the switch.

He switched it on and there was no light. He felt for the door and found it fast.

It was a door of which Carey had been proud. He had found two of them, thick and heavy, of Moorish origin. As he battered at it, he cursed its heaviness and strength. Bertrand heard him as he ran back up the garden. He ran like a man possessed. And, appearing in the drawing room doorway, he saw Lila and David, standing across the room from each other, trying not to touch each other, trying to face their future.

"Is the master here, madam?" the butler asked calmly. "I thought I heard some one calling from the swimming pool. But I will investigate, madam."

AND down again to the locked cabin, calling, "Is that you, sir? What, sir? I heard you calling, sir. The lock jammed, sir? Are you sure it isn't locked? Isn't the key there, sir?" And all the time laughing to himself, he pretended to wrestle from the outside with the door.

The steady, agonized, furious swearing of the man within was music to him. He shook with his silent laughter.

"You'll never squeeze through the window, sir. No, I fear not, sir. Be patient, sir, and I'll get you out."

"I will let you out and we will meet face to face!" sang his brain.

And then while the battle of Lila and David went on, Bertrand appeared again.

"The master is fastened in the dressing cabin, madam. The lock has gone wrong. The lights are off too, unfortunately. He tells me to bring tools and work the lock carefully. We don't want to spoil that door."

And then the voice of Bertrand continued carefully, "It will probably take an hour or so."

He was gone. But he did not find tools. He took a heavy leaved cane from the hall and like a man possessed he ran back.

At last, after two thousand years!

Lila turned to David. "An hour. You heard him. One hour. We'll never be alone again."

She went slowly through the hall; he followed slowly up the stairs to her own room. But on the threshold he stopped.

He cried hoarsely, "No!"

He dropped on his knees and kissed her feet. She felt tears scalding upon them. He cried: "No! Let us say no! Let us say no! No! No!"

He desired to save their most precious possession, the memories of heavenly young days on the seashore and on high cliffs; he desired to save the dreams they had before they had so betrayed each other.

After a while she caressed his head and said, "No," very sadly. Then she went into her room, shut the door and locked it.

Bertrand ran with his club-headed stick. He turned the key in the lock and Carey strode out.

Then the servant was upon him, the tortured slave from Gaul beating at his patrician master. They fought; Carey reeled under the blows and cried out into the night, while sleepy men servants in the house, heard him and raced to the garden pulling on clothes as they ran.

They reached the opening in the bank of flowers just as master and servant toppled headlong into the pool, Bertrand still uppermost, his hands on Carey's throat. And at last, when Carey was dragged out dead, Bertrand was brought back to the house in custody.

A babel of people and voices all over the countryside cried, "Why? Why? Why?"

"Mad," said the babel of voices.

"Insanity," said the doctors.

"Insane," said jury and judge. But he was a very happy, calm prisoner, as he went about the tasks that were allotted to him.

AGAIN Lila sat with David upon a cliff top. She wore her old cotton frock. The sun was setting and she stroked his hair.

Again, they found themselves going down into the markets of the world, young and poor, but without fear, knowing that the first wares they would buy would be their own souls.

The End

Preceding instalments of "The 'No' Girl" appeared in October and November SMART SET. Copies of these issues will gladly be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents each

The Sacrifice of Beauty

(Continued from page 41)

Hardly a day passes that I am not on the verge of speaking to some one I do not know so close in the resemblance to some one I do—and even to members of my own family. A hat that begins at the nape of the neck and descends to the eyelashes would blast the individuality of a Pallas Athēna. There is more variety in legs!

When hats were designed to show off lines and contours, and milliners studied the idiosyncrasies of their patrons, lengthening the short face with a rolling brim, peaking the hat above a tip-tilted nose to carry out the motif, softening hard outlines with a feather, or diminishing cheeks too plump or a nose too prominent with a flapping brim, girls and pretty young women were as often stared at admiringly on the street as at the opera. Now, no one turns a head.

THE most beautiful girl in America no doubt is Helen Wills. She has height, rounded slenderness, a pure white skin, and a statuesque profile, a combination that has been admired throughout the ages and in spite of ever-changing fashions. Notwith-

standing her years on the tennis courts under blazing suns, she is neither tanned nor muscular. And even close hats do not detract from her individuality. But she is the favorite of the gods. Other girls who devote themselves to tennis look weather beaten and develop ugly powerful arms. It is only the chosen that may take liberties with themselves and the chosen are rare.

TAKE them as a whole the girls of today are indisputably inferior in beauty to the girls of the past, but it is their own fault. Nature has been kind enough, but nature is helpless before an inexorable fashion. Nothing is so certain, however, as that the present fashion will die a natural death in due course. The return to beauty will be a mere question of hats and complexion. When girls get tired of looking like every other girl, and make up their minds to expose themselves less, put on a few pounds, and wear hats that reveal their best points, we shall once more see beauty on our streets.

But may shingled hair and short skirts hold their own forever and ever.

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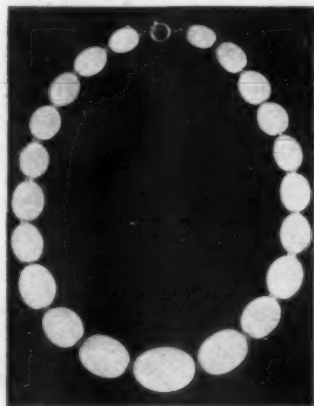


described as a "rag in the hand and a creation on the head."

Its lines are being carried out in hats for almost every hour of the day, including the little close-fitting cap of spangled net or chenille for evening wear. But with all its vogue I feel that it has too much distinction to become ordinary and that it will carry through the season triumphantly.

Hats of soleil are very modish and velvets are as always a mid-season favorite. Velvet is also combined with the new felts which are at the moment showing a tendency toward nappy surfaces, and hatters' plush, an old favorite, is back again.

Fitting is important. We have not yet relinquished sleek heads for all our femininity, so try on carefully and insist on a hat that not only carries out your personality



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Courtesy Stern Brothers

but fits your head. No hat will be smart otherwise. A headsized just a wee bit large may spoil the whole effect of chicness.

Shoes to Match Costumes

I FEAR this matching craze is going to lead us into frightful extravagance in shoes if we try to carry it out with every costume, be it red, green, blue, or brown. It is being done, but don't you worry if you see no way to stretching your shoe allowance over all that. The simple shapes and standard colors are still in excellent style. Black is always the acme of good taste and is used exclusively for street wear by many well-dressed women. Suede is decidedly the favorite in dressy afternoon shoes—especially the colored ones. Reptilian leathers are still good if you happen to like them and of course you can never go wrong on patent leather.

For evening wear gold and silver slippers are again shown but newer and equally adaptable are the paisley brocaded slippers which we are illustrating this month. They will harmonize with any number of your party frocks and, while a bit expensive, will, I think, prove an economy in the long run.

Next month Georgia Mason will show you what is new in mid-season styles, the winter resort fashions and give you suggestions about renewing the waning winter wardrobe before spring arrivals



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Dictated—But Not Read

[Continued from page 39]

The only thing to do now is to forget it."

Connie Davis read that note through again and again. And every time she read it she had a different emotion: first she felt a barbaric sort of wild elation, then a deep, deep sadness that made her want to cry, then a heavenly sense of relief, then a quiet glowing sense of peace, then a hectic desire to sing and shout, then a whimpering eagerness to be near enough to smooth his hair, and finally a queer kind of desire to say her prayers.

But Mrs. Fiske merely smiled, a saintly, Madonnalike smile.

"We must write him at once," she seemed to say.

IN SOME ways this was the easiest of all the letters to write; in other ways, the most difficult. This time it was harder than ever before to keep out her own thoughts. She could have filled a dozen pages with them had she let herself go. Even Mrs. Fiske seemed willing to sit back and let her alone. The girl wrote three letters and tore them up into very small pieces. Finally she wrote:

"Dear son, I am sorry. There are some people who, pitting dreams against realities, seem to think the dreams are of little account. I am not one of them. To have had a splendid dream is to have had a great experience. And when anything happens to it, the hurt is a real hurt. Perhaps it is harder to buck up to that sort of a blow than any other but it is just as necessary. And in doing that we must be careful not to lose our faith in dreams themselves. They represent the best part of us.

"Let's close the books on this episode if we can. Perhaps it will be better if we don't talk about it. I have a notion your mother was somewhat worried from the start but probably you know better than I about that. I myself was doubtful. Thinking solely of you and your future, I am relieved. Now I am willing to forget. That is easier for me than for you but I think and hope—that it will be easier for you than you think possible at present. With best wishes, Yours, Dad."

That morning Fiske, Sr. as he finished dictating his reply to the last letter Miss Davis had brought in, asked a question. "Did you acknowledge that note from Junior?"

"You mean several weeks ago?"

He nodded.

"Yes, sir."

"I haven't heard from him since."

She did not reply. Her tongue was paralyzed for the moment.

"That's all," he concluded.

She rose and hurried from the room. She did not feel safe until the door was tightly closed behind her.

FOR a day or two her heart leaped to her throat every time she looked over the morning mail but the bold, big-lettered hand writing with which she had become so familiar did not appear again that week. That fact should have satisfied her. It did. She said so to herself over and over again. She could concentrate on her office work, take her lunches regularly, and go home promptly at closing time.

What young Fiske was doing or not doing now was none of her business and, if she were wise, never would be again. She took something of a silent oath to that effect. This whole affair had been just as much a matter of office business as the correspondence with Sanders, Bings and Tolson in re an order for ten thousand three inch bolts.

And yet there must have been a difference of some sort for while she had no difficulty at all in forgetting the ten thousand three inch bolts the moment she was back in her apartment, she found it anything but easy to keep Fiske, Jr. out of her mind. She tried singing; she tried reading; she tried sewing and while these various methods accomplished something there were curious lapses.

It seemed that during these last few weeks he had become entangled with her life in all sorts of ways. She had rather got into the habit of thinking of him while busy about her household tasks. What was worse she had even acquired the habit of thinking about him after she was safely tucked in bed. He had become a child for whom she was responsible.

That was it. Neither sentiment nor romance colored her thoughts. She was too sane and level-headed to indulge in any kind of schoolgirl nonsense. It was just that she had been given the care, for a few weeks, of a nice boy and had seen him through a somewhat grave and intimate crisis. Naturally this had roused an interest not to be forgotten in a minute.

During the next month Miss Davis managed to straighten herself out pretty well and so, apparently, did Graydon Fiske. He wrote several friendly notes to his father about his college work which was evidently picking up, and Fiske, Sr. reacted at once to these reports. His letters were longer, more human, and in one of them he inclosed a check for two hundred dollars. If Miss Davis had been presented with a bonus herself she could not have been more pleased. Junior deserved some reward for the way he was handling himself.

IT WAS not long after this that Fiske took two days off and went to Junior's Class Day. And then, after a brief vacation of two weeks, Junior appeared in the office one morning with his father. Fiske stopped at her desk on the way in and introduced her.

"Miss Davis, may I present my son?"

Had she not been so frightened she would have smiled. It seemed rather absurd for her to be meeting for the first time a man she knew so well.

"He's going into the factory next fall," Fiske explained, "but I want him here this summer to meet the organization. He'll help me as assistant secretary."

Just what that meant Fiske probably did not know himself but he had a desk and chair for the boy installed in his private office. This may have helped the president but it did not help Miss Davis any while she took dictation.

Junior was courteous enough not to stare but he had never seen pot hooks made so rapidly and was naturally curious. Furthermore he had never seen such long tapering fingers, the tips flushed a pretty pink, and was naturally interested.

Going that far it was inevitable that he should go farther and take into account her wholesomely beautiful face. There was not that precision of line in her brows and lips which Miss Duval had gained by a skillful use of pencil and lipstick, but there was a fragrance of expression that seemed to have its origin below the surface. The phrase Junior used to himself was, "I'll bet she's a darned good scout."

He did not like this inner office where his father sat all day. It was too isolated. So Junior fell into the habit of strolling out to Miss Davis's desk. When she was busy, which was most of the time, she did not pay any attention to him. When she was not

busy she pretended to be but soon he learned to recognize the difference.

On one occasion he said to her quite unexpectedly, "Why don't you tell me what an ass you think I am?"

"Why should I?" she stammered.

"You've been typing all of Dad's letters to me for the last three months."

"And a great many other letters too."

"Well?"

"It's part of the day's work."

"The thing I couldn't understand was what made Dad change all of a sudden. He isn't that kind of a man."

"Well?" she asked in her turn, because she could think of nothing better to say.

She would have given a good deal if the buzzer on her desk had called her into the inner office at that moment.

"Looks a bit queer."

"Perhaps he didn't change. Perhaps he was like that all the time inside."

"I'm sure of it," he admitted, "but he never wrote like that."

"Did you, before?" she asked suddenly.

"A fellow couldn't."

"Until you did your father had no way of knowing what you were like, inside, had he?"

"Ma had."

Miss Davis glanced up in spite of herself and met those smiling gray eyes of his.

"Her picture is on his desk," she said.

"Yes. If she were alive I'd say she had dictated those letters herself. But she isn't."

"And yet—"

"That leaves only you. It looks as though you figured a whole lot in the correspondence."

"Please," she said. "I am very busy." She slipped a sheet of paper into her machine and wrote as follows:

"New York, N. Y.
June 30, 1926.

"Dear Sirs: In re your favor asking for ten million three inch bolts would say that we can deliver the same in ten million days for ten million dollars provided all good men rally to the aid of their country. For now is the time for all good men to rally—" and so on down to the bottom of the page.

Graydon Fiske, Jr. grew tired of listening to the monotonous clicking and went back to his desk where he belonged.

Long before the office began to gossip, Miss Davis knew that Junior was paying her a great deal more attention than he was justified in doing. She did not attempt to dodge the fact. Nor did she attempt to dodge other facts which followed in natural sequence. Had Graydon Fiske, Jr. been any one else on earth other than Graydon Fiske, Jr.—No that was not quite correct either. He had to be just who he was to make her so miserably happy and so happily miserable. He had to be some one who had come into her life and into the secret recesses of her heart before being fully identified as a tall, long-legged every day man. He was so much more formidable now, so much more difficult to advise.

But her chief job, after all was not to advise him but to advise herself. And that she proceeded to do. It was simple enough. She had only to remind herself of certain obvious truths: that as a young woman with a business career at stake she must watch her step, that her obligation was to Fiske, Sr. and not to Fiske, Jr., that if she allowed this thing to go any farther it would be her own fault. For there is always one thing any woman can do and that is make herself practically inaccessible.

And so whenever Graydon came toward her desk she proceeded to write another letter in re ten thousand three inch bolts. She must have written fifty of them during the month of August. When he discovered her luncheon place she changed to another.

It was the next morning after this that Fiske, Jr. seated himself at his father's desk and pressed the buzzer. Miss Davis took her notebook and responded as it was her duty to do.

"Dictation, please," began young Fiske.

She seated herself, opened her notebook, and sat with pencil poised.

"You might head this Personal and Confidential," said Graydon, Jr.

She did so.

"My dear Miss Davis," he began.

"Mr. Fiske!" she exclaimed.

"Well, this seems to be the only way I can reach you."

"I'm only supposed to take business letters."

"What about those others?"

"They were different. Your father—"

"He didn't know anything about them. I've talked with him enough to discover that."

"Then your mother—"

"She knew," he said and nodded toward her picture on the desk. "See, she's smiling now."

So she was, a winsome, encouraging, approving smile.

FISKE, JR. leaned toward Connie Davis. "She knew before and she knows now," he hurried on. "Those were wonderful letters you wrote, more wonderful than you realize. At first I couldn't understand because while they helped me to see straight through a lot of sentimental bunk, they left me with all my dreams. I was kind of slow, at first about getting that. I guess my pride was hurt. Then Ma showed me how—well, I was in the right church but in the wrong pew. Then—the trouble was—oh, thunder, it sounds crazy when you try to say it. I was in love with you all the time only I hadn't met you."

Quite unconsciously, to cover her wild thoughts, Miss Davis began to make pot hooks in her notebook.

"That's it," he nodded. "Take it down. Say that the moment I came into this office and saw you I knew everything I'd been dreaming was about you, that—"

Miss Davis rose.

"I can't," she stammered, "I mustn't."

He was beside her and holding her hand, notebook and all.

"It sounds queer," he admitted, "and it's going to take you a little while to get used to it, Connie. But there's no use trying to run away from the idea. You shone through those letters like a star through the dark. And if you keep your eyes shut any longer I'm going to kiss you."

She opened them wide at that.

"Your mother," she exclaimed.

With his arm about her waist he faced the picture on the desk as he had faced a duplicate picture on his desk at college. He could have asked for nothing more in the way of approval than he received from that source.

In desperation Connie added, "Your father!"

And at that precise moment the door opened and Fiske, Sr. stepped in. Perhaps he was surprised. Certainly he had a right to be. The Fiske Manufacturing Co. was concerned with the making of bolts and not with the manufacture of romance. But neither his son nor Miss Davis looked as though they had anything to be ashamed of. The boy stepped forward, still holding Connie's pink fingers which she tried to work loose and could not.

"Go ahead," Graydon urged. "Ask Dad. He knows."

Fiske, Sr. placed a hand on her quivering shoulder.

"Yes," he said, "I know. The mother told me. And—" there was a catch in his voice as he thought of her—"we're very glad."

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[Continued from page 45]

"You're getting better," he said proudly as they went back to the bath houses.

As she had half expected, he was waiting for her when she came out. In his clothes the young man was even less good looking than in a bathing suit. His face was reddish-brown and his hair was lank, and the gray eyes which flattered her with their admiration were small and deeply set. An honest face, Beatrice decided, and that was about all you could say for it. But she liked him.

"I WONDERED if I couldn't drive you back to the Inn," he offered. "By the way my name is Sam Osborne."

"I'm limp. I certainly should like a ride," said Beatrice. "And my name is Beatrice Thorne."

"Thorne. That's a good name." He had an open car with a mighty engine and a battered body. Over the roar of the motor he told her its history. One of the rich men who lived along the dunes had owned it first and after a succession of sales and six years' use, Sam had bought it for himself.

"I got it for a hundred dollars," he said, "and it's got a thousand dollars' worth of speed left in it."

The floor was rather oily and the top rattled but he was right about the speed. His hands were as sure on the wheel as his body had been in the ocean. As they turned a corner a car passed them and Beatrice recognized the man who had watched her that morning, the foreign looking man, who was driving it. Sam Osborne lifted his hand to his cap in a perfunctory salute.

"What kind of car is that?" she asked. She did not like to ask outright who the driver was.

"It's a French car."
"Isn't it a beauty?"
"It's a good car all right," agreed Sam indifferently. "It's that trick shape that sells it though—to a certain kind of people."

She wanted to ask what kind of people but they were too close to the Inn for further discussion.

"Just let me out here," she said at the entrance to the grounds.

"No, I'll take you to the door in style," said Sam.

She wondered if it would be all right to drive up to the main entrance with him. But she did not wonder long for Sam Osborne did not go there. He stopped at the far end of the porch and pulled on his brakes by the servants' entrance. It had obviously not occurred to him that she belonged anywhere else and though it was exactly what he should have done, Beatrice was affronted. It's like the grocery boy bringing home the housemaid she thought.

"Do you swim every afternoon?" he asked.

"Not very often."
"You ought to take advantage of it. You can't get any finer surf bathing anywhere. Besides I was hoping to see you again."

"I don't have much time."
"I suppose they do keep you pretty busy."
"It isn't that," she said, "but there are so many things I want to read this summer."

It sounded silly and stiff and irrelevant and she knew it. She saw her attempt at impressing this very ordinary young man slide off him and leave no trace.

"I like to read too," he offered, "in winter, that is. In the summer I don't get much time."

"No, I suppose not."
"Well, good-by. I sure hope I see you down at the beach."

"Maybe you will. Good-by." She warmed into complete friendliness at his reluctance to leave her. "Thanks a lot for helping me."

"Oh, I didn't do anything." An echo of his eagerness to prolong the minute stirred in Beatrice. He was the first person in more than a month who had treated her as an interesting individual.

She was well inside the Inn when she heard a man's voice calling, "Sam! Sam Osborne." Looking out of a stairway window she saw Peter Walling crossing the lawn towards Sam's car. Sam put one leg over the door and followed it in person. The two men shook hands cordially and walked away toward the other end of the Inn.

Beatrice wondered. Everyone understood the significance of the Walling family in the colony. There was a street and a common and a school bearing the name. It was of both historic and present importance for the Wallings owned the great gray house on the dunes which was so carefully watched by social reporters and always pointed out to tourists.

Sam Osborne probably changed tires on Walling's cars, Beatrice decided and went upstairs, wishing that it had been the other way around. The rooms were very still. Beatrice tried to do some worthy reading and fell promptly to sleep over it.

When she woke the long, slow twilight had fallen at last. She turned on a light and saw that it was eight o'clock. Dinner in the service dining room would be over and she was feeling very hungry. She dressed again. This time in a dress she had extravagantly bought on her last half holiday in New York, a sport dress colored with rainbow shades which managed not to be gaudy. With the white coat over it and her soft white felt hat she was pretty enough for any party. But there was no party.

She wandered out again, feeling intolerably lonely in the midst of the diversions of other people. Cars were lined up six deep beside the Inn. Laughter and mingled voices on the verandas, lights blazing from the long windows of the dining room, the over-sweet smell of honeysuckle—all made it worse to be lonely. Like all other pretty girls Beatrice found loneliness and exclusion very unreasonable. She asked nothing except the chance to give some of her life and charm and beauty to an audience and it seemed so cruel to be denied that chance.

IT WAS a still, composed town in the evening. She walked down through it looking for a place for dinner. Past the still pond, past the old graveyard where no one had been buried for the last hundred years, past the thick aged trees which bordered the village streets. There was a tea room at the end of the common where she planned to eat but the lights were turned out just as she got there. Beatrice decided that a chocolate malted milk at the drug store would have to be dinner enough.

She was drinking it at one of the small marble tables when the door opened and a man came in. He seemed almost an acquaintance now, that foreign looking man who had stared at her in the morning. Their eyes met and he bowed instantly without a word. She nodded, a trifle flushed. The man turned to the drug store clerk and asked for something. The clerk disappeared behind the partition in the back of the store. Beatrice was alone with the unknown man and even the chocolate malted milk did not conceal her mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

"Good evening," he said, in a casual way. It was a courteous, carefully modulated voice, the kind she had expected. She answered, telling herself that there was no earthly reason why she should not.

"It seems to me that I've been pursuing you all day," he told her by way of opening. He had an easy manner. Beatrice liked the way he spoke what was in his mind and hers instead of standing there staring, as most men would have done.

"I didn't know it was pursuit," said Beatrice.

"I wonder. Anyway in a small town people ought to know each other," he went on. "I know you're stopping at the Inn. I'm Joseph St. Clair. It's in the telephone book to prove my respectability. And my house is down on Elm Lane."

"I'd have to send to Iowa for credentials," Beatrice answered, "but there's no secret about them. My name is Beatrice Thorne."

"It suits you," he told her and his eyes made that a tribute.

HE WAS not in the least offensive. And there they were at length with two feet of composition marble and a glass jar of lemonade straws between them, talking as if they had known each other for a long time, while he ordered a drink like hers. It was what Beatrice had needed, this touch of admiration and flattery to make her really beautiful. She changed under it from a pretty girl to a lovely one, expectant, wondering, challenging and altogether tempting.

She could have refused to go for a ride with him if she had wanted to. He put it tentatively, mentioning his empty evening and the wasted beauty of the night outside. His deference acknowledged every convention but she knew that he thought they were all nonsense when it came to this particular case. He was not married. Casually that fact had been mentioned. It was nonsense to hesitate. She decided to go.

There was the French car, slanted along the curb, waiting. Softly hollowed leather cushions, windshields like folding mirrors about her. As the motor started she glanced back and there was Sam Osborne standing on the sidewalk. He seemed puzzled and surprised and his brows were drawn into a scowl. It amused Beatrice. She tossed him a smile over her shoulder as St. Clair's car slid away.

They drove rather idly. He told her about the people who lived in the houses which they passed, told her carelessly and as if it didn't matter in the least about himself. He seemed to have a first-name knowledge of everyone important although he said that he did not mix much with the colony.

"Too much schedule," he said, "too many rules."

"Oh, I've felt that already," answered Beatrice.

"You would."

"They all do the same things at the same time."

"Don't I know! And people like you who see them doing it are amused."

"Oh, I'm nobody," said Beatrice. "I'm just one of the Livermore retainers. Mrs. Livermore was out West this summer and I met her and she asked me to come on and be governess for the children."

"Lucky children," he said and smiled at her almost tenderly. "Want any more pupils?"

"It depends on what you want to learn."

"I want to learn what you could teach me, I think."

HE STOPPED the car an hour later before a road house which she had often passed in the Livermore car when the children were being taken for a ride. Evidently St. Clair was no stranger here for the Japanese waiter knew exactly what he wanted and how to

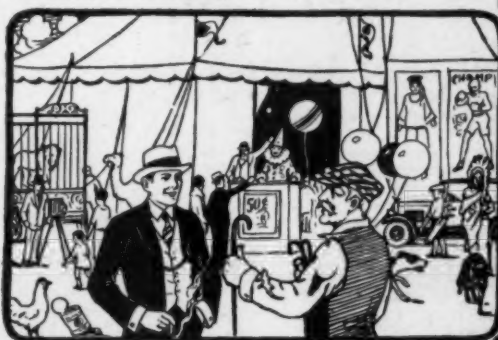
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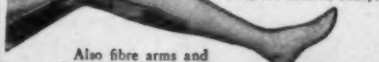


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serve them. They had a booth in the dining room which was divided into cubicles on one side and were served cocktails and lobster Newburg with dozens of crisp thin slices of toast and big, salty olives. Beatrice hardly noticed the people in the dining room although some of them seemed rather noisy.

The pattern of the world changed subtly. It was no longer drawn in stripes and squares of right and wrong and this you must do and that you must not. It was a charmingly confused world in which you picked out what for the moment allured you.

Then they were off again and because the sea air was damp and somewhat chill St. Clair wrapped her in a leather jacket which he pulled out of the trunk on the car and they dashed far down the Island along silver roads sprinkled lavishly with moonlight. Once St. Clair kissed her and that seemed fair enough, but when he tried it again she drew away.

"There are a hundred things I want to show you. I'd like to show you my house. It has some nice things in it and some dreadful ones. The house of a man who lives alone is like that. Is it too late tonight?"

"I'm afraid so."

"It doesn't seem like you to be afraid. You should just march through life taking what you want. Much the best way. But if you're tired, I'll take you back. We'll make some other plans. How about tomorrow night?"

She hesitated.

"Let me meet you—well, anywhere you say and I'll take you to the most amusing place I know."

He took her back to the Inn and helped her out deferentially at the front door. There was no one around to notice or care. It was very late.

"Good night."

"It's been a great evening," he said. "It isn't going to be the last one, is it?"

"I don't know."

"Good night. I'll drop in at the drug store tomorrow night—our drug store," he said.

THAT was how they left it but she knew she would be there. She knew it when she went down to the beach the next afternoon. She lay on the sand, wrapped in a short chintz coat over her bathing suit and appeared not to notice the disapproving glances of Sam Osborne who had evidently decided to leave her alone. Somehow she suspected that after a while he would change his mind.

"How do you do?" he asked at length with a challenge in his voice.

She smiled up at him.

"I do very well."

"Not going in swimming?"

"I'm lazy."

He sat down and threw handfuls of sand at the ocean. After a few moments' silence he openly attacked his subject.

"I see you're making friends."

"Well, there's you," said Beatrice, "or isn't there?"

"Yes," he answered quite seriously, "there's me. That's why I have the nerve to mention it. I saw you with St. Clair last night."

"I remember."

He started again at the beginning with visible effort.

"You don't know people very well around here. I mean you haven't got them spotted."

"Should I?"

"Well, I think you ought to stay clear of St. Clair but I suppose it's none of my business."

"No," she agreed.

"But maybe it is at that. You don't know anything about that bird."

"I know he's pleasant and very interesting."

"So's quicksand till you step on it."

"Is this a warning?"

"You said it. Just that. He's nobody for a girl like you to be playing around with."

"Why not?"

"You're a nice girl," he said, "and you're working for nice people. Why they wouldn't speak to St. Clair."

"I don't see why that's to their credit."

"Sure it is. He's a bum. He was a chauffeur before he married the woman he worked for."

That was a shock but she straightened under it, blaming Sam instantly for her disillusion.

"I hate snobs," she said. "What if he was?"

Sam groaned, "What do I care what he was? But he wasn't even a good chauffeur. Always a bad actor, that fellow. He married this woman and it wasn't long before she died."

"He couldn't help that, could he?"

"Maybe not. Maybe he could. Anyway they say she was glad enough to go."

"I like to take people as they are, not judge them by backstairs gossip," she said.

HE GREW more grim. "This isn't gossip. The whole village, the whole colony has that bird's number. Ask anybody."

"I don't want to ask anybody."

"Then I'll tell you myself. He's got some money and she left him the house, but only on condition he doesn't sell or try to mortgage it. She built it and she liked it. She wants to keep it in her family. And there was another condition. That he shouldn't marry again."

"It sounds to me as if she were a pretty mean woman."

"Everybody was sorry for her," said Sam, "even if she did fall for him. And she may have had her reasons. Some people say that she didn't want any other woman to put up with what she did. Some people say she wanted to show him up."

"Does it matter what people say?"

"Why, sure it does. Of course it does," he answered in surprise.

"Not to me. I make my own judgments."

He stood up and looked out at the ocean for counsel. Then back at her.

"Don't you see that if he were the right sort he wouldn't have picked you up?"

"What makes you think he picked me up?" she asked. She was suddenly furious.

"How else could you have met him? You're working for the Livermores and—"

"As you remarked before, I don't see that it's your business. And as I said before I hate snobs. I consider myself just as good as any one else."

Sam considered that.

"Sure. But what I've been trying to say is that St. Clair's a bad egg. You see he hasn't been living in that house alone all the time since his wife died." And, having given some of the facts of life to a nice girl, Sam grew so red that even freckles on his shoulders were russet.

"It seems to me that might be his wife's fault for making idiotic conditions."

"IT WOULDN'T be if he wanted to earn his living," said Sam Osborne. "You're a stranger, that's why I told you this. You don't want to make a fool of yourself. St. Clair can't get anywhere here because of the rotten way he's behaved. He hangs around the Inn because that's a public place and he's a great star at the road houses. But he can't get into our country club."

"Your country club?" asked Beatrice with an amused accent on the pronoun.

His face became stern.

"I guess you're the one who's a snob," he said slowly as if working it out. His embarrassment was quite gone and his shoulders were squared. "No. I'm not a member of the country club. I'm a garage man without much money. Still it's a local institution. And we feel down here that this place more or less belongs to all of us. My grandfather used to own that hill the club stands on. And Peter Walling who is the president of it grew up with me and is a friend of mine. Perhaps that's why I said that."

He turned and walked away. When she went back to the bathhouse, Beatrice saw him sitting with a lifeguard on the edge of one of the life boats, smoking a pipe. He looked as if he were an integral part of that scene of sea and sky, which no summer colony could ever make less than primitive. And, as he glanced at her, Beatrice felt the full intimacy of his disapproval and knew that it might easily have been something else.

The whole picture had changed with that brief and rather ugly conversation. Meeting St. Clair now became almost a necessary defiance. What had been romance might now be only an escape but that had a certain savor. And why not? She couldn't sit in those rooms alone at the Inn while the world was enjoying itself on a summer night. Besides none of it might be true. She had only the story of a village boy. Calling Sam Osborne that somehow soothed her self-respect.

She met St. Clair again in the drug store. But this time there were other people there. A girl in an ashes-of-roses dress, whom Beatrice had seen on the beach—always between eleven and one—gave Beatrice a curious glance and her companion a contemptuous one. St. Clair did not seem to notice. He suggested to Beatrice that his car was outside and that he knew a pleasant place for a late dinner.

HE TOOK her to the newest and most fashionable hotel the Island boasted. Beatrice had eaten food like this since she had been with the Livermores. But it had not been served to her as deferentially, with a man whose eyes caressed her sitting across the little table. There was enough setting to make her forget any past or present drama temporarily. St. Clair destroyed the picture which Sam Osborne had drawn and drew quite another of himself, the picture of a man who wanted to choose his friends instead of having it done by the group, a man who had been criticized and gossiped about but who did not let it disturb him.

"You can't always explain yourself," he said, "and after all why should you? Why is your life anybody else's business?"

Beatrice did not know. Life was again as pleasantly diffused and blurred as it had been the evening before. It was ridiculous to be too strict, too pompous about it.

There was brandy in the coffee and it left her exhilarated. When they rose to go out more than one man looked at her and then at her companion and frowned. Women whispered. A few people nodded to St. Clair. But Jessica Livermore, who had just come in with a crowd from Quoique glanced once and then turned to look again.

"Who is that, Tom?"

"It's that man St. Clair, you know."

"I don't mean him—the girl."

Her brother-in-law turned to look.

"I never saw her before. Picks them pretty doesn't he?"

"But I know her. It's—Why, it's my nurse girl! That's who it is! Well, you never know, do you? And I thought I had such a find. Brought her all the way east. Thank heaven I didn't leave the children with her."

She mourned about her disillusion during

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dinner while Beatrice, who had not seen her, was again driving at sixty miles an hour through summer darkness.

"Let's stop at my house for a drink," suggested St. Clair.

"Oh, I couldn't."

"That's medieval, my dear."

"I suppose so, but—"

"You want to shake off that much of Iowa," he said in amusement, "besides I want to show you my house. It's rather interesting. You can sit on the veranda if you won't come in."

He turned the car through the gap in a private hedge and she saw his house. She had not guessed that it was so beautiful. There was nothing sinister about this house, fairly white among its formal gardens. She gave a little sigh of admiration.

"I thought you'd like it."

That was all he said. He showed her through the lower rooms, lit the fire in the hallway and the brightness of the flames was reflected in the polished oak floor. She could see just part of herself in a queer shadowy mirror that hung on the wall beside her chair.

"You're beautiful, Beatrice."

"Am I?"

"You know you are. I'm going to give a party for you and you'll be the loveliest person there. We'll have a crowd down from New York, people with some life in them."

"A party for me?"

"For you, of course. When will you come to stay with me, Beatrice? There's a room upstairs that looks like you."

SHE listened to him without any shock and even a kind of curiosity. She had heard that girls struck men when they said things like that. But why? Was it because men's eyes narrowed in that queer greedy way? Or because you became instantly one of a dreary, dingy procession? Or because all the people to whom such bargains were unthinkable came to your mind? Beatrice saw the girl in the ashes-of-roses dress just then and she saw Sam Osborne, the man who had a decent place in the world and was content. But she did not want to strike St. Clair. She did not even despise him. He was just there. It was she herself who was despicable.

"You are coming, baby? Soon?"

It was then that he touched her and she struck him. It was a wild, furious blow that hurt.

"How do you get that way?" he said, and caught her wrist, his voice quite changed. It was a common, cheap voice, all the trimmings gone. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Don't do that again!" she said fiercely.

"What's the idea in acting like that? I didn't force you to come here, did I?"

She could not find denial, nor even answer. But her face warned him off. He had been seeking compliance, not struggle, and he soon gave it up.

"I'm going back to the Inn."

"Go then," he said, "straight down the road a mile. I'm not running a jitney."

SHE felt that in a minute she was going to cry. But it was herself that she hated. And she had a queer sense of what other scenes must have taken place in this room and what the first woman must have suffered. She went out of the room and down the unfamiliar steps, through the orderly, fragrant, growing things toward a gate, toward a high road. The ocean roared in the distance; waves beat steadily up against the shore as they had beaten for thousands of years. She felt a silly little figure of caricature, out of place, homeless, absurd, and here and there the lights of some pleasant old house along the road winked reproach-

fully at her as she passed by quickly.

"Of course," said Jessica Livermore, "I want to be fair to you. But I'm sure you see what I mean."

Her poised, rich woman's voice was like a lash, pausing after each stroke. "I wouldn't have believed it. A notorious man like that with the girl to whom I've been trusting my children. Where did you go after you left the hotel?" Beatrice was dumb.

"Why aren't you frank, Beatrice?"

"We went to his house," said Beatrice.

MRS. LIVERMORE told her husband afterwards that she was a wreck after her interview with Beatrice. The girl was so white and sullen. And she wouldn't defend herself. How could Jessica Livermore tell that to Beatrice it was like pressing on a bruise when she even thought of last night? Couldn't talk of it? Not even to Anne, who was greatly worked up but made only one remark, as she helped Beatrice pack.

"You're a nice girl," she said suddenly. "Nobody can tell me anything else. But they show us the kingdoms of the world and what do they expect?"

Even then Beatrice could not speak.

She stood waiting for her train on the station platform at last—her mind taut—thought suspended. Then suddenly she grew faint for she saw St. Clair, suitcase in hand, approaching. He recognized her and smiled, his interest restored by this new and accidental development. In her black traveling dress, with her head held high, Beatrice had distinction as well as grace.

She could not bear it. She would take a later train but not this one with him. He would watch her; he would come up to her; he would be bound to see that she was adrift when they reached New York. She picked up her bag and went blindly out of the station, walking away from it in a hurried, purposeless way. It was dreadful to go back into the town which had cast her out. Everything was nightmare.

A CAR stopped beside her but she did not even notice it until the driver stepped over the low door.

"Can I take you any place?" asked Sam Osborne.

Beatrice looked up at him, her face dead white, her eyes asking help in spite of herself. Then Sam saw St. Clair reconnoitering to see if Beatrice had gone and quickly made his own guess. He lifted the suitcase out of Beatrice's hand.

"Get in," he said. "So you decided not to go with him."

"I wasn't going with him."

"Then why were you there?"

"Because I'm fired," said Beatrice. "I'm going away on the next train."

Sam turned the car at the corner and it sped noisily away toward a country road that overlooked the ocean.

"Not until you tell me what it's all about. And maybe not then."

When she had told him the afternoon was over and they seemed to know each other.

"I'm going to take you to the Wallings," decided Sam. "Mrs. Walling asked me the other day if I knew of some nice girl who would look after her children. They mislaid a nurse somehow. They're nice children, Beatrice. I take them sailing sometimes Sunday mornings. You'll like the Wallings. They're the only people who come down sometimes in the winter."

"But I haven't any recommendation."

"They'll take my word for you," said Sam. "I've known them a long time." He stopped. "Don't get me wrong on that. I don't mix up with them socially, you know. But I'll be around to see you."

"At the service entrance," said Beatrice, without a quail.



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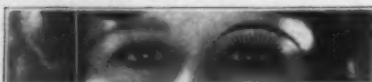
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How to Win Your Way in Society

[Continued from page 81]

else. They fell head over heels in love.

What drew them together no one could fathom—unless it was nature's way to revitalize the race. They were married soon after. The New England city he came from was appalled at the marriage of the scion of one of its topmost families and a girl from a Broadway cabaret. Everyone expected John's mother to have nervous prostration after bolting the front door. But if family pride was feeling inwardly prostrated, it outwardly gave no evidence. She had no idea of either bolting her door or letting even those nearest to her suspect that she was not delighted with her son's wife. So she rolled up her sleeves (figuratively, not actually) and plunged into the task of making the nobody from nowhere that her son had brought home into as much of a somebody as was possible. Although the name of Katie made her shudder, she had the good sense not to try to rechristen her Katherine. You knew when you looked at her, that nothing but Katie would she ever be!

EMERSON said that if a Zulu chieftain found himself in a London drawing-room he would fit in because of his naturalness. And it was Katie's unchangeable naturalness that won the so-called "best people" in the supposedly best city in New England. She not only won them, but she became a dominant figure among them. Seemingly without effort she had done what to another would have been dishearteningly up-hill work. There was no detail her natural keenness of perception overlooked. Her talent for mimicry was proof of an adept mind and tongue. Even so, the list of her teachers looked like a student's guide. She took lessons in diction and in voice production—which she personally did not need—and she intensely studied the taboos of vocabulary, which she needed very much indeed. She learned the rules of etiquette by studying those about her. And having learned these things she unself-consciously forgot that she had learned them. She began instinctively to accept an introduction with a friendly nod and a quiet "how do you do?" She no longer said "pleased to meet you" or "honored I am sure." She stood up when she greeted anyone in her house. She answered invitations promptly. She paid her social obligations punctiliously. She was simple and unaffected and when she made mistakes, took them lightly, winningly, with a smiling, "I'll try not to do that again." And unlike those who have risen from lowly beginnings, she was kind and competent in the management of her servants, considerate of the rights of others, and utterly unaffected and courteous to everyone. She studied constantly. She took lessons in French, English, art, music, literature. She read history, politics and all current topics so that she might at first listen, and later talk, intelligently. She took lessons in golf and tennis and when she began to be proficient, she took her husband with her to the links and tennis court until the pallor of his skin became a healthy brown and his chest broadened three inches.

Apart from her natural talent as a mimic—which helped her to achieve the social graces with unusual perfection and speed, there was an irresistible warmth about Katie that made her endless friends. There was also something forceful about her that made occasional enemies, as all strong natures are certain to do, but she fought them in the open, and with gallant courage. She always spoke frankly of her tenement days

and her cabaret nights. In this way she sealed the lips of gossiping rivals. No one could whisper maliciously about her humble origin, when she was perfectly willing to tell anyone anything about it that they cared to hear.

She had a genuine love for her husband's family. She treated her mother-in-law with tender consideration, that won completely that wise but somewhat austere heart. Her father-in-law adored her. She called him "old dear" and he loved it. She acted as a tonic on her husband who became yearly more human, more robust, and almost enthusiastic. They have a lot of strong sturdy children, six or seven—I am not sure which. Katie is still Katie and always will be. But a cultivated, finer, broader Katie—very really beloved by a typical group in best society whose austerity belies its heart.

It must be emphasized that Katie was, and is, an exceptional star. But she is a living proof of what a girl, whose assets were youth, health, heart and wit, can do.

As a contrast I might tell you about the girl young Fairly married. She too, "married into society." But society would have none of her. She had her chance but she abused it and the fault was her own. One could weep less at the tragedy of her wasted opportunity, than at the devastation she caused to those whose lives she invaded.

The story of her failure should prove a valuable guide to the Cinderellas of the modern day, in pointing out a few of the pitfalls to be avoided.

Gladys was one of those innocent looking, seemingly helpless girls. She had a soft purring voice that could murmur endearments or insinuating vituperations with equal facility.

Where she met young Fairly, the son of internationally prominent parents, I don't happen to know. The boy who was very young and unusually sensitive had emerged from an unhappy love affair. His bride-to-be ran away with some one else on their wedding day. His heart was sore, his pride hurt and his illusions shattered. Gladys restored his self-confidence by flattery, by sympathizing with him, and by pretending to understand him. She was wily. At all events she eloped with him. Apart from considerable shrewdness, she was an illiterate girl. Amazingly illiterate in these days of endless educational opportunity. She not only mispronounced about one word in ten, but she did not even know the difference between past and present tense. Dessert spoons and tablespoons looked alike to her, and a butter knife was a superfluous piece of cutlery.

IMMEDIATELY after her marriage she was all humility. She asked her mother-in-law to help her learn the endless things she ought to know. Having eloped with the boy, she now pretended that his welfare was her sole concern.

Her mother-in-law, an utterly charming, generally beloved woman, wanted to do everything in her power to help her son's bride and make a success of the marriage. She feared greatly that after her son's first bitter humiliation, another failure would ruin him. So she said to some of her best friends, "I want to do what I can to make Jimmie's marriage a success. Will you help me by being nice to his wife?"

Her friends did everything they could. They gave parties for Gladys. They got friends of their own to ask her to their houses; they insisted that their daughters be kind, and their sons polite. From Gladys's

Had Helen bored instead of amused Grace it would have been a different story. Society cares for nothing so much as being diverted. It will overlook other shortcomings if it is amused. If you make it laugh it runs after you. If you bore it, you're lost. It says, much as Queen Victoria said to those seeking vainly to please her, "We are not amused."



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If you don't amuse there's no hope.

Grace being exceedingly amused, and feeling sure that what amused her would also amuse the people coming for a week-end, insisted that Helen join them and would not take "no" for an answer.

"But I can't come! I haven't expensive clothes—nor nearly enough of them."

Upon which Grace laughed. "Nonsense! You don't need a lot of them and the plainer they are the better! Two sports dresses—skirts and sweaters will do—and two dresses for evening is all you need and a bathing suit. If you haven't what you happen to need, I can lend you plenty. So come along as you are, and don't worry."

Helen gave a sigh of relief. There was nothing formidable in the list that included four items plus a bathing suit and emphasis on their simplicity.

When Helen got off the train on Saturday afternoon Grace was not at the station to meet her. Resentment swept over her. She was thinking of taking the first train back to the city, when she was approached by a chauffeur who asked, "Miss Brown?" He took her bag and led her to a waiting automobile.

Grace left a group of young people lounging in easy chairs on the terrace and came to greet her. "Hello, Helen, awfully glad to see you!" She did not go farther than the front hall with her, but motioned to a maid who took Helen in charge and led her to her room, which was a charming place overlooking the water. From the window she saw Grace walk leisurely across the lawn accompanied by a tall young man in flannels. She waved to the occupants of an arriving car, but did not return to the house to greet them.

The maid unpacked Helen's bag and put its contents in drawers and a clothes closet. "Tea will be served at five on the veranda," she said, "or will you ring, if you prefer it here in your room?"

Then she departed and Helen was alone. She was ill at ease, and not knowing what to do, she washed her face and hands, tidied her hair and sat in her room and read until a few minutes after five when she went timidly to the veranda. Grace was there. She smiled at her genially and waved a casual introduction to those close by.

WHAT impressed Helen most was the casualness of everything and everybody. It was all so easy and simple. If the hostess made no effort to entertain her guests, the guests were obviously under no obligation to do other than as they pleased.

There was nothing marked about the attitude toward her. She was a stranger to everyone but she was unquestioningly accepted, for the time being, as one of them. Impersonally, as though she might have been a chair, but accepted without question or criticism.

Soon Helen felt quite at ease and gradually through Grace's seemingly casual but actually deft encouragement she found herself rather the center of a group of amused listeners. Laughter greeted the spontaneous wit of several of her remarks.

The rest of her visit passed so smoothly that Helen had the best time she had ever known. On Monday morning her only perplexity was which of the servants to tip. If she tipped them all it would take her salary for a half a month. So she sensibly asked an efficient looking girl, who had been especially friendly to her, "Will you tell me who I ought to tip and how much?" The girl smiled. "It rather depends on what they've done for you! Two dollars to the maid who packed you, and two to the chamber maid of your room, three to the butler if you like—or nothing. The men tip him so much he doesn't need any more!"

Thereafter Helen often found herself in

Grace's world, which she amused and which consequently demanded her. Being entirely unself-conscious, she did not hesitate—if necessary—to say frankly, "I don't know, please tell me!" No one ever minds telling her, and no one would think of holding against her the fact that she sometimes has to ask.

In my book on Etiquette I define "Best Society" as the groups of people who have "for the longest period of time known highest cultivation." And so it inevitably is. It always reaches for the fine, the beautiful, the accomplished. Pleasure is but one angle of its occupation. Worth while effort is increasingly claiming it. Many of the daughters of the most prominent and well to do families are going into the business world or into a profession because of the increasing dislike of drones.

Therefore do not hide the fact that you have been, or still are, a wage-earner. It is often an asset. If you are doing anything well, worth while people will admire you for it. But they will despise you if you make believe to be what you are not.

Another phase of the newcomer in society is the one who suddenly acquires a fortune—and possibly other new advantages. There was a Miss Breen about ten years or more ago. She was a trained nurse and a good one when she inherited the immense fortune of a childless relative. She moved into the huge house which was part of her inheritance, and the relatives' neighbors were kind and friendly.

Then it was she lost her sense of values. She made heroic efforts to hide the profession that had supported her. She spent money like a vulgarian and gave parties that rivaled Roman orgies. She acquired preposterous mannerisms; she was rude to those she thought of no account; she was everything a gentlewoman is not.

SOCIETY pronounced her "impossible," and since then she has drifted down to the ever-present parasites who cater to her because of the good times she gives them.

Again you ask for advice to the girl who suddenly finds herself at the threshold of Society? I can only add a brief resumé of what I have already said. Never hesitate to say, "I don't know." Lack of knowledge is no disgrace. No one can know everything.

Observation is a master teacher. Watch those who know the social amenities to the minutest detail, and follow their example.

If you are in doubt as to which fork to use, watch your hostess. At all meals the silver should be placed in rotation. You always take the implement furthest from your plate and use each piece of flat silver in succession. But if you take an appropriate sized fork or spoon, it is really not of much importance that you choose the one the silvermaker intended. Other details of table etiquette are of far greater importance, and should be given careful study. (There are thousands of details in my book—hundreds on table-manners alone.)

When in doubt shun the gay, the gaudy, and bizarre. Select the conservative rather than the radical—unless you have every especial talent for making the radical seem right.

"Do not be afraid of society. It is quite human to those who are themselves human; it admires those who are really admirable—though not those who try to seem to be. It loves good looks—especially smartness, which should not be difficult because the modern girl knows how to dress. Be observant of the things that those you want to emulate say and do. Above all, try to understand their prohibitions and reactions. This is of ultimate importance, and possible only to those who have the power to see and hear and think. In other words to those who have sensitiveness of perception. But whatever you do always 'be yourself.'"

Give a Girl Time to Shop

[Continued from page 25]

branches, undernourished or mal-nourished. Either because they are ignorant of how or what they should eat or because they don't take time to eat properly, they are dangerously undermining their health. Of course, the craze to be thin leads to, in many cases little short of semi-starvation. But another cause that is apt to be overlooked is that large groups of business girls eat barely anything at noon in order to have time for shopping.

"They rush into a drug store and take only a sandwich, swallowing it whole or scarcely chewing it, when what they really need is a hot soup or a dish of stew, something warm in their stomachs. Families give them shopping errands to do and they have their own things to buy which means that their whole noon hour must be given over to rushing from store to store. If, when really necessary, they could have a grant of time from their employers for this shopping, they could take time to eat and masticate their food.

"All this nervous tension and rush, whether the fault of their employer, or their own, leads to a run down condition. When nervousness and an anaemic condition means that they can no longer work efficiently, they begin to lose their jobs. They come to the Y. W. C. A. and ask us to make them over. The growth of our individual health department which has been tremendous is due, I think, to this underfeeding and its consequent ills more than to any other factor."

MY NEXT step was to question one hundred working girls in New York City.

None of the girls questioned was over twenty-seven and none was under sixteen. All of them were totally or partially self-supporting. Eighteen were wives and six were widows. Their salaries ran from \$20 to \$100 a week.

The New York City business girl is typical of our whole country. She may earn a trifle more than her sisters in Spokane or Philadelphia, or Atlanta but equally her expenses are higher. Her advantage of having more stores in which to shop is counter-balanced by her inability to get around to half of them. She travels faster in the subway than her smaller city cousins do in their motor cars or trolleys, but she loses more time in traffic and must battle larger crowds in the various departments of her favorite stores.

I asked each of the girls these questions:

How many hours a week do you usually spend shopping?

How many hours would you like to spend?

How many dresses do you usually buy in a year?

How many coats? Hats? Pairs of shoes?

If given an hour a week for shopping by your employer would you know how to use it?

Do you think such allotted shopping time would increase your general efficiency?

Would you like a definite hour off each week for shopping or would you prefer two hours off every other week?

The replies to this questionnaire should make the average employer, going along in bland unconsciousness to his feminine employees' needs, feel as contemporary as a waxed lily.

I found the average girl in this group of personable young workers spends three hours a week shopping but that she would like to spend five. There were spendthrift girls who clamored for six hours and nice plain

persons who asked only for an hour a month, but the average considered five ideal.

The questionnaire revealed that the girls earning under twenty-five dollars a week spend almost twice as much on clothes proportionately as girls earning a hundred dollars. This isn't due alone to the fact that the under twenty-five dollar a week girl has to spend too much for mere necessities. In every instance, interrogation proved the girl because of less money to spend had less latitude in shopping, that often she was afraid of the smarter shops, although more sophisticated women know they are frequently lower-priced considering the quality of the goods they carry, and that she was generally a timid and bad shopper.

THE average number of dresses purchased per year, including evening dresses, was twelve. Nine girls admitted buying only two a year. Eleven claimed six; another eleven, seven gowns every twelve months. Three spoiled darlings chalked up twenty-five yearly.

Forty-nine girls bought one coat a year; forty-two bought two; five bought three including an evening wrap; two bought four and two bought eight.

The millinery urge was strong. An equal number of girls—forty—confessed to buying four and six hats a year. Twenty girls found eight hats yearly necessary to their happiness while only one woman was able to get along on the usual male standard, two hats a year, one for winter and one for summer.

Then shoes. Fifteen girls managed to get along on three pairs per year. The average requirement was seven pairs, including one pair for evening. Ten girls claimed they needed as many pairs as fifteen.

Consider that average. Twelve dresses plus one coat plus four hats plus seven pairs of shoes makes twenty-four items these one hundred girls considered vitally necessary to maintain their clothes standard. Twenty-four purchases, not including those constant, casual purchases of stockings, underwear, gloves, handbags and other accessories.

As a matter of comparison, I questioned twenty men and found their average purchases to be three suits plus two hats plus three pairs of shoes. Eight purchases of standardized merchandize contrasted to the girl's twenty-four purchases of highly individualized, constantly-changing, personalized merchandize.

THE answer to, "Would you like a definite hour off each week for shopping," received in every case a very emphatic "yes." There were twenty-eight suggestions that the girls be permitted to accumulate these hours, so that they might have a half day off each month. Only three girls thought they wouldn't know what to do with their extra time. There were ten objections to one hour's not being enough time weekly. There were six eager shoppers who asked for four hours weekly, working, I suppose, on the supposition that there is no harm in asking.

Summer proved to be the slack shopping season for most girls. The closed-all-day Saturday edict of the shops influenced together with the less formal dressing summer demands. Mid-winter required time for clothes hunting but called Christmas gift shopping. The actual wardrobe additions were bought chiefly in spring and in the autumn.

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One girl observed that she needed less clothes if she had more boy friends. A steady date was a heavy drag on her need for variety of appearance. Six individual dates with six different boys might all be met with one gown, but six dates with one boy made a limited wardrobe impossible. Four girls in excellent positions reported they could never maintain their smart appearance under the present office schedule if their mothers did not do their preliminary shopping, such as locating and pricing models for them, leaving the actual purchasing to the girl herself in her stolen lunch hour moments. The whole survey revealed that the dressmaker-in-by-the-day is quite an obsolete institution. She has been unable to compete with the retailing of the chic, serviceable, ready-mades.

Every girl was sincerely convinced that more time for shopping would increase her office efficiency. Several admitted that the satisfaction of knowing themselves well-dressed was so great that thoughts of male admiration after hours paled into insignificance. They all voiced the conviction that their nerves were jumpy from hasty luncheons, unsatisfactory shopping done at noon, fighting the mobs of sister workers on Saturday half holidays and the economic realization that under the existent order they were always paying too highly for models that didn't quite satisfy them.

THE secretary of one major executive in a large importing house said to me, "I have a little daughter to dress as well as myself since my husband died. I get into such terrible conflict in the meagre shopping hours I have. I want to buy things for my baby and I must buy things for myself. I study the advertisements of bargain sales in the newspapers and read the style publications, doing as much preliminary work in this way as I can. But our office is half an hour away from the shopping district. That holds me down completely to the Saturday shopping. I rush in with those preconceived pictures of what I want in mind, battle with the specially-hired Saturday clerks, who always waste your time by not knowing their stock, grab what I can get and leave the store, worn-out and frustrated."

"Why don't you tell your employer about that?" I suggested. "If you were to ask him for occasional shopping time, wouldn't he give it to you?"

"Undoubtedly once or twice or three times," she said. "The first time it would be all right. The second time he would be indulgent. The third time he would regard me or any other woman in the company asking for such privileges as a terrible nuisance. I wouldn't dare ask for such free time except at widely spaced intervals. Say I went on these excursions with his permission, three times a year. Then let something about my work go wrong. Those shopping hours would be held against me, not only by my immediate chief but by every other male in the place. Asking for any such concessions emphasizes too much the male-female differences in business which ambitious women struggle to minimize. A grant of those three hours would be regarded as a generous male gesture to the little woman in me. My boss would feel he had done a big thing for me, where actually it would be the mere beginning of a big thing. I would be thankful for those three trips, yes, but I am in need of ten times those three."

There are big business executives who have this generosity of impulse. Take, for instance, Mr. C. P. Chester, president of the Postum Company, the largest food products distributors in America. I chose Mr. Chester for an interview because he has contact not only with office girls but with

factory girls, not only in New York City but throughout the United States.

Mr. Chester represents the newest type of executive. No batteries of telephones, no litter of buzzer buttons clutter his desk. There is no noise and confusion. His office is an early American room furnished after the manner of Duncan Phyfe. French doors opening on a roof garden high over Park Avenue furnish the light.

Mr. Chester was courteous and willing to listen to my arguments. But he didn't believe them. He didn't see why girls needed more shopping time than men. He didn't believe their lack of shopping time was an economic and emotional strain on them. But he admitted he might be wrong and that he was open to the persuasion of convincing argument. He was one of the men who gave me a representative picture of the male clothes problem. When he wanted anything he went out and bought it. But he seldom wanted anything. Four or five suits a year, always purchased from the one tailor; some odd pairs of shoes, he didn't know how many, always secured at one shop, hats purchased with seasonal regularity. His was the typical male viewpoint. He simply hadn't realized that shopping is of a man's buying a thing apart, while it is feminine buying's whole existence.

Then the executive quality flashed. "If we can prove what you argue is truly a problem of the girl employee," he said, "I can assure you the Postum Company is interested to experiment with the idea of giving them this time off. We don't want to be in any way backward in granting privileges that will be beneficial. Let's call in my secretary and get her opinion."

The secretary came in, a dignified, quiet girl. She listened but did not "yes" her boss. She yessed me instead. She agreed with my every argument. She stated her shopping problem in almost the exact terms I had stated it for girls in general.

Mr. Cheser said, "You let me think this over. It's all new to me. I can't see how this time off would be arranged for factory girls. There is a production line there that must not stop. Once it gets on the mill it must be finished. A hundred workers a week released for an hour, say, would mean a consequent delay in the delivery of orders that we could not carry. That would have to be worked out in some manner. But the office situation, handled at the discretion of the head of each department might be easily arranged. Perhaps we could give a shorter lunch hour five days a week and ration that accumulated time to the girls in combination with their full lunch hour on the sixth day. Or perhaps we could release them an hour earlier one afternoon and in some manner cooperate with the stores, who should be very interested in this, to remain open longer that afternoon. Take this assurance. If you can get other large employers to agree with this idea, the Postum Company will be glad to consider its adoption."

THERE you have the attitude of a new, thriving organization, but next I encountered a bank's vice-president, an older man in an older-fashioned amalgamation.

This vice-president must here be nameless. I got his statement only on that understanding. This man was no exception to the ultraconservatism of the ultraconservative bank. It will have to suffice to say here that his bank is one of the biggest in the metropolis and employs hundreds of girl clerks.

SMART SET's idea of time off for shopping outraged him. He was a gentleman of the antique school. He said that women were extravagant enough now. He thought they dressed too well as it was. He knew they didn't save enough money. Not only were business girls too well dressed but every



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woman he knew, socially, or industrially, was too well dressed. He believed in thrift, old-fashioned thrift that got along with as little of everything as possible and huddled the pennies in the bank for a neat safe four per cent interest. In vain I pointed out that the new economics with which America has enlightened the world were opposed to this attitude; that our newer prosperity might be attributable to the more constant buying on credit, on instalments, making for industrial turnover and higher wages, combined with a higher standard of living. He didn't see it. His attitude was flatly no to the whole idea. If I wanted the truth he wasn't too keen about women in business, anyway.

Elsie R. Hirst is head of the Hirst Occupational Exchange, an employment office in New York's Wall Street district. I chose her employment office rather than the scores of others in that immediate locality, because it is femininely organized, controlled and operated.

Miss Hirst sided with the vice-president. "I think it is outrageous," she said. "It won't add to the girl's efficiency. She has her mind on too many things as it is. She will spend more money. She spends too much now. She will go dreaming about shops when she might be thinking constructively on her job. Besides, if she wants to shop, there are shops downtown here where she can go. No, I wouldn't consider the idea. The girls it would appeal to most are the stenographers and they are altogether too independent. They are so individualistic they can't even organize a union. They refuse jobs in certain office buildings because the buildings are old. Offer them work in a new skyscraper and they take it at less salary. That isn't efficient, but they do it. The working girl today is spoiled enough; I see no excuse for spoiling her further."

"You are thinking of this from the employer's point of view," I said.

"Certainly I am," said Miss Hirst.

I SPENT a day of investigation in those shops in the financial district. Twenty minutes away by subway is the Fifth Avenue shopping center, too many minutes distant for stolen lunch hour forays or snatched minutes between the five o'clock closing and the five-thirty store closing.

The luncheons places in the financial section would make any race which regards eating as an art turn gray. There are hidden-away clubs for the big business heads where the rooms are lofty and service quiet but the spots the girl workers patronize are usually guiltless of either chairs or tables. Even the soda counters are built for standing room only and the cafeterias and self-service places are mobbed.

The girls do rush in and out these emporiums and into local shops. I rushed with them. I tried to buy a dress in two places and some cosmetics in a third. The first was a downtown branch of a smart Fifth Avenue shop. I didn't find an actual make-up on goods here but I did find older models. A clerk confirmed this. "Of course, the newer models are uptown," she said. "These models are either the standardized ones or those we didn't sell uptown, put here for quick sale. Girls buying here having no time to criticize the latest line of a trim or the newest hang of a skirt. They take what we give them. They haven't time to do otherwise."

The second was one of a set of syndicated stores, retailing very inexpensive dress models. The design of the dresses was good, but the materials and workmanship were hopeless. A girl purchasing there said to me, "I know they're bad buys, but what can I do? To go into the larger department stores Saturday half holiday means I must sacrifice my

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only recreation time to shopping and buck those awful crowds. These dresses at least look all right. I've given up any hope of their wearing decently."

I entered one of those combination underwear-stockings-gloves places. The cheapest stockings they offered were \$1.19 a pair. I could have purchased them uptown for \$.94. The underwear was sleazy silk that would never survive six tubbings. I asked one of the salesladies if she bought her own things there. "I should say not," she retorted. "I have a sister who works up at Forty-second Street and she watches the real sales and outfits us both. These goods are just for the girl whose stockings get runs in the middle of the morning."

In a drug store packed with young office women, I tried to buy a standard-make compact of rachel powder that retails at \$1.00. They carried no compacts under \$2.25. "Why should I," said the proprietor, "when I can get away with these? I've no competition to face down here."

Those are the handy little shops in the financial belt.

THEN finally I chose two representative department stores from New York's many. Lord and Taylor's and Macy's.

Macy's is a strictly cash institution, underselling other stores at a flat six per cent, appealing very definitely to thrifty home managers but getting a large young business woman trade also. Saturday afternoon at Macy's has all the peace of nine A. M. on the subway. If you can possibly push your way inside its doors, if you can fight your way to the proper counters, you can secure unlimited values, granted time and energy.

Lord and Taylor's is very Fifth Avenue, chic, modern, refined, a little expensive.

But while the two stores operate on different selling methods, their attitude toward their help is very similar. Both stores give their employees shopping time. This time is supposed to be spent inside their own stores but the employee may shop anywhere during her lunch hour. Both stores give a discount that makes the purchases a no-profit transaction for them. Both believe this shopping period educational, economical and efficient.

"Other employers will naturally say we have an ax to grind," said Mr. Samuel Reyburn, president of Lord and Taylor's, "when we advocate SMART SET's idea. They will point out that we are merchants and as such interested in any scheme to help us sell more goods. Which is true. But our personal experiment with shopping time for employees over a period of years has convinced us it is a fine forward looking plan.

"There is no store in New York City, and I think I'm safe in saying no store throughout the country, that is crowded, even near Christmas, from nine until eleven. We give our employees an hour and a half a week from nine to ten-thirty to shop. I've never known of a girl who abused the privilege. I don't expect I ever shall for all my experience with women workers is that they don't abuse privileges. They identify themselves with their jobs, when they are earnest, and most of them are, in a way men seldom do. They are conscientious and when they are ambitious nothing stops them. When they are not conscientious, we always discover there's a boy waiting outside the employees' entrance for them every night at six.

"If big business can see its way clear to give its girls an hour between nine and ten to shop I think it would be very beneficial. These shoppers would get the advantage of uncrowded stores and a non-tired sales force. Good shopping is comparative shopping and it can't be done in a hurry. It must be done in store after store.

"Shopping time seems to make for our girls' peace of mind and it ought to work similarly in other lines. I see no way for the stores to cooperate with Mr. Chester's suggestion that we keep open longer one day a week to coincide with the business girl's earlier dismissal that day. We now run as close to the thirty-eight hour week as the law allows. We can't increase our store hours without breaking the law on our girls' working time. But in every other way, I assure you, we will cooperate."

Macy's exploitation department argued that everything tended to a shorter working day. They pointed to the fact that Macy's is not opening now until 9:30 A. M. and that they believed shorter hours tightened efficiency rather than slackened it. The store's personnel felt that big business would find, similarly, that they can spare their women clerks at the lighter trading hours and that women would spend that time shopping, since the need for more shopping time was perfectly obvious to the retail merchant.

SO THERE you have the preliminary, contrasting points of view on this new idea, of those institutions that have put it into practice, of those who have not thought about it but are willing to, of those who refuse to consider it.

SMART SET wants to get the business girl a chance to shop.

Next month read the ways and means by which **SMART SET** believes this could be made practical and possible.

Limerick Contest Winners

The Limerick contest in the October **SMART SET** proved that a girl named Maud is known by many names that do not sound

as sweet throughout the country. Maud, in our limerick, you will remember, was a marathon dancer who kept on to the bitter end and the big idea was to give Maud a famous last wisecrack.

Then it was that we discovered that out in Wisconsin, for instance, several hundred contestants pronounce "Maud" so that it rhymes with "sod." In the Far West interested readers rhymed the name with "Ford," "bored" and

"floored." Try that on your sensitive ear. It reminds us of the poet who was told he couldn't write a line ending with

"orange" and get away with it. But he rhymed "orange" with "so strange" and let it go at that. And likewise it recalls the two musical comedy writers on Broadway who had to lyricize about Messrs. Chopin and Liszt and managed it with "kissed."

But getting back to our limerick, we claim the right to stick to the eastern pronunciation of Maud and award first prize to Miss Dorothy E. Burt.

\$5 Prize

Miss Dorothy E. Burt, Freeport, N.Y.

\$1 Prizes

Marge E. Mahrie, Detroit, Mich.
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Ad. Goldstein, Providence, R. I.
J. W. Fieldhouse, Cleveland, Ohio

A marathon dancer named Maud
Said, "I think this whole thing is a fraud,
But you can't make me stop,
I'll dance 'til I drop,
Then lie there and let them applaud!"

The other prize winners are listed above.

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Are Women Failures as Homemakers?

[Continued from page 85]

toaster; fruit, cereal and milk carried into the dining room.

The particular husband who left the house in a disgruntled mood on the morning of which I have told, had, by the time he reached his well appointed office, forgotten his outbursts of temper. His wife brooded over it all day, thus hindering her own efficiency.

In their zeal to do men's work in the world and to achieve men's rights women seem to have overlooked the possibility of managing their homes as men manage their offices. They declare that this is impossible.

It is unless one uses system. If I seem to dwell too persistently on that one idea it is because I know how important it is. I am convinced that one reason housewives are not as businesslike as men is that they are afraid.

I mean just that. They are, first of all, afraid of other women. A man will not hesitate to have his clerk or stenographer tell some one over the telephone that he is engaged just now and cannot be disturbed.

What woman would dare let her maid give such a message to another woman who chanced to call her up in the middle of a busy morning? Yet if we would "magnify our office" we must do this.

Women are afraid of their servants. Can you imagine a man being afraid of his office boy or clerk?

TODAY the woman who has two domestics is often under the rule of both of them. The affairs of the household are regulated to suit the employee, not the employer.

"We have changed our dinner hour from seven to six-thirty," a friend tells me. "We had to on account of our maid."

"I am asking you to meet me downtown for luncheon," says another. "I would rather have you at my own table, but my maid gets cross if I have guests often. My husband is bringing a man home to dinner tomorrow night so I simply dare not have company to lunch today."

No wonder the man laughs or sneers at his wife's methods! What employee would ever rule him as a woman's cook rules her?

"Why do you put up with this high-handed kind of thing?" her husband demanded indignantly. "Had I in my office a subordinate who did not follow my rules, I would bounce him!"

Right here we touch on one of the ways in which housekeepers are inefficient and one of the reasons why they do not get better service. They do not demand it.

Last year I needed a maid. One applicant for the place gave me the name and address of a former employer, Mrs. Blank, to whom I telephoned. Mrs. Blank told me frankly that she had discharged Norah because the girl was lazy, had a violent temper, and was insolent.

I informed the maid that I had decided not to engage her. That afternoon I received an agitated telephone message from Mrs. Blank. Norah had called her up and asked her if she had divulged to me the reasons she had left. I do not know what Mrs. Blank told her. I do know that she "hoped most earnestly" that I had "not let Norah suspect" that she had "not given her a good reference," and added "I would hate to interfere with the girl's getting a good place."

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"But," I argued, "she is worthless, is she not?"

"Quite so," the employer admitted. "But I would not want her to know that I said that."

Why not? If a servant is ill-tempered, lazy and insolent, she should understand that her reputation will follow her. Until we housewives are honest about such matters we cannot expect respect and service from those we employ. How long, I ask, would a man stand from his employees the kind of thing that we endure from ours?

But housework can be run on a business-like basis. To protect the servant there should be regular hours and regular work. To protect the employer, full service must be performed during these regular hours.

INSTEAD, what is our habit? We engage a maid with the understanding that she is to do the work in our home. We do not demand that this be done promptly, deftly and thoroughly. If the rungs of the chairs are undusted, if the dirt is not swept out of the corners, we either repair these deficiencies ourselves, or timidly call the maid's attention to them. She, knowing our fear of her, displays resentment or wounded feelings at the intimation that she is not perfect.

What would I suggest? I would suggest that, putting aside sentiment and tradition, we women regard domestic service as a business, run on businesslike principles and make our employees understand this. If we demand longer hours from them than our verbal contract calls for, we should be willing to pay extra money for them.

That is what our men must do in office and factory. Since we pride ourselves on being their equals—I suspect that some women secretly consider themselves men's superiors—might we not copy what is best in their methods?

There is a lot said nowadays about the passing of the home and of unhappiness in marriage. We attribute it to many causes too numerous to mention here. But we forget that to make an institution, that of marriage or of anything else, successful one must be comfortable in it. The best man is, after all, but a high grade animal. He wants to be well fed and comfortably lodged. His physical being must be ministered to before his spiritual being functions smoothly. He wants a well ordered home and a well poised wife. He pays for the manage and considers that he has a right to his money's worth.

He also knows that the only way in which he can have his business a success is by organizing it and by exercising his executive and administrative abilities. No matter how good an organizer he may be, he will fail unless he can deputize and supervise people to do that which he has not time to do himself. He believes that his

wife should use the same system that he does.

She can if she only will. This is not a housekeeping talk so I am not going to tell how women can lighten and simplify their domestic duties. But I would suggest one thing as essential. It is that the wife and home maker learn to discriminate between the things that must be done and those that may be done; that she put essentials first; that she organize and arrange her duties so that each of them is performed in the time allotted to it.

I know one small home in which no servant is kept. The young wife does all her own work and she lives in the country too. She has arranged her kitchen in the most ship-shape manner. Every article needed is in the most convenient place possible. She has studied her menage as her husband has studied the intricacies of his business. She has reduced housework to a system. She finds time to read and to rest during the day. She also makes a point of being daintily dressed when her husband returns from the city at night.

I spent an afternoon and night in this home recently. When dinner was over, the husband suggested that we go for a drive as it was a lovely evening.

AT THE end of fifteen minutes she was ready. Glancing into her pantry I saw no evidences of the recently used utensils. Later I asked her what she had done with glass, silver and crockery. "Surely," I said, "you did not wash them in that time?"

She shook her head and laughed. "No! I scraped the food from them, stacked them in the clothes boiler, covered them with hot water and ammonia and put the lid on tight. Tomorrow morning, after my husband has gone to town, I shall wash them with the breakfast dishes."

The next morning the husband and I returned to the city on the same train.

"My wife is a wonder," he told me proudly. "She never seems over worked, yet of course there is a lot to do even in a small cottage. Things are always neat and she is always ready to go out with me if I ask her to. Somehow she never seems to leave things standing around. I do not know how she accomplishes all she does. That is her secret. But she must understand how to organize her work as a man organizes his."

I THOUGHT of the concealed dishes and I wondered if in his office there was an equivalent to the clothes boiler. Even though he is an efficient man I fancy there may be such an equivalent to be used when occasions demand it. But as long as everything seems to run smoothly in office and home is not all well with both husband and wife?

Just A Shy Little Country Mouse

[Continued from page 75]

anyways, Ted, I told Ransom to get hold of Martha and we'd all four of us have supper together or something."

"Why—er—that'll be swell, Kitty!" said Ted a little blankly. "Only the fact is I asked Martha to have supper with me."

"Oh, you did? I thought I was having supper with you, Ted, but of course it doesn't make the slightest diff, only it's awfully funny because you called me up weeks ago or something to ask me and all! And I just told Ransom I was having supper with you when he asked me."

"I'm frightfully sorry about it, Kitty," said Ted contritely.

"Don't be ridic, my dear!" she replied acidly. "What on earth does it matter, anyways?"

Ransom Towner cut in at that point.

"Listen Ransom," said Kitty sweetly, "I've arranged to have supper with you after all, my dear, because I got out of having it with Ted, because anyways he asked me weeks ago and I just told him I'd forgotten all about it or something, so he's gone to ask Martha."

"Hell's bells, Kitty!" lamented Ransom lugubriously. "Why didn't you tell me before! I just asked Martha myself about five minutes ago!"

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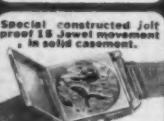


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